

MORNING LIGHT



1871-2.

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MORNING & NIGHT



VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1871.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.



THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

EVER since the time when Jesus Christ lived here upon the earth, people have longed for a

likeness of Him, and a great many attempts have been made by pious artists to make one. None of these have been quite satisfying, and

yet many are extremely beautiful. The picture before you is a copy of one of the finest of these, painted by the famous Raphael.

Mary is represented, as you see, sitting, with the babe held closely to her breast, and the little John the Baptist, who was a third cousin of Jesus, and about six months older, is standing by their side. It is a charming picture, one which every one loves to look at. The three faces are all very sweet, and the three persons they represent were all very remarkable characters.

WHICH ONE OF THE THREE DO WE LOVE THE MOST?

There is Mary, chosen of God to be the mother of his Son. Happy Mary! happy in doing God's holy will, and happy in being brought into so near and dear a relation with the Lord Jesus Christ. We love and admire Mary.

Then there is John. The story of his birth is also wonderful and interesting. He was sent to prepare the way of the Lord; that is, to preach to the people, and make them ready to receive Jesus. He was also a sign that Jesus was the long promised Christ. It had been foretold by prophets hundreds of years before, that he would come into the world for this purpose. He came, fulfilled his mission, and died a cruel death. We love and pity John.

But the babe in Mary's arms, the lovely child with his fair cheek laid so close to hers, is the one above all others for us to love. He is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. No human hand can truly picture his beauty, for he is God as well as a human child.

O holy Babe of Bethlehem! The hopes of the whole world are hidden in that small form. He is the beloved of heaven and earth. When he came to us, the angels of heaven and the fallen spirits of hell looked on in amazement, to see God manifesting himself in flesh, and giving himself for the life of the world. And from that time to the present, nearly two thousand years, the hopes and affections of the penitent and devout have clustered about the Son of God and man. He was named Jesus, a name selected in heaven, because, as the angel said,

"He shall save his people from their sins." He grew to be a man, went about doing good, was crucified by wicked hands, and all for us. He lay three days in the grave, rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and all for us. He lives now, at the right hand of the Father, the man Christ Jesus, interceding for us.

Can we doubt which of the three beautiful ones in this picture we should love the most?



WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HER?

WHAT will you do with her, mother? The child is naughty; she will not obey you. She goes away and pouts, saying very plainly by her actions, "I am not going to do what you bid me; I don't want to; I wont."

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Will you take no notice, but let the child's naughtiness pass without rebuke or punishment? If you do, the next time you tell her to do what she does not like, this conduct will be repeated, and so on, again and again, the wilful spirit growing worse and worse every day; until, by-and-by, you will not be able to control the child at all, but she will rule you. Alas, how many homes are thus emptied of all joy, because the parents do not hold the rule, but let it slip out of their hands into the hands of children.

WILL YOU FLY INTO A PASSION?

But what will you do, mother? Will you rush to the naughty child, and seize her by the arm and shake her, and box her ears, and slap and beat her, saying, "There now, that's what

you get for not minding. If you don't look out you'll get more next time; I'll whip you as long as I can stand." Parents have talked so to their children, many a time. But oh, how unwise, how sinful to do so. That child, mother, is not yours; she belongs to God. He has given her into your hands for you to take care of, to nurse and rear for him. He is watching to see how you do it, and by-and-by he will call you up before him, and will ask, "Where is the child I gave you? Have you taken good care of her? Have you been kind to her? Have you brought her up to do right? Have you taught her to love and obey me?" What do you think he will say to the parent who beats and abuses His little ones? Hear what his word says: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

WHAT OUGHT YOU TO DO?

What then will you do with that naughty little girl? Go to her lovingly, put your arm kindly around her, and say, "My child, you are doing wrong; you are sinning against the dear Lord. He has told you to obey your parents: so you must do as I bid you, and do it pleasantly. You must do it." The child perhaps will yield if you talk in this kind, decided way to her; but if she does not, you must say, "My child, I shall have to punish you; it gives me pain, but I must do it, or God will be displeased with me." And then you must proceed to punish her. But study to punish wisely, in such a way as to do the most good to your child. Ask God, and he will teach you how. He will give you patience and wisdom, so that you may not injure his little one, but may lead her into the path of cheerful and ready obedience to you and to him.

CHARLIE AND THE SNOW.

"MAMMA," said little Charlie one sunny day in winter, "I think snow-time is the best part of the year. It is the angels' time."

"How so, my dear boy?"

"Why Christmas comes in winter, and re-

minds us of their coming to tell us Christ was born. And the angel that rolled away the stone from Christ's tomb, you know, had 'raiment white as snow.'"



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

How bright the sunbeams
This winter morning,
The earth adorning
Fresh robed in snow,
While down the hillside
And o'er the meadow
Through light and shadow
We swiftly go.

Then on! rejoicing,
Our bells resounding,
Our spirits bounding
With grateful joy,
While merry snow-birds
Around us flutter,
And praises utter
To God on high.

OUR GREETING.

WE call this new paper the "MORNING LIGHT," because it is meant to give *Light* to those who are in the *Morning* of their life as readers. It will have matter easy to read, for *beginners*, both *old* and *young*; and will try to be as welcome as the morning light is, and to lead them to Jesus "the bright and Morning Star."

To those readers who have for the last year received "OUR SCHOOL AND OUR HOME," we wish to say on this New Year a greeting word. We want you to know that this little paper takes the place of the one you have had before, and to bespeak for it your wonted welcome.

As many of you as are able, we hope will subscribe for it; that is, that you will pay the required amount, and have it sent to your own name and house. Then you will feel, in a double sense, that it is your own paper; and if you only knew how independent it makes one feel to subscribe for a paper, you would make an effort to do it. And we believe you will. Even the boys and girls, we dare say, will be able to earn the small sum which will make THE MORNING LIGHT their own.

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GOOD LOOKS.

MOST young men care for their personal appearance. They like to make themselves agreeable to their companions, and one way of doing this, they very well know, is to dress in a neat and becoming manner, and to make the face and the manners as pleasant as possible.

But when a young man gives himself up to drink, he very soon loses his good looks. He

loses, too, his self-respect, so that he no longer cares to appear well to others. He goes with his person filthy, his hair unbrushed, and his clothes soiled and carelessly put on. More than that, the strong drink disfigures his face, blotches his skin, and inflames his eyes. Look at him! Look at him!



Is it right for a young man whom God has made comely in person thus to destroy himself? No indeed. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," means as much that we must not destroy ourselves as that we must not murder others.

God holds us to account for the care we take of our bodies. He expects us to serve him with these as well as with our souls, and while we live here in this world, it is only through these that our souls can act and show our love and obedience to God. The Bible says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

We are therefore bound to take care of our bodies, these temples of God. But this no drunkard does. He defiles, injures, destroys it. What will he answer in the day of judgment?

JANUARY, 1871.

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

ANOTHER year has glided on
 With steady, noiseless tread ;
 How swiftly have its moments flown,
 Its pleasant seasons sped.

Its holy Sabbaths all have passed,
 Recorded one by one ;
 And as the hours have vanished fast,
 What witness have they borne ?

We mourn, O Lord, before thy face,
 Our every sin and wrong ;
 Forgive, we pray, and by thy grace,
 In goodness make us strong ;

That this new year may daily bear
 To thy great throne above
 The record of our godly fear,
 Obedience and love.

PLEASING GOD.

"WHAT a happy day this has been," said Mrs. Grey to her little George as she was putting him to bed one night. "How many things God has done to please us to-day;" and the mother began to recount their many blessings, while George answered "Yes," to every one.

"And now what have you done to please Him?" she asked. "Is there not one thing you have done on purpose to please God?"

"Nothing that I think of," said George.

"I'm sorry my darling boy thinks so little of the dear, good God. Wont you take pains to-morrow to please him, as much pains as he does to make you happy?"

George was very ready to say he would, and in the morning when he knelt down to pray, he

promised again. But, alas! when night came, he had no better report to give than before.

Again his mother talked to him of the kind and tender care of the heavenly Father over his little ones, and begged him to try in some way to show his thankfulness and love.

"God will be pleased," she said, "every time you really try to do right, to conquer your naughty and impatient temper, to mind when you are spoken to, no matter how hard it is."



George again promised, and in the morning, with more than usual earnestness, he resolved,

"Now I will try to-day, mamma," and then he kissed her and went down stairs.

"George," said mamma, calling him back, "we shall be late at breakfast this morning, for we are going to wait for uncle Joseph to come; but you will be so hungry that you may have yours now. Go and tell Susan so."

But Susan was not good-natured that morning, and told him he must wait for the rest.

An hour afterwards he came up stairs.

"Oh dear," said he, rather fretfully, "how I do wish uncle Joseph would come."

"Why, my son?" asked his mother.

"Oh, because I'm so hungry."

"But I told you to eat your breakfast, dear."

"Well, Susan said I must wait."

"And what did you answer her?"

"Oh, nothing; I minded;—'cause, 'cause, you know, mamma, what I promised;" and the little fellow looked up with such a happy smile.

His mamma kissed him. "I'm sure God was pleased with that," said she.

God does not require great things of us, dear children. It is in such little things as this that we can best please him. Let us all try.

READING LESSONS.

I am in.	Be it so.	If it is.
I am up.	Go to it.	So be it.
So is he.	Do it so.	We do so.
So am I.	We do go.	Am I on?
He is on.	Up to us.	Is it in?
He is up.	It is in.	Is he in?

Ah, me! I did cut my leg.
 Put my hat up on the peg.
 I can hoe, but can not beg.
 Go, and get the cup for Meg.
 May I go and cut the hay?
 Yes, it is all dry to-day.
 You can go and so can May.
 Go and bid her as I say.

Tom is bad, for Tom did lie.
 God did see him in the sky.
 God can see all, all we do;
 Can see all sin in me and you.
 Now let us try to do no sin,
 So you and I his joy may win.
 The Son of God for sin did die.
 And can we sin, can you or I?

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

JOHN WEEKS came to my school a whole year. When he first came he was a sight to be seen; his hands and face black with dirt, his hair all in a snarl, his clothes torn, his shoes out at the toes, and he was lean and pale as if he had not had a good meal for days. I don't think he had. He lived in the street, and had no home, and no one to care for him.

I met him one day with a crust in his hand, and took him to my school. The boys and girls stared, but they did

not laugh at the poor boy, for they knew, some of them at least, that once they were just like him. "Have you room for this poor boy?" I said, and each child moved to make room; there was not one but would have stood up to make room for the strange lad. But I did not let him sit down then; I took him down stairs to the washroom, and gave him to the care of good Miss Ann.

After a while, Miss Ann came into the school-room with a bright, clean nice boy by the hand. Could it be the same child? We could scarce think so. But it was. And I must tell you that we had seen the black, sad, torn child for the last time. From that hour John was clean, and the clothes we gave him he kept with great care. He came to school each day, and loved to come, and learned to read and spell so fast that we had to call him the best boy in school. Soon he could



read the word of God, and learned much of it by heart. And he loved to learn and to talk of it, to ask what this and that meant, and who said it. And when he found that it was the word of God, he felt that he must mind it.

By-and-by we sent John out West to a good man who had a large farm, and wanted a good boy to help him. A *good* boy, he said; so we sent him John, and he will make a good man, you may be sure.



I WILL PRAY.

I will pray, I will pray,
Night and morning, every day;
Fold my hands, and lift my eyes
To my Jesus in the skies.

I will pray, I will pray,
"Jesus wash my guilt away;
Make my spirit pure within,
Keep my soul from every sin."

I will pray, I will pray,
"Jesus, help me to obey
All thy wise and holy will;
All thy wishes to fulfil."

I will pray, I will pray,
At my work and at my play,
All to help, and all to love,
As the angels do above.

I will pray, I will pray,
When I'm sorry, when I'm gay;
If my precious Saviour smile,
I am happy all the while.

I will pray, I will pray,
Even in my dying day:
"O'er the stream so dark and wild,
Jesus, take thy little child."

KITTY'S PLEASANT FACE.

"Who made Kitty's cheeks shine so?" said the teacher to a bright little girl, who came running in one morning beaming with health and life.

"Becky wash me, ma'am."

"But what gave Kitty such a cleared-away, pleasant face? It looks as if I must have a good kiss."

"God gave Kitty pleasant face," answered the child.

Yes, it is God that gives the pleasant face, and God that gives the heart of love that shines through and over it. Little children, do not pout, or frown, or sulk. Keep the cleared-away, pleasant look on your faces, and people will love you.

A GOLDEN TEXT.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." JOHN 3:16.

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NO. 2.



THE TWO MITES.

THE TWO MITES.

"AND there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing."

This is a Bible story. How full the Bible is of beautiful stories, to suit all kinds of people, old and young, rich and poor.

This poor woman wanted to give something to the Lord; to put some money into the chest which was placed in the temple for the contributions of the people. But she had so little, it seemed hardly worth giving. "What good can these two mites do?" she, no doubt, asked herself.

But she loved the Lord, and longed to give something, even if it was but little, into his treasury. "And if it is all I have to give, I can't do anything more than that," she said. So she brought it; she came with her baby in her arms, her little ones beside her, and brought her "two mites," which made less than half a cent—and dropped them into the box.

Jesus saw it all, and he was pleased. He was so pleased that he spoke of it to his disciples. He said, "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

How differently Jesus reckons from men! He did not count the money, but the love that went with it, and the self-denial of the poor woman in giving it. What a comfort to know that Jesus reckons in this way; for now we shall not be afraid to bring our small gifts to the Lord. And what a joy it is for us to give, when we do so, not because we must, but because we love the Lord so much we can not help giving.

A GOOD REPLY.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a teacher to a little boy eight years old; "you are like a donkey. Do you know what they do to a donkey, to cure him of his dullness?" "The *best* way," said the little fellow, "is, to feed him more and kick him less."

"WANTED, A BOY TO ATTEND BAR."

THE paper dropped from my hands as I read this advertisement. It seemed as though I had read, "Wanted, a boy to send down to perdition!"

I fancied I saw a bright, earnest boy, going to a bar-room, seeking a living by that fearful trade of selling wine and rum. I could imagine how, one by one, all the good impulses and desires he had in the beginning fell before the evil influences of the dram-shop; how he learned to drink, to swear and to steal; how his companions came around him, and helped him on to ruin.



Ah, my lad, or whoever you are, who may be tempted by such a call, let me tell you that you may better work in the field, or at a forge, or digging ditches, anything honest, than to degrade yourself by selling death to others. No matter how hard your work, no matter if it soils your hands or clothes, so long as it leaves your heart pure. Beware of all such "good places" as will lead you into the snares of the evil one. There are many doors, besides those of bar-rooms, which are almost the same as gate-ways down to the world of woe. s.



THE WORKINGMAN'S HOME.

A PLEASANT, comfortable home it seems! A large room, with a fire blazing in the grate, the clock ticking on the wall, the looking-glass and pin-cushion hanging over the table, and the mother with her baby in her lap listening to the eager story the children are telling her about the poor dead bird.

The workingman himself is away at his work. He is one of the "tin-kettle brigade." We see them every morning, if we are up early enough, going to their work, carrying their noon lunch. For twenty years the owner of this pleasant home has gone and come, scarcely missing a day in all that time; always with plenty of

work on hand, and strength to do it; always with a good dinner in his tin pail. Why shouldn't he be contented and happy? He has a cheerful home, a good wife, and loving, healthy children.

Some one was asking him one day how it was that he was so much better off than many of his fellow-workmen. His answer is worth remembering.

"Since I was of age I have SAVED enough to buy this little homestead. It is a little house, plainly furnished, but it is a home to me; and it is all paid for. I have one little room in my cottage, which I call 'my snugery.' In it I have two or three hundred good books. You see,

sir, twenty years ago when I was beginning life, I calculated how much it cost a moderate drinker a year for liquor, and made up my mind to spend that sum for books. I made the same calculation about cigars and tobacco, and about theatres and Sunday pleasures. And now, sir, I have a valuable library and a good home out of these savings."

Out of these savings! Did his pleasant home come by chance? No; it has been purchased by temperance, industry, and good sense; and God's blessing crowns the whole.



KNOCK!

"KNOCK, and it shall be opened unto you." This was one of the verses in Katie's Sunday-school lesson. She read it slowly, and then looking up into her teacher's face, she said, "It? What is it that shall be opened, Miss Lizzie?"

"The door of the kingdom of heaven, Katie; the door that leads into the green pastures which you were learning about last Sunday. Outside, we are poor, hungry souls, pining for food, thirsting for drink, unhappy, restless, troubled. Within, we shall be fed, our souls' thirst quenched, we shall be rested, peaceful and happy."

"Oh, I want to get in, Miss Lizzie; how shall I find the door? I will knock and knock to get in."

"Hear, my dear child: Jesus Christ says, 'I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.' One only thing then have we to do; that is, knock."

"But how shall I? If it was a door of

wood or stone, I would go right up to it and knock, and stay there till it was opened."

"Come to Jesus, Katie; cry to him; say 'Lord, Lord, open to me; I am sinful, needy, wretched, but thy heart is large and free. Open the door, and draw me in, a trembling, weak, and wicked child. Cleanse me, clothe me, feed me, love me.'"

"Will he hear me? *me*, Miss Lizzie? I am so poor and little."

"Yes, dear child, he will. Read again the verse in your Testament: 'Knock, and it *shall* be opened.' When Jesus says *shall*, he means it. It is a sure promise. Try it: knock, and see if the Lord Jesus is not as good as his word. You will not lose anything by knocking; but, oh, you will lose everything if you do not knock. Here is a verse of a hymn I learned when I was a little child, and which determined me to try; and I did, and found that when I knocked in real earnest the door opened.

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

"DID JESUS SAY, YES?"

"MAMMA is talking to Jesus," said little Mary to herself, as she heard her mother's voice in her bedroom.

When the mother came out from her place of prayer, her little child ran up to her, and asked her, "Did Jesus answer, mamma? Did he say, 'Yes'?"

Oh, for such an honest and hearty trust in Christ, as a Friend that always hears those who truly pray to him, and who really expect an answer.

BE KIND TO THE WEAK.

AT a school in Easton, Pa., there was a lame girl, who was always cared for by the boys and girls, and was allowed to leave the room before them. One day the school-house took fire. The alarm was given, and yet all the scholars kept their seats until this little girl had safely passed the door, and then they rushed out.

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			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28				

RULES FOR SMALL FOLKS

AT THEIR MEALS.

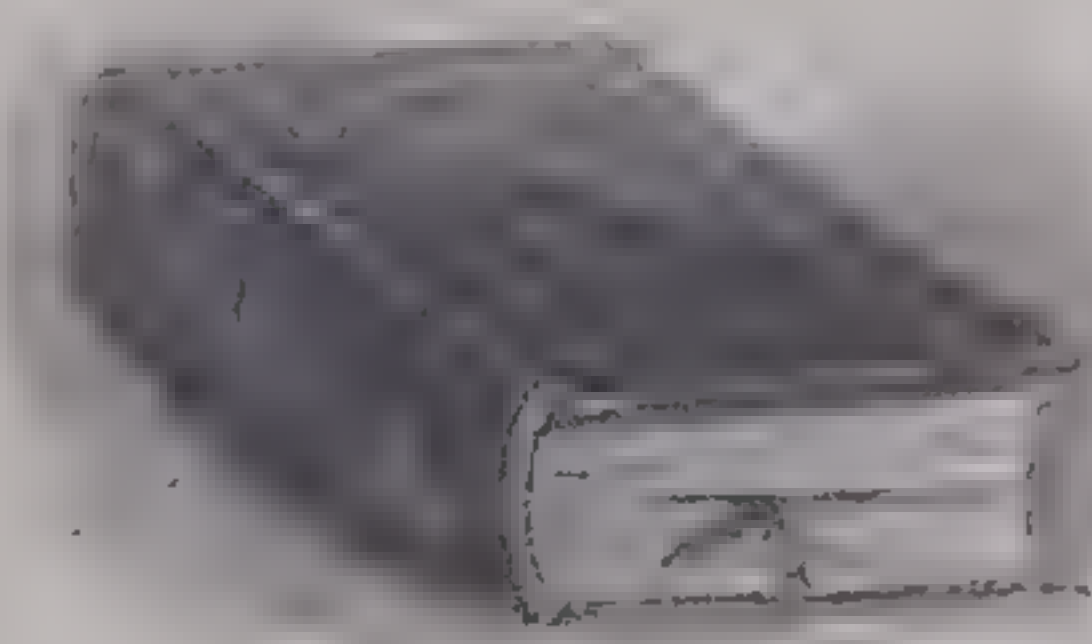
Smooth hair;	Laugh some;
Clean hands;	Talk some;
Clean face;	Thank God
Be in time	When done;
At your place;	Chair back;
Then wait;	Then go.
Say "Please;"	Do right;
Don't haste;	Fill home
Speak low;	With light,
Chew well;	Morn, noon,
Don't waste;	And night.

READING LESSONS.

Go on. Go up. Be in. Be by it.
 It is up. I am by it. It is on me.
 I am on it. I do go by it. Oh, no! it
 is to go by us. At us. On us. Do
 go to it. We go in. He is on it. It
 is an ox. It is to go on by me. Do
 we go up to it? We do. He is to
 go. An ox is by me. Is it by me?
 No. I am on it. We do be on it.
 So do we. It is I.

See the pin, Sue put it in. The
 sun set red, now go to bed. My cat
 did cry. Ah, me! ah, my! Now Ted,

my dog, run to the hog. Put in the
 vat the big old rat. So Bob, my
 pup, may go and sup. My old red
 hen is in the pen. She did lay an
 egg in my own new keg.



THE GILT-EDGED BIBLE.

A LITTLE French boy had been
 brought into the Mission Sunday-
 school. The teacher called at his
 home and there met the little boy's
 mother. The woman could speak
 English, and was intelligent, and neat
 in her person, and her room was
 cheery and pleasant.

As they talked the teacher said,
 "Mrs. Dumont, have you a Bible?"

"Oh, yes, miss, one very pretty."

"Do you read it?"

"Oh, no, miss; I keep it. A friend
 gave it to me. I have had it twen-
 ty years." And going to the bureau,
 the woman unlocked a drawer and
 drew forth a parcel, wrapped care-
 fully in a red cloth. Unfolding this,
 she put into the hands of her visitor
 a pretty gilt-edged Bible, as nice as
 if it had just come from the store.
 "You see," she said, "how I keep it.
 Every year I take it out, look at it,
 kiss it, fold it up, and put it safe away.
 I love it very much."

"But your friend meant that you
 should use it, my good woman. You

should take it out and read it every day."

"For what, miss?"

"Because it is God's word, and in it we learn what He would say to us."

"God's word! Are you certain, miss? How do you know?"

"In a good many ways. But the best way to find out is to read it. Then you would understand that it is God's word indeed."

The woman was silent, thinking, and the teacher went on. Taking a little box out of her pocket, she said,

"Here is a box of pills which I am going to give to the poor sick man up stairs. If he takes them I am sure they will do him good; but if he only keeps the box on his table to look at, they will do him no good at all. And so your Bible, wrapped up and locked away so carefully, and only looked at once in a while, does you no good. But if you will read it, you will find it medicine and food and comfort to you. Here is the story of Jesus Christ's life. I will put in a thread where it begins, and I want you to read it through, and when I come again tell me what you think of it."

Mrs. Dumont promised, and the teacher left her. The Bible says, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light." Light came into the heart of this poor woman as she read, and by it she learned that she was a sinner, and found her way to the Saviour.

"I know it now to be the word of the good God," she said one day. "It goes to my heart, it gives me life, it brings light to me in dark days, it makes my sick soul all well. It is good, good; I have much, very much love for it."



JANE AND KATE.

JANE and Kate went to the same school, and sat at the same desk, till they were both twelve years old. Jane lived near Kate too, and you may think that she was the same kind of a girl, but she was not. Kate was neat and Jane was not. At school Jane's part of the desk was inked, and soiled much of the time with her lunch, that she laid on top of it. But Kate's was not so: it was smooth and clean, and her books were in the right place. She kept her hands and nails clean, her hair brushed, and her shoe-strings tied.

Jane's shoes had no strings some days; and when there were strings, she did not stop to tie them, but let them drag to be stepped on and trip her up. Her hair was rough and her comb was broke in two. Such nails as she had, you would hate to see.

At home, her room was not swept, her bed was not made, her clothes were thrown on the floor. Kate took great care of her room, and was proud to see it look nice. Her clothes she hung on pegs, the floor was swept, and there was no dust to be seen. The bed was made and had a nice white spread on it. The sun shone in through the bright panes of glass, and there was a sweet fresh rose in the vase.

When those girls were a few years older, they thought they would like to earn their own food and clothes. Kate found a nice home, and earned a good deal; but no one liked to hire Jane, for she was not neat. Now, which of these two girls would you choose to be like?

Learn to be neat when you are young, and you will be sure to be so when you are grown up.

WHAT IS IN THE PIPE?

A boy fills his pipe, and he sees only tobacco in it, but I see books, time, money, health, peace and hope, all going in. He lights his pipe, and things above all price are puffed away in smoke.



CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE children! how he loved them!
Passing all the grown folks by
Just to raise the little children.
On his breast to let them lie!

Do you think you would have loved him,
Would have tried to win his smile?
Jesus' arms to-day will take you,
Hold you all the life-long while.

Let them "come!"—that is, to love him,
And to do his bidding sweet;
He has many little errands
Fitted well for little feet.

Sometimes what he says is harder:
"Let the restless feet be still."
If the little heart is patient,
That is doing Jesus' will.

"He it is," he says, "who loves me,
That will my commandments do."
There are many he has left us
That are plain enough for you.

"Overcome with good the evil."
When some little playmate strikes,
If you give a gentle answer,
That will be what Jesus likes.

Let this loving Saviour, children,
Teach and lead you all your days,
In green pastures, by still waters;
Jesus' ways are pleasant ways.



"FOR ME!"

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned in school.

"Well, whom is this for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we who hear so much about the dear Saviour to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me, for me!" and throw ourselves right into the open arms of the loving Saviour.

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MORNING & NIGHT.

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NO. 2



THE LITTLE READER.

DEAR child, how earnest she is in her reading! And how carefully she holds her book! It is the Bible, and she loves it, as you may see by the pleased look of her sunny face. She loves it because it is God's Holy Book.

How kind it was in God to give to the people who live in this world this Bible. How wonderful that he should cause all his commands, his loving words, and his precious promises to be written for us in a book, that we might not forget them, but have them

always before us for our comfort and guidance. If he had only spoken those words, and not written them, and they were repeated to us, we should soon forget many of them, and we should never be so sure as we are now of what he has said.

Now, if we forget, or are not certain about the exact words, we can turn to the Bible, and there they are on the page before us. And everybody can read the very same.

Everybody? Yes, every one who has a Bible. There are a great many different languages in the world; and for everybody to read it, the Bible would have to be translated or changed into all these languages. This is not yet done; but it is printed in more than two hundred languages, and wise and good men are studying all the time to get it translated into the rest, so that everybody can have God's Holy Word to read.

Then there are some countries that have the Bible, where the people are not allowed to read it! where the ministers tell them it is not a proper book for them, that they cannot understand it! How sad it is, that God's word should be kept from those to whom he has sent it. For it is really very easy to understand, as every one knows who has read it. God is always near those who read it, to help them to understand it. No man has any right to hinder our reading His word.

"What is the sweetest verse you find in your Bible?" said a lady to a little girl who was reading the Holy Book, like the little one in the picture.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am," she answered; "there are so many nice ones, I can hardly choose."

"Tell me one, then, that you like very much," said the lady.

"This, ma'am," said the child, and she read it slowly and correctly: "'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' And there is another one I like: it says, 'Little children, love one another.'"

"I think you have chosen well, dear child," said the lady. "If we believe that God loves us, and our hearts are full of love to him and to one another, we shall always be happy."



THE LITTLE WORD.

"MOTHER, mother," cried Johnnie, "may I go out and try my new sled? Oh, do let me."

Now, Johnnie had been sick with the measles, very sick indeed, and was just getting well. His mother knew that after the measles a child takes cold very easily, and sometimes a hard cough sets in; and perhaps he might be very sick again, and who could tell but he might die! And then, too, she knew that to go out on a fresh, light snow, one was more likely to take cold than in the rain.

Johnnie's bright, eager face made her feel as if she must say, "Yes." And then, there was his new sled which his uncle had given him at Christmas, and he had not yet tried it. How could she say, "No"?

His mother thought of all these things. And then, looking very kindly upon her little boy's pleasant face, she said very distinctly:

"No, Johnnie."

Johnnie's face was clouded in a moment.

"O mother, do, please do; just a little while. I sha'n't catch cold, I know I sha'n't. Just for a little bit of a while."

"I shall have to give you a spelling-lesson," said mother. "Go, get your slate. You must learn to spell one little word of two letters." And she made on the slate, very large, N, O.

"What does it spell, Johnnie?" said she.

It takes a great many lessons to make some boys remember that one little word, N, O, NO.

MORNING LIGHT.



“THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
he leadeth me beside the still waters.”

“I am the good shepherd, and know my
sheep, and am known of mine.”

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Watch around his flock doth keep;
And from fearful beasts of prey
Guards his little lambs alway.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pastures fresh and green doth keep,
Where the living waters flow;
There the lambs may eat and grow.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
Under-shepherds kind doth keep;
Parents, teachers, friends in need,
Who the lambs may tend and feed.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
Every little lamb shall keep;
No rude enemy shall dare
Pluck them from his tender care.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
Still a better fold doth keep;
Up where heavenly pastures spring,
Every little lamb he'll bring.

OBEDIENCE.

MARY BELL was a little girl who loved to have her own way. She did not mind quickly when her mother spoke to her, but always wanted to put off what she was told to do till another time, or else do it some other way.

Her mother had a great deal of trouble with Mary, and talked and prayed with her every day. She prayed for her too.

One day Mary came of her own accord, and kissed her mother, saying, “I will do, mother, just what you want.”

From that hour all went right. Mother had only to speak and Mary obeyed, and both were happy.

This is precisely how we should feel towards God and his commands. Our language should be, “I will do, O Lord, all thou biddest me.”



THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

HE is not learned now, but he is going to be. He is not a blacksmith yet, but he is learning to be. He is nothing but a boy now, a blacksmith's apprentice; but he has his book in his hand, and while he blows the bellows or tends the forge, he is studying. When he has eaten his supper, and other boys are playing, he is reading. Whatever he does, he is faithful and in earnest. So by-and-by he will become a learned blacksmith.

We have one famous learned blacksmith now living. His name is Elihu Burritt. He was a poor boy, his father was a shoemaker, and Elihu had to learn a trade, to earn money to buy food and clothes. But he loved books better than anything else; and so he took his books with him when he went to the shop, and studied whenever his work would allow. He was very fond of the study of languages, and learned to speak and write a great many. After he became older, he travelled and wrote

books, and became quite famous; but he always liked his old work at the forge, and loved to remember the hours when to the music of "clink, clink, clinkity clink," he recited to himself the lessons he had learned, and thought out what he had read.

And with all this, Elihu Burritt was good. Had he been a bad, wicked boy, he never would have become the learned and famous man he is. No boy that drinks, or smokes, or lies, or idles away his time, will ever amount to anything good. He may become famous for wickedness, but I am sure he never will for goodness.

When boys get to be about twelve or fourteen years old, they begin to think what business they will pursue as men. Perhaps some of you will say you want to study, and do not want to learn a trade. Let me advise you to do as your parents wish. It is always safe for a boy to have a good trade. It helps him, whatever he may do when he grows up; and if he tries some other business, and fails, he has his trade to fall back upon. Learning a trade need not hinder you from studying. There are many, many precious moments and hours wasted by apprentices, which, if they were spent in study, would bring great stores of useful knowledge to the mind.

Do not be afraid of work, boys. Work with a will; learn everything you can; and above all, fear God and keep his commandments.

CONSCIENCE.

"WHAT is conscience, mamma?" asked Susie.

"It is God's voice in our hearts, my dear. Do you not sometimes hear a voice within you, saying, 'This is right, Susie, do it;' or, 'That is wrong, do n't do it;?'"

"Not a voice like yours, mamma; it isn't a speaking voice, it is only a thinking voice."

"I know it, dear; it is called 'the still, small voice.' That is God speaking to you. Susie, do you always mind God when he speaks?"

"No, mamma, I haven't always minded, but I will. Now I know it is God speaking. I shall be afraid not to mind him."



“I’M SORRY.”

God loves to hear you, little one,
If sad for sins that you have done ;
The tears of penitence are bright,
And pure as pearls, in Jesus’ sight.

Whatever wrong of any sort
Your heart or tongue or hands have
wrought,

Repent, believe, and peace obtain ;
God’s love will wipe away the stain.

Confess your sins then, every day ;
Get low upon your knees and pray ;
Watch, lest the evil one shall come
To make your soul his constant home.

Look up to God, tear-dropping eyes,
And see hope’s bow upon the skies.

’Tis only through these contrite tears
That beauteous colored arch appears.

F. B. S.

DAILY TEXTS FOR MARCH.

1. The time is short.
2. Learn to do well.
3. I am the bread of life.
4. God is love.
5. Let us do good unto all men.
6. Ye must be born again.
7. Let us love one another.
8. Seek, and ye shall find.
9. I love them that love me.

10. Keep thyself pure.
11. Ye are not your own.
12. Do thyself no harm.
13. Be patient with all men.
14. Blessed are the pure in heart.
15. Wash you, make you clean.
16. I will be sorry for my sin.
17. Have faith in God.
18. Lead us not into temptation.
19. Rejoice in the Lord always.
20. Pray without ceasing.
21. Overcome evil with good.
22. Hold fast that which is good.
23. Fools make a mock at sin.
24. Trust ye in the Lord for ever.
25. They that seek me early shall find me.

26. The Lord is thy keeper.

27. I will walk in thy truth.

28. I will bless the Lord at all times.

29. Cleanse me from my sin.

30. Thou, God, seest me.

31. Let us return unto the Lord.

Dear children, these little verses are all from the Bible, God’s Holy Book. We hope you will not only read, but commit them to memory. Take one each day as your motto, to think of many times in the day. As many of you as can, will do well to write the daily text in your copy-book. This will help you to remember it, and when Sunday comes you will have seven precious verses to recite to your Sunday-school teacher. We want you all to love the Bible, and to make it the rule of your life.



THE LITTLE ROOM MADE LARGER.

"Oh, dear, I never can find anything," cried Mollie Logan in a very cross voice, as she turned things upside down in her mother's cabin, looking for her spelling-book and picture-card. "We have so many things, and our place is so small, and everything gets mixed up so."

"My father is a carpenter, and that comes very handy," said Susie Green, who was waiting for Mollie.

"I don't see what that has to do with me," said Mary fretfully.

"Why, I was just thinking how nice he fixed our rooms. We've got such a little mite of a place, and there are so many of us, and the things used to get so mixed up, as you say. But now, mother says the room seems twice as large."

"How did he fix it?" asked Mollie. Her father was a carpenter too, and she was sure he could do as much as Mr. Green.

"Why, he made little shelves all round, in the corners and on the sides, and every place where we children couldn't bump our heads against them. And you can't think how handy they are. I have one all to myself, and Rob has one, and so has Johnnie. We always put our things up there when we get home, and there they are, for nobody touches them."

"Good for you, Susie Green. I'll tell my father this very night about it, if he comes home."

By this time the lost book had been found under the cradle, and the children were on their way to school, talking as girls will.

"There's another nice thing father did," said Susie. "He built two berths on the side of the wall, just like the berths in a steamboat, you know; and the boys sleep in them. It's just as nice as can be, and they are out of the way, and now I sleep alone in the trundle-bed with the babies. Since then, it seems as if we had twice as much room as we had before, and we can keep all cleared up, you see. Mother says there's nothing like contrivance."

"Oh, dear, I wish my father would contrive something for us; but there, Susie, you know my father drinks, and yours doesn't. Oh, how I do wish he wouldn't drink rum. It makes him real cross, and mother don't feel like fixing up a bit."

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p

q r s t u v w x y z

q r s t u v w x y z

READING LESSONS.

I AM in. I am up. I am
on. I am by.

Go to us. Go to me. Go
to it. Go by it.

Do it to me. Do we do so?

He is up to it. Do we go
on it. I do as ye do.

“O Sam, let us go out
to the lot to see the fun.
Jim is in the lot, and he is
to set his dog on a rat. The
dog is a big one. Let us
go, I say, to see the fun.”

“Why, Tom, how can you
go to see him do so? Jim
is a bad boy, to set his dog
on the rat. It is a sin.”

“O Sam, how can it be?
It is no sin for a dog to eat
a rat, is it?”

“No, it is no sin for a dog,
for a dog can not sin. But
it is a sin for Jim to set the
dog on the rat for fun, and
you and I sin if we see it.
Let us go to Jim and say
to him it is a sin to set his
dog on the rat for fun. It
may be we can get him to
let the rat be.”

OFF TO SCHOOL.

Brush your shoes,	Take your place
Mend your dress.	When in school.
Scrub your hands.	Get your book.
Wash your face;	Mind each rule;
Then to school	Learn as fast
With a hop and	And as much as
skip;	you can,
A light in your eye,	That you may grow
And a smile on	up
your lip.	A wise, good man.



THE CARRIER DOVE.

THE Carrier Dove belongs chiefly in eastern countries, on the other side of the world; and there it is often used to carry messages. This is the reason for its name.

It has to be trained for its work. As soon as it is full grown, it is carried in a covered basket, or bag, half a mile from its home, and then set free. It has a very great love for its native place, and will almost surely return to it from any distance. When set at liberty it flies in a circle, wider and wider, and higher and higher, until it reaches a point in the air where it can see its way home, and then it flies straight there. The next time, it is carried a little farther away, and so on until it can go a great distance.

The bird cannot carry a very heavy weight, and the messages had to be very short indeed in old times; but now they can send longer ones. The message is written or printed, and then it is photographed, just as pictures are taken now-a-days. You know pictures can be taken large or

small; and so, printed words can be made large or small. When they are to be carried by the doves, they are made very, very small: so small that a whole newspaper page can be put into a space no bigger than the top of your little finger.

You all know, perhaps, that there has been a dreadful war going on in Europe, between France and Prussia. The Prussians went into France and shut up its largest city, Paris, so that no one could go in or out. The rail-cars, the stages, and the telegraphs were all stopped.

How were the people to get news or send out news? Why, some one went up in a balloon, taking with him a bag of letters, and a basket of carrier pigeons. When they got far off beyond the camp of the Prussian soldiers, the balloon came down to the ground, the letters were sent off by mail, and the news from abroad were made ready to be sent back to Paris by the doves.

Do you know what was the first message borne by a carrier dove? It was the olive leaf which was brought back to the ark to tell Noah that the flood was over. It meant PEACE from God to a wicked world.

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NO. 1.



HAL, THE NEWS-BOY.

HAL, THE NEWS-BOY.

"What are you thinking about, Hal?" The voice fairly startled the boy, as he leaned against the stone post, with a lot of his morning papers not yet sold.

"I'm thinking it don't pay," said Hal.

"What don't pay? selling newspapers, or lolling over the post?" asked Tim.

"O Tim," said Hal, in a forlorn voice, "I hate this old business; I'm going to quit."

"What for? Give us your reason, man."

"It keeps a fellow so dirty; just look here at the mud. And see my hat; you can't keep a whole one on your head, the other chaps knock you about so. I hate it."

"Cut out for a gentleman, eh?"

"The dirty talk is worse than mud on your clothes," continued Hal. "How the boys all swear and say bad words. I should think they'd know better, after all that's been said to us. I can't bear to be in it."

"Get out of it, then," cried Tim, with a rude laugh; "there'll be one the less to fight with. I'll help give you and your Heralds a toss;" and in a moment more Hal's papers would have been flying all over the park, but for a kind policeman who happened to be near. He just put his large, heavy hand on Tim's shoulder, and the boy's arm fell at his side.

"Now, tell us, Hal, what it's all about."

"He's tired of the business, and is running down the boys," cried Tim.

"I didn't run 'em down, captain; I only said I was tired of their swearing and their dirty talk. When a fellow tries to do right, he might as well be out of this gang."

"Do you earn a living at it?"

"Yes, I manage to get enough to keep me and my mother. If it was n't for her, I would not stay in it another day. But she's a good mother, and she's sick."

"Then my advice to you is to hold on till you can do better. Your time will come. And mind now, you can be a man, even in a business you don't like. It a'n't the *work* that makes the boy respectable, it's the *boy* that makes the work. Only don't lie, nor steal, nor swear, nor drink; and keep your face and

hands clean, for gentlemen like to buy papers of clean boys. And you, Tim, take my advice too, and don't let me catch you worrying a clever fellow again, or I'll see to you."

COME.

BLACK skin or white skin,
No matter which;

Jesus has love
And mercy for each.

Men of all nations
Are made of one blood,
And by the same Saviour
Are brought home to God.

Handsome or ugly,
No matter which;
Jesus has beauty
To give unto each.
All are most comely
Who, washed in his blood,
Are made pure and holy,
And like unto God.

Wealthy or needy,
No matter which;
Jesus loves all,
The poor and the rich.
He gives unto all
What he judges best,
And if we but love him
We'll not mind the rest.

Learned or unlettered,
No matter which;
The best of all knowledge
Christ only can teach.
He gives us his Spirit
To open our eyes,
And teach us the things
Which make us most wise.

The same kindly bidding
He gives unto all;
"WHOSOEVER WILL, COME!"
Is his merciful call.
Then let us all heed him,
Rich or poor, high or low,
We every one need him,
So let us all go.

MORNING LIGHT.



THE STONE STEPS.

IN the city of Rome, in a certain church, is a stone stair-case called *Santa Scala*, or, the holy stair-case. It was said to have been brought by a miracle from Jerusalem to Rome; but we know this could not have been true. The people were told, however, that whoever should climb these stone steps on his knees, saying a prayer on every step, would be sure to go to heaven.

In the picture we see several making the trial, and stopping at each step to say over the prayer they are told to utter.

One of these men, the foremost, is Martin Luther, a good man who lived about three hundred years ago. He was a very pious preacher. He longed to be fit for heaven, and

was willing to do anything, no matter how hard, no matter how humbling, if he only might read his title clear to the mansions in the skies. He had heard of this new way of climbing into heaven, and thought he would try it. But when half way up the steps, he thought he heard a loud voice saying to him, "The just shall live BY FAITH."

This is a verse from the Bible. He had heard it in much the same way two or three times before. But now it came to him with great power. It seemed to mean, What are you doing here? How can you expect to merit heaven by such an act? Do you not know that eternal life comes by faith in Jesus Christ, who died for your sins?

When Luther heard this voice in his soul,

he started up in horror on the steps, and fled from the place. He said afterwards, that from the moment the spirit of God helped him to understand those words, "he felt himself born again as a new man, and entered by an opened door into the very paradise of God."

So may it be with every one of us. We cannot earn heaven by any works of our own. The only way is through Jesus Christ, our crucified Redeemer.

"Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe."

THE TEMPERANCE LETTER.

THERE is one letter that begins more words of blessing than any other; and every one of these good things comes in the train of temperance. Boys and girls, if you will take this for your letter, and strive for these good things, you will be truly happy.

What do you think it is? It is the letter H. Just count up the blessed words it begins.



Health,
Home.
Heart-ease,
Hope,
Honor,
Happiness,
Heaven.

Are not all these things worth having? Indeed, what else is worth living for? Resolve, every one of you, to be temperate, and to strive for these rewards. Be temperate in eating and in drinking. Abstain from the indulgence of every sinful passion, from anger, deceit, envy. Put all your hope in Christ, and all these things shall be given unto you. W.



WHY ALICE STAYED.

ONE day at school, I was giving lunch to my pupils at noon, and seeing a little girl sitting with the rest, who usually went home at noon, I said,

"Alice, why do you stay to-day?"

The child came softly up to my side, and whispered, "Dear teacher, I'm only waiting for you to ask a blessing, and then I shall go right home and eat my dinner; because at our house they never ask a blessing at table."

"Very well, dear," said I, "you may stay every day if you like. But would it not be nice to teach them at home to feel as you do, so that they too will thank God before eating?"

So Alice always waited instead of running off the moment school closed, though she lost part of her playtime by it. And I used to wonder when I saw her, how many children, sitting down to a better meal than my scholars had, thought as much as Alice did of having God's blessing with it.

"IT'S THE KNOW."

LITTLE Cyrus had a visit from his uncle Joseph, who was about the same age. After the little fellows were tired of play and had gone to bed, the uncle, whose parents were able to dress him richly, asked,

"Cyrus, don't you wish you could have as good clothes as I can?"

"No, Joe, I don't," was the prompt reply. "It a'n't the clothes that makes the man, it's the know!"

DAILY TEXTS FOR APRIL.

1. WHAT shall I do to be saved?
2. Who will show us any good?
3. Lovest thou me?
4. Why will ye die?
5. Who is like thee, O Lord?
6. Do not I fill heaven and earth?
7. Will a man rob God?
8. Who is this that forgiveth sins?
9. Can the blind lead the blind?
10. What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?
11. Why art thou cast down?
12. What wilt thou have me to do?
13. What hast thou done?
14. How were thine eyes opened?
15. Lord, dost thou wash my feet?
16. Why do ye not believe me?
17. What is your life?
18. How long have I to live?
19. Wilt thou be made whole?
20. Whom say ye that I am?
21. Who are these in white robes?
22. Who is on the Lord's side?
23. Doest thou well to be angry?
24. What will ye do in the end?
25. Is he a pleasant child?
26. Is not my word like a fire?
27. Who would not fear thee?
28. Adam, where art thou?
29. Will ye also be his disciples?
30. Who shall be able to stand?

 WHITE-ANT HILLS OF THE EAST.

THESE do not look much like the little hills that are made by our red and black ants, do they?

If you were to go across the ocean



into Africa, you would see in some places the houses of the white ants covering the ground like haystacks, and looking like an Indian village. The ants put up two or three clay towers together, and make a thick wall around, and a thick roof above. Then they make a room in the centre for their queen, with a door so small that she can never get out; and other rooms for her soldiers and servants, and for the eggs and young, and for storing food.

They have a large arched passageway, to reach from the floor to the upper rooms; and the roads from their dwellings to the places where they get wood and water are winding like mountain paths, instead of sharp and steep. It would surprise you to know how ingenious the ants are. I should wonder very much, if it were not that God directs them and they obey him. We go astray and work amiss, because we follow our own notions.

WHERE IS ELLEN?

ELLEN MAGOON was fourteen years old when she went to work in a store in New York. Her work was light and neat, and she liked it very well. Mr. Jones, for whom she worked, was a good man, who always treated his girls politely, and looked after their best interests. He would have no one in his employ who was not modest and quiet.

For a year Ellen went every day to her place. In pleasant weather she could walk, but when it was cold or stormy she rode in the car. She grew tall in that time, and with a pretty face and gentle manners, made a pleasant appearance. She did not dress very well, however, and sometimes Mr. Jones had to ask his wife if she had not a dress to spare for the child. By-and-by he found out that the poor girl's mother was a drunkard, and spent her own earnings for whiskey, while Ellen's wages had to go for rent, and fuel, and food.

One morning Ellen was riding to the store in a car. A woman sat beside her, richly dressed, and every time the girl turned she noticed the woman looking at her closely, and at last she spoke:

"Do you work down town?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Ellen.

"Where do you work? and how much do you get?"

Ellen told her.

"That's too little for such a pretty

girl as you," said the woman. "Come live with me; I'll pay you higher wages, and you need not work at all. You shall have silk dresses and rings, and shall ride in my carriage, and be a lady." Then telling Ellen where she lived, and urging her to come and see her, she left the car.

A few days after this, Ellen was missing from the store. Where is Ellen? was asked again and again. Mr. Jones sent to her home to inquire; but the girl was not there.

Mr. Jones sent another day, and some girls on the steps of the house said that Ellen had gone off, and nobody knew where she was. They only guessed; and then they repeated what we have told you, which Ellen had herself related to them.

Mr. Jones knew then that he should never see Ellen again. No one has heard of her since! Perhaps if we were to go to Blackwell's Island we might find her in the great stone hospital there, among the women and girls who are sent to that sad home—girls who have listened, as she did, to the voice of the strange woman, "whose house," the Bible says, "is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

If Ellen had only said to this woman, "I had rather work, ma'am, than be idle; and silk dresses are not so proper for me as plain ones; I cannot accept your offers," then she would have been safe.

IF I LOVE JESUS,

I shall not lie;
 I shall not steal;
 I shall not get angry;
 I shall not swear;
 I shall not use bad words;
 I shall not drink or smoke;
 I shall not break the Sabbath.

IF I LOVE JESUS,

I shall pray to him;
 I shall read his word;
 I shall obey my parents;
 I shall go to Sunday-school;
 I shall be neat and clean;
 I shall be industrious;
 I shall learn all I can.

IF I LOVE JESUS,

He will love me;
 He will answer my prayers;
 He will help me do my duty;
 He will deliver me in trouble;
 He will be near me in sickness;
 He will take me home to heaven;
 He will keep me near him for ever.

READING LESSONS.

I am up.	Oh, I am on it.
He is in.	Lo, it is by me.
Go to it.	Do go up to it.
So it is.	Do it as we do.
Am I in it?	Go by it, do go.
No, I am by it.	My ax is on it.

My cat can sit on the mat.
 My dog can lie on the rug.
 The cat is old and so is the

dog. Tim had the dog in the war. A fly lit on the ear of my cat, and now it is on the eye of the dog. How did the dog act? Why, he put his paw up to his eye, and got the fly off.

Fan has a fat hen, and we are to eat her. Sue is to cut her up, and put her in the pot, and fix her for us to eat to-day. I've got a wee hen, but I can not eat my hen. No, no.

The sun is set, and I am to go to bed. The eye of God is on me in my bed. Can I sin if the eye of God is on me? O God, rid me of all my sin.

I HAVE learned a sweet text to say to-day; it is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

I mean to mind it, too. I want to love God. He loves me, and cares for me, and it would be bad in me if I did not love him.



MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

What of the morning, mother?

Have you called your little brood,
And placed them underneath the wing
Of the Merciful and Good?

What of the noonday, mother?

Are the burden and the heat
Cast, with the early labor,
At the Redeemer's feet?

What of the evening, mother?

Is it dark, Egyptian night?
Or is there in your dwelling
Israel's unfailing Light?

Thanks be to thee, O Saviour,

Thou Day-spring to my heart!
My Morning-Star, my Noon-day Sun,
My Midnight Lamp thou art.

P. B. H.

ONE TONGUE AND TWO EARS.

JAMES, I will give you a good thought to keep in your mind. You have but one tongue, while you have two ears; so you should hear a great deal more than you speak. The word of

God says, "Be swift to hear, slow to speak." When I was a child they used to say to me, "You should be seen and not heard." If I took the hint, I found I could hear what the old folks said, and learn a great deal.

When you are with those who use bad words, or talk of bad things, you must not stay, but go off. If you stay to hear, you sin with your ears. Did you know you could sin with your ears?

I knew a boy once to put his ear to the key-hole in the door, to hear what was said in the room—something the folks did not wish him to know. That was mean and wrong. Ears that pry in this way sin a great sin.

God gave you your tongue and your ears for a good use; do not use them in a bad way.

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MORNING & NIGHT.



VOL. I.

MAY, 1871.

NO. 4.



"'TIS THE MONTH OF MAY," shouted Alice, as she threw open the window, and set her geraniums, which had been pining for the warm fresh air of heaven, on the sill in the sunshine.

"Come, grandpa," said she, "let us go out doors and sit a while, it is so sweet out there."

Grandpa was nothing loath, and taking baby in his arms, with little Frank tugging along

beside him, they proceeded to the old log under the elm-tree, where in warm weather he had often sat, telling stories and amusing the little ones.

How pleasant it was! How good it seems to get out of doors in the warm spring-time, without shawls or cloaks! May is the queen of months. It is the time of blossoming trees and singing birds. The yellow dandelions open their eyes out of their beds of green grass, the syringas and lilacs fill the air with sweet perfume, and the snow-ball trees look as if the pure white snowflakes had just fallen from heaven among the leaves.

"Is n't it nice out doors, grandpa?" said Alice. "I'd just like to live out here all the time."

"It is delightful," answered grandpa, "especially here in the country. How I do pity the little folks that are pent up in the city all the time."

"It's too bad," said Alice; "if I lived there I should coax and coax my father and mother till they moved off to a farm just like ours."

"If they only knew how much better it would be for them here, they would come," said grandpa; "but they don't know. They could find work enough, and get their food and fuel ever so much cheaper; and as for rent, which troubles city folks so much, that would be nothing here."

"And they could have a garden," added Alice, "and raise their own beets and onions and potatoes; and they could have fruit and flowers; and keep a cow and some chickens; and hear the robins sing; and smell this sweet air. How I do wish they'd all come."

Yes, there are acres and miles of ground that has never been ploughed and planted, and where the poor of our cities could have homes and living for almost no money if they were only willing to work; and where their little children could have fresh, pure air of heaven to breathe. How we wish they would try it.

Some one has said, "God made the country and man made the town." We can certainly see the work of God's hand more easily in the country. His touch is in everything. The meadow, the hill, the stream, the trees and flowers, the birds and beasts, all speak of God.



THE SPARROWS.

How the pretty little creatures twitter under the eaves of our houses, and flutter amid the ivy leaves on the churches, and crowd the tiny boxes on the branches of the trees.

They do a great deal of good by eating up the insects and ugly worms, that would otherwise destroy every green thing.

We have sparrows in our own land, but not quite so tame as the gentle English friends that were brought across the water, and have multiplied to a great colony. They make worthy citizens, and help the country that protects them. That is the way to do when one adopts a place as his home.

The sparrow belongs to the "*Finch*" family. There are a good many sorts. The beautiful goldfinch, and the canary, and the linnet, and the nightingale, and the Indigo bird, and the snow bird, and the yellow bird, and ever so many more; but best of all, I love this little creature that comes close to my window, and picks the crumbs from the ledge. It likes warmth, and chooses sheltered, dark places for its nest.

Better than all, I love the sparrow because it teaches us to trust in God, who cares for it and for us. You know what our Lord Jesus said about these little birds, when he sent his apostles out to preach his gospel. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? [about a cent and a half;] and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

F. B. S.

MORNING LIGHT.



OUR MARY.

MARY is our new servant. She is a young girl, but she is good-natured and smart. We have to teach her much about her work, but I think she tries to remember what she is told, and to improve.

Do you think she is doing quite right now? I do not, and I am going to tell her so. I see two things that are wrong, and I will speak to her about them, and the next time I send her to sweep and dust the sitting-room I think she will do better. Now, hear what I say to her.

"Mary, you should not stand up in that nice chair."

"But I wanted to reach that high shelf, ma'am."

"Yes, but you must not stand in a chair; you hurt it with your rough shoes. Go to the

hall closet, and you will find some steps. Bring them in to stand on."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, that's a good deal better."

"And, Mary, you should not stop in your work, to read."

"The books look so good, Miss Green."

"Then you can read?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I went to school a long time before I lived out, and learned to read right well."

"I am glad you can read and are fond of books, Mary, and at some proper time you shall have one, but not now. 'Work while you work' is my rule, and get all done quickly and nicely, and then you will have time for pleasure."

"I s'pose that is the best way, ma'am, and I'll do it. And then may I see this one?"

I looked at the book she held in her hand,

and found it was a Bible, and I answered, "Yes," with a good rebuke. There is no book in the world so good for Mary, or for any one, as the Bible.

Mary is very neat. I cannot have girls to do my work who go about with their frocks soiled, and aprons torn, their hair flying, and their shoes cut at heel and toe. Girls who want good places must be neat. No lady likes to have an untidy girl to cook, wash and iron, and go to the door.

HOME-WORK FOR ALL.

BOYS MUST

Bring the water,
Chop the wood,
Run to market
For the food ;
Sift the cinders,
Make the fire,
And of business
Never tire.

GIRLS MUST

Tend the baby,
Make the bed,
Darn the stockings,
Knead the bread ;
Stand with mother
At the tub,
Learn to iron,
Sweep and scrub.

Fathers, earn the money,
Mothers, spend it well ;
Children, do your duty,
I your fortune tell :
You will all be happy
Though you may be poor,
For you 'll have God's blessing
Now and evermore.

SUNDAY.

JOHNNIE and his mother were talking about Sunday.

"Do you know why the day is called Sunday?" asked mother.

"I guess I know," said Johnnie. "It is because the sun shines brighter then than any other day; don't you think it does, mother?"

"It is always a bright, happy day to me,



Johnnie, and I am glad it seems so to you too. And you are not far off from the true reason in saying it is named for the sun. The days of the week were numbered, not named, in Bible times. Names were given to them afterwards by heathen people, in honor of their gods. Sunday was named for the sun, and Monday for the moon, because those days were set apart for the worship of the sun and moon. Tuesday was named from Tuisco, Wednesday from Woden, and so on for other false gods; just as the first disciples of Jesus called the Sabbath the Lord's day."

"Oh, I like that name," cried Johnnie.

"Yes, because the Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead on that day. It is a very sweet and proper name, I think; better than Sunday, because it reminds us of our dear Lord. And it is the Lord's day in another sense; it is his time, which he keeps for himself out of the week. While he gives us six days for our own work and pleasure, he wishes us to spend one in his worship, and in learning our duty to him."

"I shall always think of this now when Sunday comes," said Johnnie, "and I shall like it better than ever."



OUR LITTLE PAPER.

We are happy to have received many letters telling us how the children like the "MORNING LIGHT."

One mother says, "My little girl, who is only three years and a half old, has nearly learned the alphabet from the January number which you gave her, and to our wonder to-day made the letter A on her slate, copied from the paper."

A little boy from Columbus writes: "I thank you very much for giving us some papers. I liked the reading very much. The printing is very large—large enough for my grandma to read with her specs off. There's a pretty picture on the first page, of

the infant Jesus. And there's something in it about drunkenness; but I won't be a drunkard, no, not I!"

Good for you, Jimmy. We hope you'll hold fast to that resolution as long as you live.

Wesley B——, from the same school, says: "We have prayer-meeting in our school-room every Tuesday afternoon. Sometimes ~~over~~ a hundred boys and girls are there; and we think Jesus comes too."

What a pleasant thought it is, Wesley, that Jesus comes too; that he comes so near that you can kneel at his feet, and ask him for all you need. I hope he will put his hand on the head of every boy and girl there, and bless you all.

JESUS.

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

The "Everlasting Father,"

The "Mighty God" is he;

The "Wonderful," a "Saviour,"

A "Counsellor" for me.

The "Glory" of his people,

The "Light" of heathen lands,

An ever kind "Redeemer,"

Sent to unloose our bands.

The "Root" of holy David,

A "Dayspring" and a "Star,"

A "Sun" for light and healing,

Whose beams we felt afar.

To him, the "Great Jehovah,"

"Immanuel," the "King,"

To "Christ," the "Lamb," "Anointed,"

All great names must we bring.

But "Jesus" we will call him,

With grateful heart and voice;

And we will haste to seek him,

And make his ways our choice. R.



ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

ONE night, last summer, I started to go from Chicago to St. Louis. I found the train, and secured my sleeping berth, proud that a woman could travel alone without any trouble. In due time the conductor came round, and sad to relate, I was on the wrong road! How I did wish the train would stop; that horrible rush and roar seemed to be sounding my ruin. It was too late for regrets. I had started wrong, and had to bear the consequences.

Now how like life that was. We rush along, trusting in our own wisdom for guidance, fall into bad ways, and too late find we are on the wrong road. The starting-point is the time to make sure of being right.

Take the grace of God for your motive power, child, the Bible for your conductor, and piety and virtue for your travelling companions. Let the prayer-meeting and Sunday-

school be the way-stations, and heaven your aim, and you will surely find yourself on the right road.

WHICH IS WORSE?

"GRANDMA," said Charlie, "which is worse, to kill yourself or some body else?"

"Why, both would be fearful, dear, too dreadful to think of; I hardly know which is the worse."

"Why, it is worse to kill yourself. God says if you murder some one else, you only kill the body, but not the soul; but if you murder yourself you kill body and soul too."

"Yes, that's so," said grandma, "that's very plain. I am glad you know it, Charlie. Who told you?"

"Oh, I learned it in Sunday-school."

"And I hope you'll remember it, dear, and that you won't be guilty of this awful, double sin."

"O grandma, how you talk! Why, of course I shouldn't kill myself."

"I do n't know, dear. A great many people kill themselves by eating too much, and a few by working too hard: that is, they make themselves sick, and cut short their lives many years. But oh, thousands and tens of thousands kill themselves with rum and tobacco and whiskey. Those are poisons; you must not venture to touch them. You won't, dear, will you?"

"No, grandma; I'm sure I should be sorry if I did—perhaps for ever."

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N		
	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p
		q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z				

READING LESSONS.

Be up.	Go in.	It is.	We do.
Am I?	Ah, me!	Oh, my!	Oh, no.
He is.	We go.	On us.	Of it.
To do.	To be.	Go up.	Go on.
Do so.	I do.	Ha, ha!	By us.
By it.	On it.	At me.	So as.

TOM has a cow in the hut. She is his cow, and he had her in the lot, but a big, bad boy set his dog on her. The dog bit the cow in the ear, so Tom had to go for her, and put her in the old log hut by the run. She has hay to eat, and is as fat as can be. The bad boy is Joe, and his dog is Mop.

Joe can cut hay, and dig, but he is so bad, I can not get him to do it. He did say to me one day, "No, no, I will not dig, nor cut hay in the hot sun. Ha, ha, ha! cut hay in the hot sun! No, I can get a bit to eat if I beg, and I can go to bed out in the lot, and I and my

dog Mop can get on. You may cut the hay, sir." Is not Joe a bad boy?

PRAYER.

Do you pray to God, my dear child, each day? Twice a day we should do so: when we get out of our beds, and then when we go to them at night. We should ask God to take care of us, and thank him that he does so.

Is there no need to ask God for his care? There is no one so wise or strong but needs God's help. We are not safe an hour, we can not do an act, we can not breathe but for him.

Let us take time to pray. Let us make time to pray. Let us rise an hour ere our work for the day comes on, that we may pray. We can raise our hearts in prayer when we are at work.



LITTLE BY LITTLE.

SEE, the grass is springing, springing,
Higher, higher, every day;
And the flowers are peeping, peeping,
From the hiding mould and clay;
Gaining just a very little
Every day, every day;
So it is with you, dear children,
That's the way, that's the way.

See the house that's building yonder,
Brick by brick, brick by brick,
One is laid upon another,
Till the walls are stout and thick;
If you too would raise a building,
You must work as well as play;
And the bricks must patient gather,
Day by day, day by day.

But the house that you are building,
It is one we cannot see;

It is made of thoughts and feelings,
Acts that may not noticed be,
Save by God who hourly watches
Every brick cemented in.
Build to gain his smile, O children,
You will win it, you will win.
Nor alone for selfish pleasure
Let your gains together roll;
Build your house so it shall shelter
Many another poorer soul.
Give your money, give your wisdom,
Give a smile or kindly deed;
Build your house for Jesus, children,
And for all who suffer need.

"HELPFUL IDA."

THIS is what I call my little pet, because she tries to help every one, even the birds. One morning, while she was walking in the garden with her papa, he said to her,

"Ida, that little bird has dropped one of his feathers."

"I'll hand it to him," she quickly replied. And whenever she sees any one busy, she runs and asks if she may help him.

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MORNING & NIGHT.



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JUNE, 1871.

NO. 6.



SWEETER THAN FLOWERS.

WHAT is sweeter than a flower
Dripping from the summer shower,

Sparkling in the morning dew,
Beautiful in form and hue?
Full of fragrance, full of grace,
Peeping out of every place

Where the kindly sun has shone,
 When beneath the way-side stone,
 God's pure, loving touch is laid
 On each blossom he has made,
 Search and search through life's long hours,
 What can fairer be than flowers?

Sweeter, fairer than the flower?
 See this baby boy of ours!
 Count the dimples, mark the grace
 All about his lovely face;
 Watch the light dance in his eye,
 Like the sunbeams in the sky;
 Feast upon his laughing lips
 As the bee the honey sips;
 Listen to his bird-like voice,
 How it makes the heart rejoice!
 The whole world of sweetest flowers
 Could not buy this boy of ours.

CARRIE.

ONE Sabbath morning, when Carrie was not quite four years of age, her mother found her cracking nuts. She said, "I wish my little daughter to put away those nuts, and the noisy hammer, until to-morrow." Carrie obeyed. Her mother then told her that God had given us a commandment, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy;" that he had given us six days for labor and for pleasure, but the seventh day, or the Sabbath, was for the rest of the body and for the worship of God; that on this day we should do no *unnecessary* work, or, "our own pleasure," but should worship God, study the Bible and good books, and learn how to be good and to do good. But we might take care of the sick, or help the poor, or teach others of Jesus and the way to heaven.

Carrie looked quite sorry when she saw it was her own work, and her "own pleasure," which she had been doing.

Soon after, her mother left the room, and after a little time, returning, she found her little girl kneeling by the side of the lounge. Carrie rose with a happy expression upon her face, and said, "Mamma, I've prayed." She had been taught to pray to God to forgive her sins, and to help her to obey and love the Saviour, who died upon the cross for sinners.

Dear children, do you, like Carrie, pray to your heavenly Father to keep you from sin, to give you sorrow when you do wrong, and do you ask the pardon of your sins for Jesus' sake?

WHY MAY I NOT SWEAR?

1. It is a useless habit.
2. It is a foolish habit.
3. It is a vulgar habit.
4. It is a demoralizing habit.
5. It is a dangerous habit.

Or, to sum up in a word, it is rebellion against God's holy law.

"God will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

TEXTS FOR JUNE.

1. Thy face, Lord, will I seek.
2. Christ died for our sins.
3. We will rest in His love.
4. Worthy is the Lamb!
5. Quench not the Spirit.
6. Thine anger is turned away.
7. Lead me in thy truth.
8. Submit yourselves to God.
9. A new heart also will I give you.
10. Redeeming the time.
11. Ye must be born again.
12. The Lord God, merciful and gracious.
13. Be swift to hear, slow to speak.
14. The wicked are like the troubled sea.
15. The wages of sin is death.
16. Be ye holy.
17. Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
18. Slow to anger.
19. Wise unto that which is good.
20. Simple concerning evil.
21. God is light.
22. I am the door.
23. Able to save to the uttermost.
24. Be thou my helper.
25. Heirs of God.
26. Repent, and be converted.
27. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.
28. Let not your heart be troubled.
29. Love the Lord thy God.
30. Lord, save, or we perish.



THE BIG CAT.

WHY, this is the picture of a lion!

Yes, but the lion and the cat belong to one family, called feline. Their faces are a good deal alike. There are the whiskers that help them to feel, and the eyes that shine in the dark from reflectors, which throw light before them upon their prey. Then they have the same soft cushions on the feet, to prevent their sharp claws from getting blunted, and to help them to steal along without any noise; and their tongues are rough, that they may easily scrape the meat from the bones; and their teeth are sharp, so that they may cut and mince the meat for their stomachs.

You have seen puss with a mouse. How she lets it alone when it is quiet, but pounces upon it and worries it, if it stirs or tries to escape. Just so the "king of beasts," as this great African cat is called, because of his wondrous strength, will not hurt a man while he

feigns death, but will crush him in his strong paws, and crunch his bones if he moves a limb.

I saw a caged lion yesterday. What a majestic creature! When he roared, the sound was terrible.

Do you know who is likened to a roaring lion, that goeth about seeking whom he may devour? It is the devil, who would drag us into his den and destroy us. Let us beware.

But there is another more powerful, who can keep us from this dreadful foe. It is "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer, King of kings, and Lord of lords. We will trust in him. F. B. S.

THINK OF OTHERS.

SCHOOL was done for the day, the lessons for to-morrow learned, and Susan thought there was just time before supper for a good play with the other girls. So down stairs she



ran, out into the street, to join her playmates who were always glad to have her among them. They had just got into the fun of a good game of "tag," when Susan thought of Aunt Rachel, sitting alone in her little room, where the sound of their happy voices must make her feel her desolation and sorrow all the more. For Aunt Rachel was lame and blind and poor, and never could get out into the pleasant air, or have any of the enjoyments which others had.

"I'll go right in this minute," said Susan to herself, "and read her the nice story I found in my little paper this morning; I know she'll like it."

"Good-by," she shouted to the girls, and before they could stop her she was off.

A smile came over the sad, pale face, as Aunt Rachel heard Susan's step and voice.

"I'm going to read to you, auntie."

"God bless you for it, dear child," said she.

"I only wish you could see the pretty pictures in my paper," said Susan; "they are so sweet. But never mind, you can hear the stories, and that's a good deal better than nothing, isn't it?"

Susan brightened the fire, put on the tea-kettle, and then sat down to read. What a pleasant time they had together!

Susan told the girls afterwards, it was ten times better than a game of "tag."

DO IT WITH YOUR MIGHT.

WHATSOEVER you find to do,

Do it, boys, with all your might!

Never be a *little* true,

Or a little in the right.

Trifles even lead to heaven;

Trifles make the life of man;

So in all things, great or small things,

Be as thorough as you can.

Help the weak if you are strong,

Love the old if you are young;

Own a fault if you are wrong,

If you're angry, hold your tongue.

In each duty lies a beauty,

If your eyes you do not shut,

Just as surely and securely

As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,

Love with eye and ear and touch;

That's the moral of the whole;

You can never love too much!

'Tis the glory of the story

In our babyhood begun;

Our hearts without it, (never doubt it,

Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word would please,

Say it, if it is but true;

Words may give delight with ease,

When no act is asked from you.

Words may often soothe and soften,

Gild a joy or heal a pain;

They are treasures yielding pleasures

It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoever you find to do,

Do it, then, with all your might;

Let your prayers be strong and true—

Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.

Pray in all things, great and small things,

Like a Christian gentleman;

And for ever, now and ever,

Be as thorough as you can.

LITTLE FRED.

FREDDY, my little neighbor, is a smart, bright boy, ten years old. He is not as large as most boys of seven, so his playmates call him "little Fred;" but when you have read my story, I think you will say he is "brave Fred."

He lives on the bank of a river, and the sidewalk in front of his house is much higher than the road, because the river rises in the spring, and the street for a few days is several feet under water.

One year ago, when the water in front of Fred's house was deep enough to drown him, two little girls were playing on the sidewalk. Curly-headed Nettie, going too near the walk, fell backward into the water. Her sister ran screaming home; but the swift current would have carried Nettie to the river long before mamma could get there. Fred and another boy ran to the spot, and saw the little girl struggling in the water. Fred jumped in, and catching her clothes, dragged her to the bank, telling his companion to hold her by the dress, till he scrambled out of the water. Then the two boys together pulled the little maid ashore just in time to save her life.

Nettie's papa praised and thanked Fred for his courage, and insisted on his accepting some money; and her sister kissed him and said, "You have saved her life, Fred." When

Fred's mother heard what had happened, she said, "How dared you jump into the water? Don't you know you might have been drowned?" "I did n't think about that," said Fred; which answer proved our little hero to be as unselfish as he was brave.

God bless little dark-eyed Freddy, and may he grow up to be a brave, true soldier of the cross. AUNT FAITH



LITTLE MARY

HAD been thinking. "How I love Jesus," said she at last to her mother; "I feel as if I wanted to get right into his arms, and tell him so, just as I do you, mamma. Oh, how I do wish I could see him. If I only could see his face once, mamma."

Do you think little Mary, while her heart is so full of love to Jesus, would knowingly break his law or offend him? No, indeed; she would suffer a good deal, rather than displease One who is so dear to her.

This is the kind of love we all want. It is this which will keep us from ill-temper, untruth, impurity, and every sin.



A WALK IN THE GROVE.

ONE fine day Miss Hall took our class to the grove for a good time. Ten of us went. We all wore white frocks, and when we got there we took some leaves and made wreaths for our waists. Then we found some small, bright leaves to trim our hair.

We had bread and cheese and grapes for our lunch, and while we ate, Miss Hall talked with us. One thing she told us that day keeps in my mind still, and I cannot go to the woods, or look at a tree or bush, but I think of it. It shows how great and how wise God is. She said if we could look at all the green leaves in the whole world, we should not find two just alike in shape, and size, and color.

I think of this a great deal. Why did God, how could he make so vast a world as this, such a host of trees

and plants, and yet so much change? Our minds are too weak and small to think of all the sorts and kinds which he could plan with so much ease. How great is God! Who would not fear and love him!

THE TWO PATHS.

THE safe and narrow way
Leads up to God.
Be careful, lest you stray
Into the *broad*.

Pleasure, and gold, and sin
Seek the wide gate.
Whoso his Lord would win
Enters the *strait*.

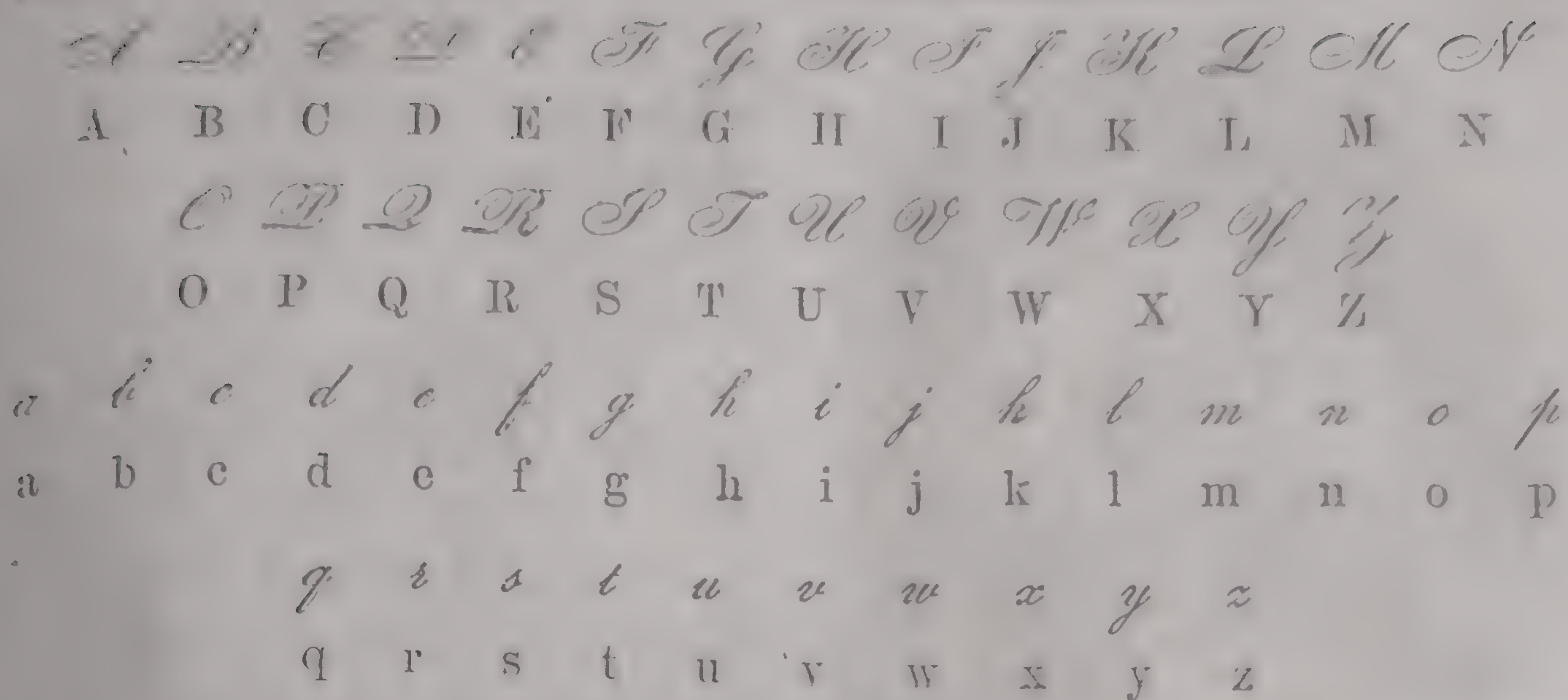
Look where the Saviour's steps
Have gone before,
And in his footprints walk
For evermore.

He that defileth not
On earth his feet,
Shall walk, with the redeemed,
Heaven's golden street.

F. B. S.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

A SMALL boy often went into a carpenter's shop where the workmen were in the habit of taking their grog, as they were ashamed to be seen going to the store for it. They often asked the boy to go and get it for them, but he always refused. When they called him unkind and lazy, "Ask me," said the boy in a tone of noble anger, "to go any other errand, and I will go; but I can't nor wont get you rum!"



I go in. So do I. Go on.
No, go in. Be by it. It is
to be by us. We go by it.
Oh, my, is it so? Do we
go? I do go. An ox is by
us. Go up to it. We do
go. He is in. I am in.
We go at it. So do we.

THE Son of God did see
me! Oh, why did I do so?
Do I not own up to it? Yes,
I do; for I am sad, and I
am to do all I can to put off
my sin. Can I pay for my
sin? No, I can not, but the
Son of God did pay for it.
Did he not die for us? Yes,
for all of us he did die. And
did he sin? Oh, no, it was
to get our sins off us he did

die, for me and for you; and
if we do but ask him, we
may go to be by him. By
him we may all get rid of
our sin.

JOHN says he does not love
God. What can he mean?
When God has done so much
for him, how can he help
but love and fear Him? He
is so great and good, and
yet John seems to have no
fear at all. But God means
what he has said, and if John
does not look out for his
own soul it will be lost. Oh,
let us pray for all boys like
John, that their hearts may
be changed, and they may
love and obey God.



THE MORNING LIGHT.

WHAT a pretty name this is for a paper! Do you know, dear children, of what it reminds me?

Of the little ones in the world, who look bright, rosy, and happy, just as the morning does when we rise from our beds, throw open the shutters, and look abroad on this beautiful world God has made. How the tiny gems of dew on every leaf and blade of grass sparkle in the sunshine; so too, the

eyes of dear children beam with health and happiness. How merrily the pretty birds warble as they flit from branch to branch, and are too happy to keep still; so the little feet skip about for very joy, while the rosy faces are upward turned to catch the gentle breeze, and the young voices ring out cheerily.

Do they sing hymns of praise and gratitude to their heavenly Father, like the pretty birds?

I hope so, and that the dear children, the little morning lights, will try to do what this paper, the "Morning Light" is trying to do.

What is that?

It is trying to make every one happy, trying to lead all to Jesus, "the Bright and Morning Star." EMMA.

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MORNING & NIGHT.

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NO. 7.



GRANDMA DALE.

GRANDMA DALE.

"He wants to go, I warrant, as much as you want to have him," said Grandma Dale to the two little urchins who were roguishly peeping in at the door, and calling in a loud whisper for Johnny to come out to play; "but he's a good boy, Johnny is, and he's always willing to give his old grandma a lift."

And there stood the little fellow as straight and brave as a man, and never once looked round at the boys. The yarn must be wound, and it would only take a few minutes longer, and then, look out! if he and Trotty would not be ready for a frolic, boy and dog never were. Indeed, I have often noticed that those who sometimes work enjoy fun a great deal more than those who are always at play. I think Grandma Dale thought so too.

"What do you suppose boys are made for?" said she, as George and Harry still stood peeping in at the door. "God has made everything for some use; what do you think he meant boys for?"

Harry laughed all over his face at that question; don't you see how full of fun his eyes are?

"I guess he made 'em to have a good time," said he; "I do, I know that. And mother says they are made to keep bread and cheese from moulding."

Grandma smiled. "And what do you think, George? See if you can't give a better reason than that."

George was a more sober boy, and took a minute to think.

"They were made to grow up into men, weren't they?" said he.

"I think they were," answered grandma. "It won't be a great while before these three little boys will be three tall men. And what kind of men? Why, that depends on what kind of boys you are. I mean my Johnny to be a useful man, so I make him a useful boy. Boys that play all the time grow up to be idle men. So look out, children. Don't play all the time, but stop once in a while to do a kind or useful act. Never grumble when father or mother sets you to work. Work is good for you; it will make you strong, good men."

Grandma soon finished her yarn, and then sent them all out, and the dog with them. We hope they did not play so hard as to forget her wise words.

THERE'S not a sin that we commit,
Or wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 't is writ,
Against the judgment day.

—♦♦—



THE CONFESSION.

"MAMMA, I know something," said little Bessie, as she knelt one night before her mother and looked earnestly into her face.

"Well, dear, what is it?" said her mamma.

"Oh, I know, but I don't want to tell."

"Not tell mamma?"

Bessie looked troubled. "Why, I don't want to tell anybody, not even you."

Her mother looked lovingly and seriously at her for a moment, and then said slowly, "Never mind; God knows."

Bessie couldn't stand that. "Well, mamma," said she, "I had a temper, and struck Johnny."

"A little girl had a temper, and struck her brother! So did wicked Cain have a temper, and what did he do?"

"Killed his brother."

"When we feel the temper coming, Bessie, we must kneel down and look into the face of our heavenly Father, and ask him to take it away. Then we sha'n't have to say, 'I don't want to tell.'"

MORNING LIGHT.



THE FOUNTAIN.

Good men have reared a fountain
Upon the dusty street,
Where old and young are passing
With aching heads and feet;
And of the sparkling water
To man and beast we give;
'Tis rest and sweet refreshment.
Without it who could live?

But there's a better fountain
From Jesus' side that burst;
'Tis opened for our cleansing,
As well as for our thirst.
Unto the sick and weary
And fainting soul he'll give;
Who of this living fountain
Partakes, shall surely live.

FOURTH OF JULY.

ALL the children who read our little paper know that the Fourth of July is a grand holiday. But I think there are a great many who do not know how it came to be so, and why the American people think so much of the day. One could hardly expect that all the little French and German, Irish, African, and Chinese boys in our great country should know; but it is to be hoped that every native American child could tell his foreign neighbor all about it.

Less than a hundred years ago this country was an English colony, but the people were growing rich and powerful, and were not willing to be oppressed by a nation across the sea. They determined to be free, even if they had to fight for their liberty.

They chose some of their wisest men, and sent them to Philadelphia, which was then the most central city in the country, to counsel together about public affairs. They met and formed what was called the Continental Congress. They chose George Washington as the general of their army, and then drew up in writing an important paper called THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. It was signed by all the members of Congress. This was on the fourth of July, 1776.

When the news of its acceptance was received by the people they manifested the greatest joy. Bells were rung, cannons fired, processions formed, and speeches delivered, and throughout the whole country the wildest delight was shown; and ever since then that day has been observed as a general jubilee.

Our little foreign friends will now know why this day is observed as it is, and why it is called "Independence Day." Every one who has a home in these United States, and enjoys the blessings of this good government, ought to understand the history of the country, and make up his mind to be a loyal, good, and useful citizen.



THE EAGLE.

THE eagle is called the "king of birds" because it is so large and strong, and has such courage, and can soar so high.

There is a singular membrane, or thin white skin on the eagle's eye, that can be drawn aside and folded up in one corner, or spread out to cover the eye. This is what the bird uses when it wants to shut out the glare of light. Is it not wonderful how God suits all things to the needs of his creatures?

There are many kinds of eagles. The "imperial," the "golden," the "white-tailed," and the "bald eagle," which is the emblem of our country, and is a beautiful bird.

Our bald eagle makes its nest in a lofty tree, in a swamp or morass. The nest is of sticks, sods, hay, and moss. The bird feeds chiefly upon fish.

This eagle of the United States stands with outspread wings, guarding the shield below him. On this shield are the stripes and stars, representing the states of the union; and the motto, "E Pluribus Unum," means, "*one made out of many.*"

Let us love our great country, and each of us strive to help keep up its strength.

MY RIDDLE.

WHAT is it makes a child polite?

What makes him always kind?

What makes him ready at first sight

His parents' look to mind?

What makes him anxious all to please,

The rich or poor to serve?

And when a tempting ill he sees,

Not from the right to swerve?

What makes him bold in danger's hour?

And noble, brave, and true?

What makes him flee from Satan's power,

And every good pursue?

What makes him in his spirit meek,

And in his language mild?

Unwilling evil words to speak,

A pure and modest child?

Who now can answer what I ask?

Who will my riddle guess?

To learn the secret is a task,

A treasure to possess.

One little word will answer me;

Four letters it will spell;

Begin with L and end with E—

Who can my riddle tell?

THE FIRST SIGHT.

A poor, drunken woman was found one day lying in a filthy unfurnished apartment, upon a pile of straw, while four pale, half-starved children were crying hopelessly for bread. In a few weeks the same visitor found her sitting, "clothed, and in her right mind," in a tidy room, comfortably furnished, plying her needle with patient industry, to feed and clothe her little ones, and at night calling them around her to sing and pray. See her in her now pleasant home.



WHAT HAS CHANGED HER?

The sound of the gospel has fallen upon her ears, and has sunk into

her heart. She has repented of her sins, and been forgiven. She has been sick, body and soul, but the great Physician has touched and healed her. A healthy start is given to her whole being. She has ceased to do evil, and is learning to do well. God has wrought this wonderful change. And he is able to do it for every one that will come to him. He will save *to the uttermost*; save for this life and save for the other.

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power."

ONE HAND OR TWO?

"O MA, do see that poor girl with but one hand," cried Jane Lee. "She is a poor girl; I should not think she could be glad one bit of the time."

"She is a poor girl, as you say, Jane, and yet she is a rich girl too, and she is glad *all* the time. I have not seen her sad once."

"Why, ma, how queer you talk! How can she be poor and rich too? I don't know what you can mean."

"I will tell you, dear, what I mean. Ruth's heart is filled with the love of God. She tries to please him, and to do good to all who live with her. If we have our hearts full of Christ's love, as she has, we shall be rich too, and it is a kind of wealth that no one can steal from us. It seems a sad thing to have but one hand, but don't you think it is as

well to have but one hand and use it right, as to have two hands and use them wrong? Did you see John Riggs just now?"

"Yes, ma, I did, and I think he used his two hands in a bad way. He had a fight with Jim, and most killed him. He threw him on the ground so hard that his head was cut, and they thought he would die."

"How would John feel if Jim were to die? Does he not know that God has said, 'Thou shalt not kill'?"

"He knows it, ma, I am sure, for he goes to school, and learns it there; but he does not care. I would choose to be Ruth and have but one hand, if I could not use my two hands in a right way."



THE CRIPPLE.

"WHEN I am old, and weak, and sick, and helpless, who will be my feet, and eyes, and ears, and hands? Who?"

Papa Lightfoot asked the question one day, and little Minnie answered, "I, papa. Minnie will run for you, see for you, hear for you, and help

you;" and the dear little girl looked lovingly at her father, eager to find some way to serve him.

The fond father caught her in his arms, and felt happy in the thought that he had such a willing helpmeet for a time of need.

Time passed, and the strong, active father appeared as though he never would need the care and help of little Minnie; but she had caught the spirit of benevolence, and here we see her, not with the dear kind father she loved so much, but acting as feet and hands to the old crippled man whom she had never seen before.

See how eagerly the little hand is extended, and the cup of milk urged upon the poor wayfarer. No sooner did Minnie see him from the window than she ran to share her breakfast with him. And where did she learn this sweet lesson?

From God's holy word, where she had read, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." And again, "Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man." She had not much to give, but what she had she freely shared with a poor sufferer who was in want.

E.

On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And gave the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

READING LESSONS.

I AM in. I am up. He is up. He is on. Go by me. Go by it. Be up to it. Be ye on it. It is of it. It is by me. We go. So do we. Ah, we do so. Go at it. It is up. He is to go to it as I do.

THE old hen is set on her ten eggs. She is my own hen, and so I am to see to her. I put a tin pan by her, and in it I put a bit for her to eat, for she can not get off her eggs to go far. But she can get it if I fix it by her. If the sun is hot, I am to put a big box up by her. If it is wet, I am to put her in the log hut. In a few days now she will be off.

I can see an old cat out by the hen, but she will not eat the hen. No, she has a rat in her paw. See her now; she has let him go, but not so far but she can get him. It is fun for her, but it is not fun for the rat.

She may not eat him, but she will kill him.

JACK'S MEAN ACT.

"JACK, what have you in your hand? a bird's nest? Oh, it is too bad that my dear boy Jack should do so mean an act.

"You don't think it is mean? It is, Jack, both mean and bad. What if the old birds were not in it; don't you think they will miss their soft, warm nest? And how they will mourn for their young ones, too.

"How would you feel to have some big man come and steal you from your nice home? and how should I feel to have you gone?

"Don't you think, dear, it would be nice now to go and put the nest right back where you found it? You may get there so quick that the old birds wont know a thing of it. Yes, I thought you would, when you came to see what you had done."



THE FLOWER GIRLS.

Down in the rushes, and long, tangled grass,
 Many a sweet little blossom we pass;
 But Lillie and Anna are wiser to-day,
 And in basket and apron they stow them away.
 Where do you think they now are to be?
 Follow these children, and soon you will see
 A vase of sweet flow'rets by mother's sick bed,
 Giving joy by their charms and the perfume they shed.
 And many a poor, wretched child do we see,
 Down, down, quite as low as the flowers can be;
 Let us rescue them, help them arise from the dust,
 And fit them for places of honor and trust.

M.

PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER.

Two children were reciting verses for a prize. The first recited quite a number, and took her seat, and the other little girl recited as many as her companion excepting one. The teacher looked at her, and said:

“Mary, do you not know another verse?”

“Yes, sir,” was the reply, “but I don’t want to say it, because I want Lucy to get the prize.”

“What made you think of doing this?” asked the teacher. “Did you learn it from any of your verses?”

“Yes, sir,” said the little girl, “one of my texts said, ‘In honor preferring one another.’ Is n’t that just what it means, sir?”

Let us see how many times we can prefer another the coming month.

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No. 2.



WHO SAVED HIM?

You know, children, as soon as you look at this picture, what it means. You have all

heard, I doubt not, the pretty story of Moses in the bulrushes, the poor little outcast babe who was saved from a cruel death.

But what I want you to think of now is the

question, Who saved him? It took four persons to do it. The mother who made the ark, the little sister Miriam who patiently watched it, the princess who adopted the baby, and the pious nurse, his own mother, who reared him.

If either of these had failed to do her part, the child would not have been saved. And among them all not one was more important or faithful than little Miriam. So you see that even children can help in saving others.

"Come with me," said Richard to a little neighbor-boy one day, as they met on the street.

"Where be ye going?" asked Jimmy; "birds-nesting up in the woods?"

"No, I don't do that, it's wicked," answered Richard; "I go to school."

"School! I don't want none of your schools, to sit still on a bench all day. No, you don't, sir."

"But we sing, and learn nice verses, Jimmy; and we clap our hands and march; and the teacher tells us stories. It's splendid; better come. You'll get a lunch, too."

So Richard brought his little neighbor to school. Jimmy liked it, stayed, and learned of Jesus there.

Not long after, Jimmy was taken very ill with fever. A part of the time the disease was in his head, and he didn't know what he said, but he talked the whole time about what he had learned at school.

"Christ is the door," he said. "Mother, mother, I'm going in. It leads straight to heaven, mother." And then he would burst out singing, "Will you go? will you go?"

After he died his mother told the story, crying very much. "I know my Jimmy's gone to heaven," said she, "and I want to go too, if I can only find the door. The door is Jesus, Jimmy said it was."

Now Richard helped save Jimmy, didn't he? And how happy he felt about it after Jimmy died. And Jimmy, we hope, helped to save his mother. Oh, how blessed if they should meet in heaven!

Have you ever tried to save another? Little girl, little boy, try.

GOSPEL.

THE word Gospel means *good news*. The books which were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, contain the history of Jesus, who came to bring us the good news of God's mercy to sinful men. They did well to call their books "the Gospel," for certainly no such good news had ever been sent to the world before.



THE LITTLE BROTHER.

SISTER.

CUNNING little cradle-bed,
Cunning little baby head;
See his pretty little eyes,
First he laughs, and then he cries.

'Tis my little baby-brother,
Holds his hands out to his mother,
Kicks his feet and crows away;
Oh, how baby loves to play.

MOTHER.

Little sister, you must be
Kind and good to him and me,
Else he'll be a naughty boy,
Give us pain instead of joy.

Soon he'll lisp your little prayer,
Track your footsteps everywhere;
Then 't will please us all to say,
Sister helped him every day. E.

MORNING LIGHT.



“THE CAMEL BIRD.”

THAT is what the African ostrich is sometimes called, because it has a long neck like the camel, and pads under its feet, to help it on its journey over the hot sand of the desert, and it is swift to travel.

It is a great, awkward-looking creature, with its small head and straight flat bill, and long neck with a few scattered hairs upon it, and its short wings and bare thighs, and hard, scaly legs.

But it has beautiful feathers, which ladies prize very much for their hats. The feathers on the back of the bird are black, and those on the wings and tail are white, sometimes marked with black. The hen lays her eggs in the sand in a hole, and while she is setting she lays other eggs, which she puts outside the nest for the nourishment of her young brood when hatched.

When she has to go off in search of food

for herself, the hot sun keeps up the process of hatching, so that no time is lost. Hunters catch the ostrich with a lasso or rope. The bird is strong enough to bear up a man. The Africans ride it.

We have a species of ostrich in South America, but its feathers are gray and brown, and not as rich as those of the eastern bird. We use them for dusters and fly brushes. The ostrich raises one wing and stretches it out when it runs, and after that is tired drops it, and raises the other. Its food is fruit, grain, and vegetables.

THE POOR SLAVE.

“WHY do you do so?” asked Mr. Wells one day, of a car conductor who was just then filling his mouth with tobacco.

“Can’t get along without it,” answered the man.

“It hurts you.”

"I know it; it's poison."

"Quit it, then."

"I can't, sir."

"I should call myself a fool to eat a poison."

"That's just what I am, sir; but I can't leave it off. I began to take it when I was a mere boy, and it sticks to me."

"What made you take it at first?"

"To make myself a man, sir. I thought when I was a little shaver, that if I could only chew and smoke, I was made. 'Twas pretty hard, but I got broke in; and now I'd give a great deal if I could break out of the bad practice. I'm a slave."

What a lesson! That's the way boys fasten chains about themselves, which they would give all they are worth to be free from when they are men.

And boys, foolish little creatures, will go through a great deal more discomfort to form a bad habit than to form a good one.

Here are two thoughts for you, boys. Now, consider, and be wise, and do not make yourselves slaves like that poor conductor.



EMMA AND ROLY.

It was a lovely Sabbath-day in June. The fields were bright with daisies, and little Emma as she sat by the window reading, looked out upon the scene, and longed to be frolicking in the grass.

"I don't see why I can't go, mamma."

"Because it is Sunday, my dear."

The child still looked wistfully out. By-and-by she started with a little sharp cry; "Mamma, mamma, look here, quick."

Mamma ran to the window. Roly, Emma's little dog, was tumbling about in the long grass.

"Call him in, mamma; why don't you? It is Sunday."

"He is only a dog, darling," said her mother; and then taking Emma on her knee, she added, "I will try to tell my little girl why it is all wrong for her and yet all right for Roly, to play in the meadow on Sunday. Dogs are different from children; dogs are made single, and children double."

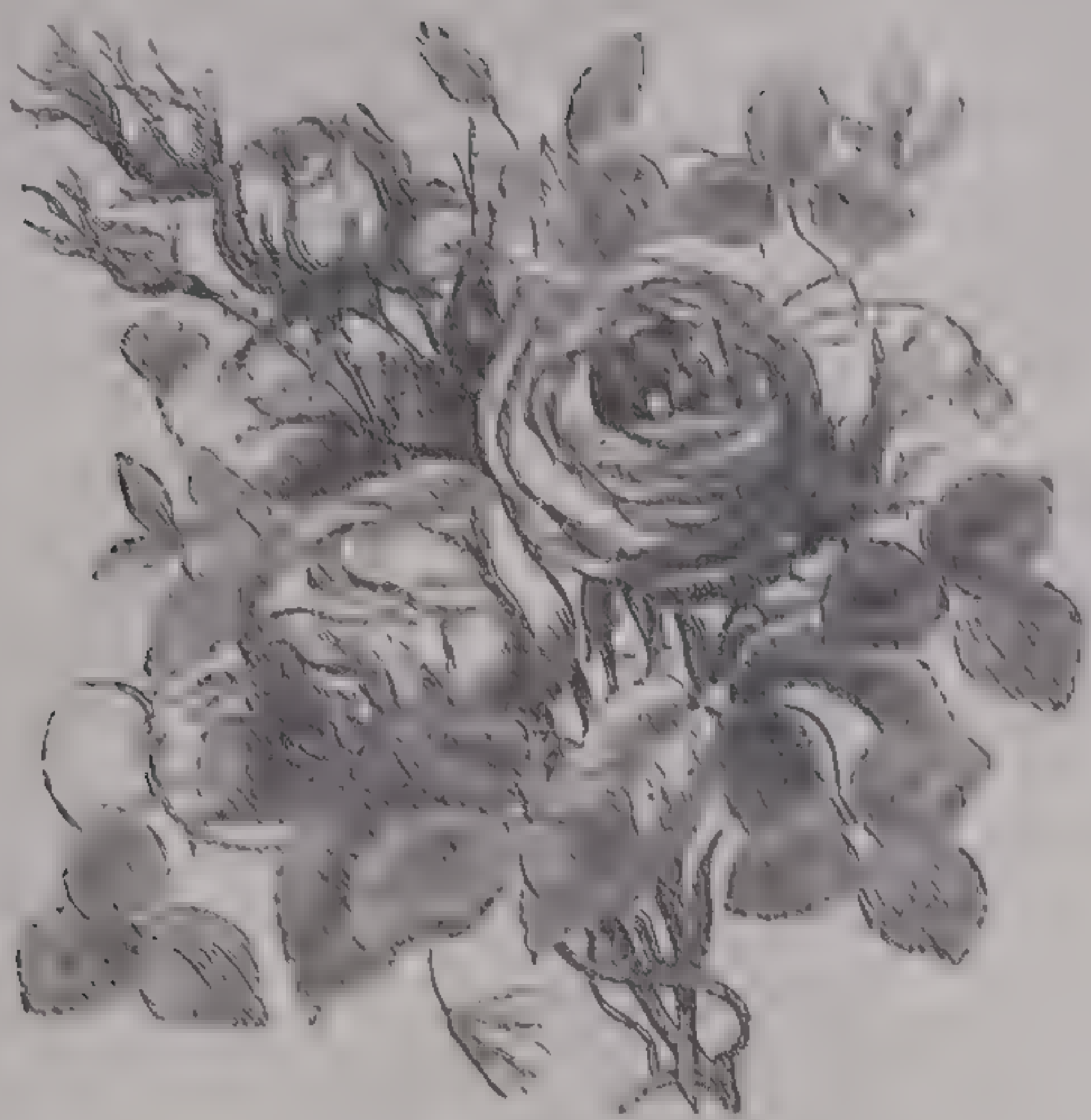
"O mamma," cried Emma, with a smile round her eyes, "what do you mean?"

"I mean this, that dogs have only a body, while children have a body and a soul, too. The dog's body dies, and there is the end of him; the child's body dies, and leaves the little soul living still. And that soul will never, never die. Now you can see that the soul is worth more than the body, and it is for the good of the soul chiefly that God has made Sunday. Six days you may frolic and play a part of the time, like Roly; but Sunday, the Lord's day, you must turn away from all play and work to worship God, to learn about him, and how to take care of these souls that are to live for ever and ever."

"Poor Roly!" said the child. "Well, mamma, I'm glad then that he can play Sundays and all days, so as to have all the fun he can while he does live. But if I am going to live for ever and for ever, I can spare a day every week, just as well as not, can't I?"

"Yes, my dear, and it may be the happiest day of all the week. How glad we ought to be that God has given us a day of rest, when heaven itself almost seems to come down around us for a while, and we can prepare to go to heaven by-and-by."

Emma's mother kissed her, and put her down from her lap, for the bell rang just then, and they had to get ready for church. And they both went, thanking God in their hearts that they were worth so much more than the beasts that perish.



THE LORD'S ERRANDS.

YESTERDAY I went to see a poor invalid who had been confined to her room for many years. Do you think I found her crying, because she could not go out in the sunshine? No, she seemed very happy.

She was looking at a bunch of beautiful roses that filled her room with fragrance, and she said, "I am glad you came in to-day, to enjoy these roses with me."

"What beauties!" said I, "where did you get them?"

"I don't know where they came from," answered she. "They were left at the door, yesterday, with a message that the Lord sent them; and I like to think he did."

Now, I don't doubt the Lord sent her those roses, but perhaps she thought more of that than the friend that brought them did. He ought to have been very happy, for he was doing the Lord's errand, and giving the sick lady a great pleasure.

Do you think you would like to run on the Lord's errands? There are always plenty of them. He wants a great many kind things done, and he needs a great many people to do them for him.

Perhaps you think he has not any thing for you to do, because he does not call you and tell you where to go, as your mamma does. But he calls in a different way.

When you think of something you might do to help another, that is the way God calls you. He makes you think of the things he wants you to do. If you make haste to do those things, he will tell you of a great many more, and you will be happy children, doing the Lord's errands.

E. E. N.

 CONFESSSION.

To whom shall we confess?

To God our heavenly Father.

What shall we confess to him?

All our sins of thought, word, and deed.

Why should we confess to him?

For seven reasons:

1. It is against God we have sinned.
2. God knows the heart.
3. God commands us to confess.
4. God promises to forgive.
5. God only has provided a way of pardon.
6. God only can change the heart.
7. God has no sin in himself.



THE CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

HARK! the little Jewish children,
You can hear them singing now,
As before their Prince and Saviour
In their homage glad they bow,
All his way with palm-leaves strew-
ing—

You would scatter spruce or fir;
But whatever gifts are brought him,
'Tis the love his love will stir.

When your little feet are dancing,
Just because you're glad and gay,
And the skies are blue and sunny,
And the flowers come day by day,
When you cannot keep from singing,
Sing hosannas to his name.

'T was to make and keep you happy,
That this loving Jesus came.

Children good are always happy,
But you can't be good alone;
He will help you, for he loves you.
Sometimes mother says, "My own;"
That is just what Jesus calls you;
Would you like to be his own?
"Lambs" he also names the children:
Though a King upon his throne,

He too is a tender Shepherd,
Leading, watching such as you;
You may love him as your Shepherd,
And as King may praise him, too.
Love him, praise him, follow Jesus,
Listen well his lowest call;
In his fold and in his palace
There is, children, room for all.

SHOO, FLY.

I WAS standing one day at a street corner waiting for a car. Close beside me stood a little boy with a bran new hat on his curly head.

Just at that moment a large boy came swaggering along, and tipped off the new hat into the wet gutter.

How sorry I felt for the little boy. For a moment his face was clouded and his eyes flashed. He ran for his hat, and wiped the spots off with his sleeve.

"It is too bad, isn't it, sonny?" I said. "What are you going to do about it?"

In a moment his face lighted again. He looked up as pleasantly as if nothing had happened.

"Shoo, fly!" shouted he, with a merry laugh, and off he ran.

I made up my mind that he was a sensible boy. Perhaps he was more, a Christian child. There is a chapter in the Bible where the spirit of a true Christian is beautifully described, and among other things, we read, "Not easily provoked." Perhaps this little boy knew that.

BIBLE ALPHABET FOR AUGUST.

A MAN'S pride shall bring him low.
 Abhor that which is evil.
 Bless the Lord, O my soul.
 Cleanse your hands, ye sinners.
 Desire not evil against thy neighbor.

Eat ye that which is good.
 Enter not into the path of the wicked.

Fear God, and keep his commandments.

Get wisdom, get understanding.
 Honor all men.

I trust in the Lord.

I will help thee.

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday,
 to-day, and for ever.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry.

Let the Lord be magnified.

My lips shall not speak wickedness.

No more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

Obeys them that have the rule over you.

Observe the Sabbath.

Putting away lying.

Quit you like men, be strong.

Righteous art thou, O Lord.

Sing unto the Lord a new song.

The wicked have laid a snare for me.

Unto you which believe he is precious.

Understandest thou what thou readest?

Vow, and pay unto the Lord your vows.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.

'Xamine me, O Lord, and prove me.

Ye worship ye know not what.

Zealous of good works.

HALF HOURS.

"AUNT Sue, tell me of your school days, will you? I would like to hear of some of the scrapes you had."

"Why, child, I had no scrapes. I tried to be a good girl when I went to school. They were quite strict there, but good and kind too, and I did not wish to do what would not please them.

They gave us all a half-hour each day to pray, to read God's word, and to think of God, and how we could please and serve him.

This was a great help to those of us who loved God and wished to do right. But those who did not love to pray found that half hour long and dull. Some spent

the time to lay plans for bad acts, and those were the girls that got in scrapes, as you call them.

"I think it would be a good plan for you, my child, to take a half-hour, as we used to, twice a day, that you may have time to look to God for the help you need, to do right. If you do not take some time each day, but trust to chance hours to read and pray, you will not be apt to do it at all, and so you will go on in your own strength, and will find it hard to do right. Those half hours may be made the best times you have in the whole day. They will make God seem near and dear to you, so that you will walk in his fear and love all the day long."

"I think your plan is good, Aunt Sue. I mean to take half-hours too."

NO USE FOR IT.

At school, little boys and girls learn lessons about how

many inches make a foot; how many ounces make a pound, and how many farthings make a penny. One day when the lesson was the table called "Ale and Beer Measure," a little boy who always used to know his lessons well, could not answer.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was of no use," said John.

"No use!" said the teacher.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John, "and father and I both think it is of no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

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NO. 9.



DO RIGHT.

"Do right, though the heavens fall." Did you ever hear this proverb? It is an old and good one. Children, as well as old people, are sometimes brought into straits where it seems easier to do wrong than right; but be sure if you go in the wrong way, it will lead you into trouble and darkness; while the right way, though hard at first, will lead out into light and peace.

Right secures God's blessing, but wrong never can; therefore do right, whatever it may cost. We must not be afraid of what may come of it, but trust the end with God. The Bible says, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he makes even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Do you know the story of Daniel in the den of lions? Look at the picture on the first page. See that good man kneeling so quietly in the midst of those fierce beasts. Why do they not hurt him? Some one asked him that question while he was shut up there, and this was his answer: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

Daniel was a praying man, always trying to do right. His king trusted him, but his associates were envious, and desired to destroy him. So they persuaded the king to make a law that no one should pray to God, or to anybody but to him for thirty days, on pain of being cast into this lions' den. Now, Daniel might have said, "Well, they can't prevent my praying, if they try; for my God is everywhere, and knows all my thoughts, and I can pray to him in my heart, on my bed, and in the street, and even when they are all round me, and he can hear." But that was not the right thing to do, and Daniel was not mean enough to try to get round this law in that way. He would do right, come what would. So he went to his room and prayed as he always did. "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."

The consequence was, he was thrown in among the lions. But God, who has control of wild beasts and of wicked men, took care of his servant. And, children, the same God will take care of you if you try to please him.



MOTHER'S LESSONS.

"Ma, I never forget what you teach me."

"Why is it, Mary, that you never forget mother's lessons?"

"I think it is because you explain it over and over to me so patiently; and then you bring Jesus into all my lessons, and that helps me to remember."

Little Mary is only nine years old, but she has given her heart to the Saviour, and loves to learn all she can of him.

But the words, "Ma, I never forget what you teach me," made that mother think, and she resolved that if her lessons were thus remembered, they should always be such as the great Teacher would approve. L.

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

TAKE not God's name in vain;

Utter that holy name

Nor with a laughing lip,

Not in thy playful game;

For the great God of all

Hearth each word we say,

He will remember it

In the great judgment-day.



THE SHEEP OF HIS PASTURE.

JESUS says, "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." And David, the shepherd king, said, "We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture."

You will better understand, dear children, why our dear Lord chooses for himself the title of Shepherd, and for his children that of "sheep" and "lambs," if you learn something of the care and guidance needed by the flock, and of the nature and habits of these animals.

Sheep are very liable to go astray and get lost. Other creatures find their way home, but these do not return of themselves. The shepherd must go out after them. So the Bible says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." And when the good Shepherd has found a wanderer, he "layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing."

Sheep go in flocks, and what the leader

does, the rest are likely to do. So Christ's lambs must keep together, and follow those who are nearest to Christ.

Did you ever notice how sheep nod their heads when they eat? That is because they have no teeth in the upper jaw. There is a thick cushion or pad instead, and they hold the herbage firmly between the under teeth and this pad, and half-bite, half-tear the grass from the earth. The upper lip is divided, so that sheep can crop the grass very close, and so get much that cows and oxen would leave. We eat their flesh, and take their fleece of wool to make into warm clothing. They go to the shearing and to the slaughter for us, without a murmur.

In the olden time the Jews sacrificed the lamb as an emblem of the offering that was to take away sin. Have you ever heard of the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world"? Jesus is that Lamb. · F. B. S.

THE BIBLE.

I LOVE the blessed Bible,
 God's holy, written word;
 What gems of truth are hid therein,
 What joy its leaves afford.

It tells a wondrous story,
 The Saviour's life below;
 And of the cruel death he bore,
 To save our souls from woe.

'Tis full of love's entreaties,
 And promises of grace;
 And not a word shall ever fail,
 Of all that Jesus says.

'Tis sweeter far than honey;
 'Tis richer far than gold;
 It cures the wounded, sin-sick soul;
 Its wisdom is untold.

O God! that all the people
 Who dwell upon the earth,
 Might have this precious book of thine,
 And learn its matchless worth.

Then, should thy smile and blessing
 Upon the nations dawn;
 And bring the love and joy and peace
 Of the millennial morn.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl, who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her minister with four dollars and a half for a missionary society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" the minister asked.

"Yes, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for him. I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own I earned this by collecting *rain water* and selling it to the wash-women for a cent a bucket; that is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the minister, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour

has led you to work so long and patiently for him; now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh, no, sir, please not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but Him; I should like it to be put down as 'Rain from heaven.'"

GOD'S CHICKIES.

"O JAMIE, don't 'oo fire stones at the bird-ies," said plump Kitty Nolan, with tears in her eyes. "Papa don't let 'oo fire at the chick-ies."

"Nonsense," said her brother. "Father wont let me stone the hens, because they lay eggs; but the birds are of no use."

"But they're God's chickies," persisted little Kitty. "He made 'em, and he wont like to have 'oo hurt 'em. 'Oo wouldn't like it if they were Speckie's little chicks. Don't 'oo hurt God's chickies."

E. E. N.

THE WAY OF FORGIVENESS.

WHAT WE MUST DO.

1. Repent of our sin;
2. Seek forgiveness for it;
3. Forsake it;
4. Trust in Jesus to keep us from it.

WHAT GOD WILL DO.

1. Open our eyes to see our sin;
2. Touch our hearts with sorrow for it;
3. Forgive us if truly penitent;
4. Cast our sins behind his back;
5. Give us a new heart that hates sin;
6. Love us as if we had never sinned.

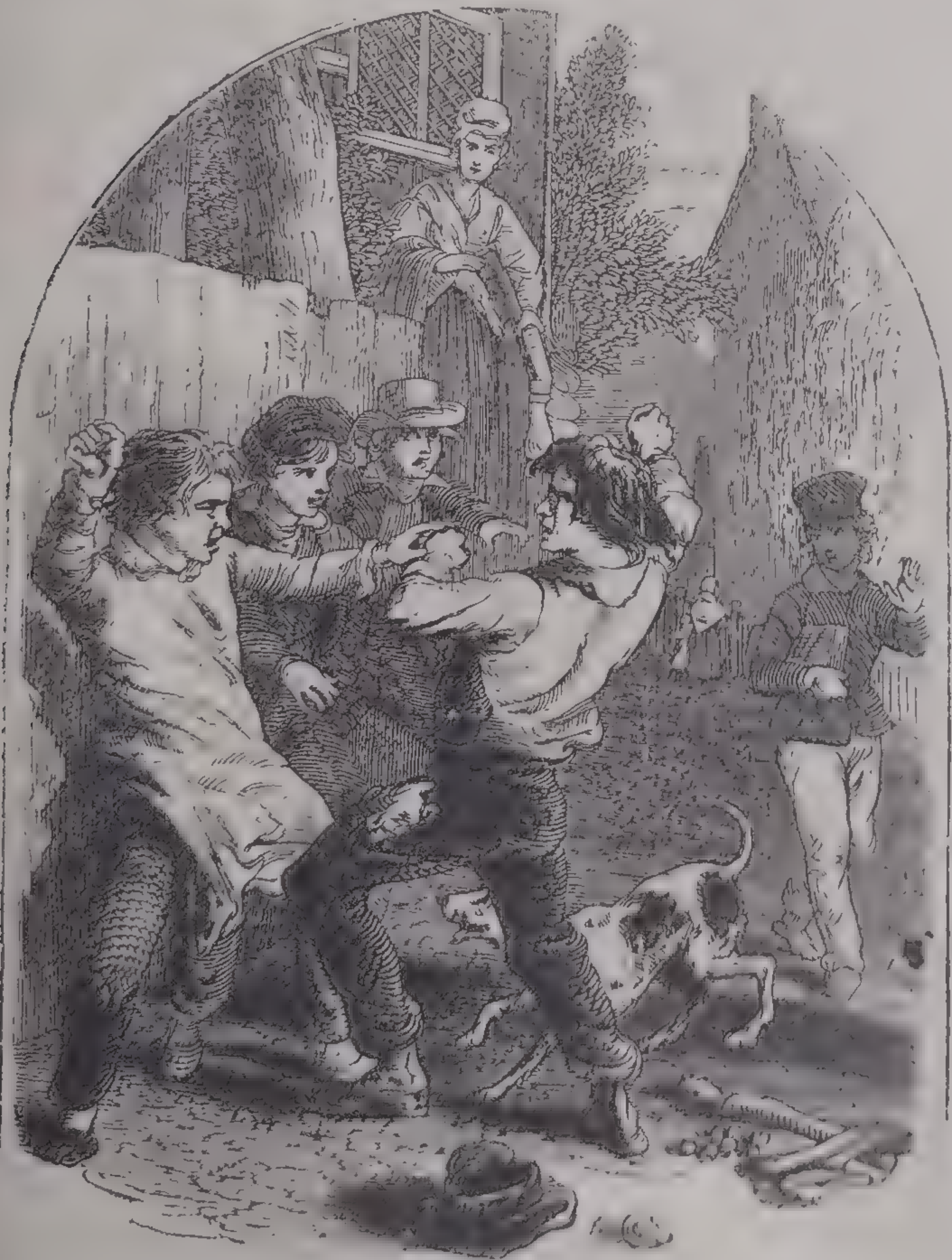
THERE is an hour when I must die,
 Nor can I tell how soon 't will come;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are called by death to hear their doom.

BAD TEMPER.

BAD temper is a great tyrant. This is how it begins: with frowns and



kicks and cries. It can be mastered now if the mother will notice it, keep cool herself, and be firm and gentle. But if she does not conquer it, you may be sure it will grow; and this is where you will see it next.



Loud voices and angry words are heard now, and dreadful blows given. The peace of the street is disturbed,

and the boys are made enemies perhaps for life. Bad temper strengthens too with every such use of it, until it leads to this third stage.

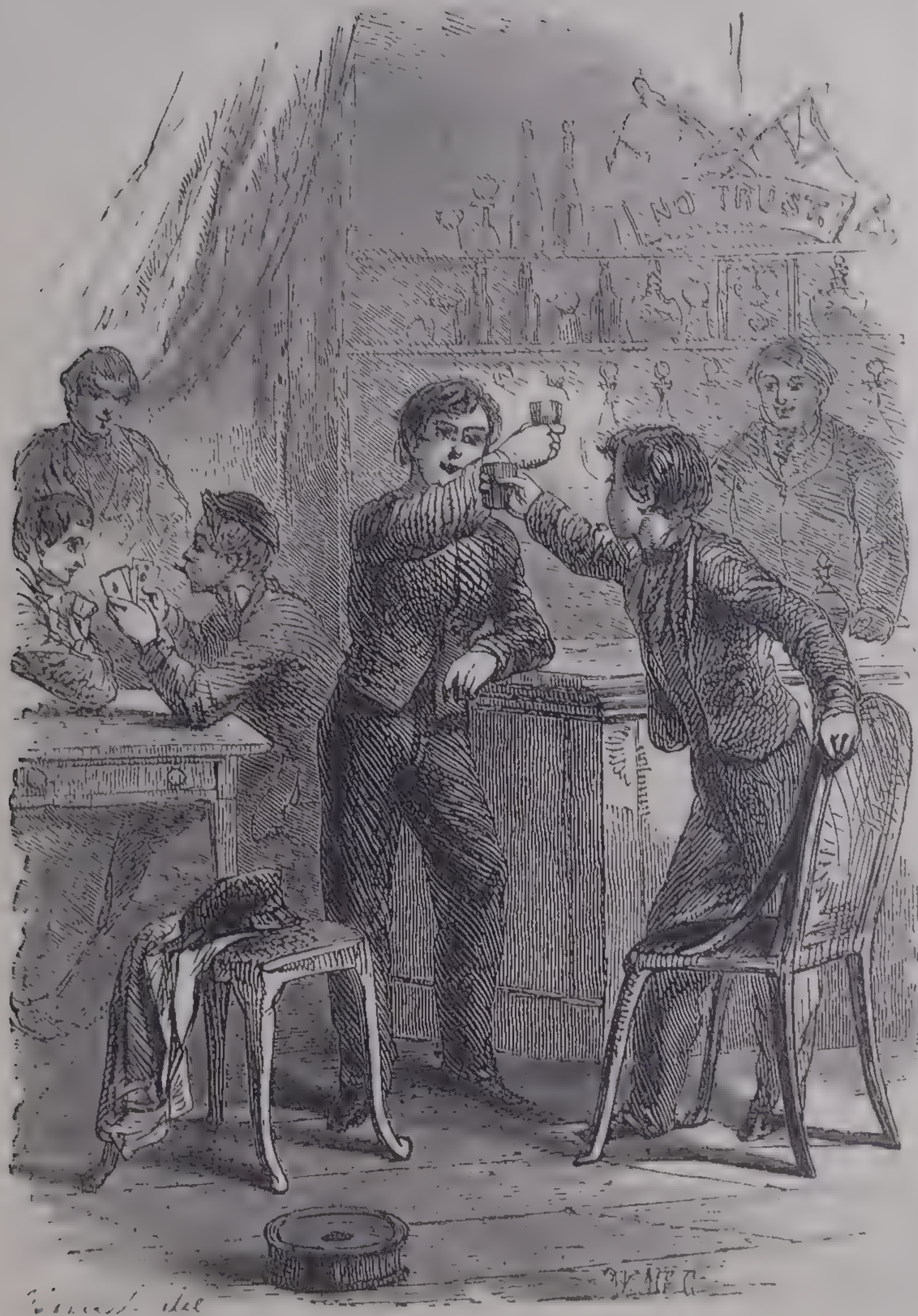


This poor fellow has been overcome by his bad temper, has killed some one, and now is marched off to prison. "Oh, if I had only governed my temper," he says: "Oh, if my mother had only taught me how when I was a babe!"

 OPEN MOUTHS.

SOME missionary has told us that in one of the heathen countries of Asia, if a person is found guilty of lying, the law dooms him to have *his mouth sewed up*. If this was the law here, how many mouths do you think would be left open? Would yours?

There is a passage in the book of Proverbs, which tells us of seven things which the Lord hates. Among these is "a lying tongue."



DO N'T GO THERE.

A SHORT time since a man was tried in court for murder. He had not intended to take life, but became angry, and raising his hand struck the fatal blow. He was drunk, and did not fairly know what he was about. Did this excuse him?

Not at all. The lawyers stated again and again in court, and the judge charged the jurors to bear in mind that *drunkenness is no excuse for crime*.

Almost all the crime that is committed is done under the influence of liquor. The strong drink inflames the passions, takes away the reason,

and makes a man do what in his sober senses he would not do. Dear children, what an argument is this against strong drink. Keep clear of that, and your head is steady and your temper cool. Let it alone. Don't touch it. Don't look at it either. A clergyman once told his Sunday scholars, "Keep on the *right* side of the liquor shop, and that is the *outside*."

An old gentleman told a friend one day, "I pass a splendid liquor store every morning, and always see a pleasant-faced young man at the door, who never fails to accost me with a friendly word. But I never answer him, only walk by the faster."

"You are hardly polite, are you?" asked the friend.

"It wont do to be polite there, sir. If I noticed him he would speak again, and then I should have to stop, and to turn towards the door, and to look in. And I don't consider it safe to *look* into a liquor store."

This reminds me of two Bible verses: "Look not on the wine when it is red;" and "Go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

BETTER the feet slip than the tongue.

One grain fills not a sack, but helps.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

Choose not a house near a tavern.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N		
	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p
		q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z				

I AM. I do. I go. He is. We go. We do. Is he in? Go we by? Is it so? Am I by? It is up by me. It is in on it. It is as it is. He is to go by us up at it. On an ox up by me.

HOW WE GOT IT.

THERE were lots of wild grapes on the vines near our school, and Ruth Brooks, Kate Hill, John Brown and I brought pails to school one day, so that we could pick them. We had a plan in our heads that we would not tell even to Miss Smith, the dear kind friend who taught us.

So when school was done, and all the rest had gone home, we went to work. We picked and picked, though we got quite tired, till our pails were full, then off we trudged with the load. We

stopped at Jim Snell's store to weigh them, and how much do you think we had? ten pounds? Yes, twice ten, and five more. What did we do with them? We sold them for ten cents a pound. We went from door to door in town, till all were gone; and then, what did we do with our cash? Guess now. We gave it to Miss Smith. She was pleased, I can tell you; and she sent it right on to New York, to get the "Morning Light" for our school. What do you think of that? The boys and girls who could read each had a paper, when they came, and of course we let the rest look at the cuts, and Miss Smith read it to them. It will come to us each month for a whole year. Was it not worth our few hours' work at the grapes?

MORNING EIGHT.

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HOMELESS.

HOMELESS.

ONE Sunday morning Jimmy Cromer found himself a stranger in the great city of New York, homeless, friendless, and with only a few cents in his pocket. He had passed the night before in a station-house, and knew not where he should sleep when night should come again.

As he stood on the corner of the street, looking up and down, two young ladies came along from opposite ways, and as they met close by him, he was attracted by their cordial greeting. When he saw them kiss each other, he said to himself, "I do believe these girls are Christians, they look so happy. I'll go where they go; maybe it will be to some church."

He followed them, and couldn't keep his eyes from them. They noticed his eager look, and one of them turned and asked him if he would go in to the Sunday-school with them.

"I'm ragged, and not fit to go with ladies and gentlemen," said Jimmy.

"Oh, never mind; come in with us," they answered kindly.

At the close of the school two or three gentlemen came to talk with the boy. He told them his home was in Ohio, and that he had worked and begged his way all that long distance to New York.

"And why did you leave your home?"

"To earn my living, and be a Christian like my mother," said he. "My mother's dead, and my stepmother wanted me to be a Catholic; but I wouldn't be, because I promised mother when she was a-dying. And I never, never will be; I'm going to be a Christian, I am."

A kind gentleman took him home, gave him a bath, a complete suit of clothes, and a good dinner; and when Jimmy appeared in the afternoon, he was scarcely recognized as the ragged, dirty boy of the morning.

"I'm glad I came here," he said. "I knew those young ladies wouldn't kiss each other and look so happy if they weren't Christians."

After this he came regularly to school, church, and prayer-meeting. One night he

rose in the meeting, and asked God's people to pray for him.

"I want to be a Christian *out and out*," said he. "I love God a little, but I a'n't satisfied; I want to love him *through and through*."

Jimmy is not homeless now. He has plenty of work, and a good home. He is "earning his living, and learning to be a Christian like his mother."

DISOBEDIENCE.

CHARLIE ALLEN, eight years old, hurried through with his supper one night much faster than was either wholesome or polite, and caught up his hat from the lounge, to go out.

"Don't go out to-night, dear," said his mother; "you have a bad cough, and you must not go out of the house."

Up to the street door walked Charlie, and directly out of the house, and stayed until ten o'clock.

What is the end of such disobedience? Look into our jails and prisons, and see the hundreds and thousands of poor creatures confined in those miserable cells. Disobedience brought them there.

MARION.

FAITH.

"MAMMA," said a child of seven years, "I was almost lost the other day, when I went to see Aunt Jenny. The conductor put me out in the wrong place; and I saw dogs and cows, and not a single house anywhere near. I felt ready to cry. The tears *did* come into my eyes a little. But something whispered, 'God will take care of you.' I couldn't kneel down right there, and *say* a prayer, but I *thought* one; and then I didn't feel afraid any more. I kept walking past the lots, and looking as I went; and by-and-by what should I find but the very house I wanted, and Aunt Jenny in it! Somehow, I knew God would lead me there, and he did."

C.

TREAT animals kindly, and they will give us their love; teach them kindly, and they will give us their service.

MORNING LIGHT.



KNITTING, knitting, ever knitting
Soft, pure threads of white,
Crossed with colors of the sunrise,
Red, and golden bright.

Ah, and must I tell it also?
Sometimes dark threads run,
Showing where the evil spirits
Evil work have done.

Choose the sunrise colors, children,
Put the dark threads by;
Have they crept in? quick unravel
With a contrite sigh,

With some deed of gentle loving,
And an earnest prayer,
That our Father God will help you,
Teaching better care.

Ever does His eye o'erlook you,
 Every stitch he'll know,
 And the work that you are doing
 Some day he will show
 Unto all the hosts of heaven;
 Threads of dark and bright,
 Stitches careful, stitches careless,
 He will bring to light.
 Pure and fine then be your knitting,
 Faithful work and even;
 Sunrise colors weaving in it,
 Morning hues of heaven. K. M.

BE KIND TO THE DOGS.

THE other day a little boy only eight years old, who loves to read the Morning Light, sent me this story. He says in his letter, "I made it up, but mamma wrote it, and it is all true." Charlie has not learned to write yet.



OUR DOG RIO.

"OUR dog is only nine months old, but he can play 'I spy' like a boy.

"When we want the dog to be 'it,' his master makes him lie down and 'go to sleep.' Then we run and hide round the corner. When we are ready we whistle, and Rio comes flying. He scents round till he finds us, then there is a grand rush for the goal, Rio scampering ahead of all. As we call 'I spy,' the dog wags his tail fast as lightning.

"We think this pretty good for a dog's first game. Perhaps after a while I can tell you how he improves.

"CHARLIE."

Rio is treated kindly, I am sure, by Charlie and his friends. I think he is not whipped and stoned as I saw a poor little dog one day, by a group of boys. Here is a verse out of the Bible for such boys. "A righteous man

regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

WHAT RUTH SAID

ONE DAY AS SHE WENT TO SCHOOL.

I AM but a poor child, and will the great God on high think of me? How does he know if I have bread to eat each day of my life? for I shall die if I can not get some food to eat. God is so far off when I ask him for the things I most need, how can I tell if he hears me? Oh, if he could but speak to me, and take right hold of my hand, and put his arm round me, then I should know that he loves me. If I could hear him say, "My dear child, I heard your prayer, and you shall have all that is for your best good," would it not be sweet? And then if I could feel that he knows when I am sad, and cry, the tears would not hurt me so. Miss Mead says God does know, and hears just as if he were on this earth and we could see him. He cares for us the whole time, and he counts our tears. She says there is not a bird falls to the ground but God knows it; and how much more must he feel for us to whom he gave souls that are not to die. It is nice to know this. I can breathe free now that I know God keeps his eyes on me, and I do not mean to do one deed that will grieve him. And I will trust him as he says we must. I do think he will give me food and clothes, and take care of poor me. M.

GOING TO CHURCH.

"MAMMA, why do you always want to go to church when Sunday comes? Why don't you stay at home with father?"

"I go to meet God, dear."

"Why, how can you meet God? Is he in the church?"

"Yes, the Bible says, 'The Lord is in his holy temple.' I go and sing to him, and pray to him, and hear his words to me. Then he gives me his blessing, and I come home a great deal stronger and happier after my visit."

It was a new thought to Willio; and the next Sunday he concluded to go with his mother, without crying as he had often done before.

ANOTHER DOOR.

THERE is a proverb which says, "The devil is not always at one door." This means that he has many ways of leading our souls to ruin.

I want to tell you to-day of a girl named Sarah Lindeman, who came very near being led astray.

Sarah worked in a tailor's shop, and had pretty good wages, which she shared with her parents. But her father sometimes wanted more than she paid him, for he was a drunkard.

One night he insisted on having some money that Sarah had put by to buy her a winter dress; and when she refused to give it to him, he grew angry and said cross words to her; and she grew angry too.

"I'll go to New York," said she; "I can get my living there, and have nobody to bother me."

So the next day she took the cars and went to New York. But she was frightened enough when she arrived in the great city, and found herself tired and hungry and all alone in those dark, long streets. She had spent all her money, too. Up and down she wandered, crying at last because she did not know where to go, or what to do.

By-and-by a policeman noticed her, and stopped to speak. She told him she was all alone, and did not know a soul in the city.

He was a kind-hearted man, and knew well her danger, for many,

many bad people are prowling about the streets of every large city, to lead poor and lone girls astray. So he took her to the station-house, showed her a small but tidy room, gave her some crackers and cheese, and locked her in. She was safe there, but oh, how she cried from very loneliness, and how she wished herself home again, cross father and stepmother notwithstanding.

The next morning the policeman took Sarah to a good woman, who could direct her what to do. And what do you think her advice was?

"You had better go straight back again," said she, "to your home. Your father and mother are your best friends, though they are perhaps unkind to you sometimes, but you have a home there, and good work. We must never run away from our trials, child; if we do, the evil one will surely catch us. Stand up bravely where God has put you, and bear your trials, and he will bless you. You must return good for evil to your stepmother, and try in every way you can to do your father good, and to reform him. Pray to God to help you, and he will."

Then she went to the cars and bought a ticket, and put Sarah in. The poor girl was happy indeed to find herself homeward bound, and determined to follow the lady's advice, and never again run away from her home.



THE DYING FATHER'S LESSON.

"My children, cling together, and you will be strong," he said. "Look at this bundle of fagots by my side. If you take the sticks separately, how easy it is to snap them; but bound up as they are by a firm cord, no one can bend or break them.

"So if either of you goes out alone into the world, that one will be overcome by evil much easier than if he kept in the sweet home circle, and worked with his brothers and sisters. God sets us in families, and we must be helpers to each other. As long as you live at home, and when you have homes of your own, let the sweet bonds of love still bind you together."

WASHED.

My little Willie is a dear boy, and I do think he tries to please Jesus. I wonder if he is old enough to be a Christian—only three years old.

He loves to sing hymns, and to have me talk to him of Jesus. I told him one day that he must be washed in Jesus' blood, or he could never go to heaven. But that made him cry, for he can't bear to be soiled or to have anything wet about him. Being "washed in the blood of Jesus" seemed very plain to me, but I saw it did not to him. I asked God to help me, and then I said:

"Willie, this morning the peach soiled your hand, and mamma washed the stain all off."

"Yes, mamma, you made Willie's hand all clean again."

"Well, dear, every naughty thing you do or say is like that stain; it soils the soul. And no one but Jesus, God's dear Son, can make the soul clean again. He came down from heaven and shed his blood upon the cross, so that we might be made clean from all sin. He will wash our souls if we ask him, and will keep them pure too, for he can take away our love for sin."

Willie listened to all I said. I asked God to make it plain to him, and I hope He did, for after this, whenever the little boy was naughty, he would come to me and say: "Mamma, Willie's soul wants washing."

TEXTS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Be obedient.
2. Be gentle to all men.
3. Be ye holy.
4. Be not drunk with wine.
5. Be quiet.
6. Be not weary in well-doing.
7. Be sober.
8. Be filled with the Spirit.
9. Be faithful.
10. Be rich in good works.
11. Be kind.
12. Be strong in the Lord.
13. Be courteous.
14. Be content with such things as ye have.
15. Be patient.
16. Be ye followers of God as dear children.
17. Be ye perfect.
18. Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.
19. Be sober.
20. Be careful for nothing.
21. Be pitiful.
22. Be swift to hear, slow to speak.
23. Be vigilant.
24. Be clothed with humility.
25. Be no brawlers.
26. Be ye angry, and sin not.
27. Be not high-minded.
28. Be ye doers of the word.
29. Be blameless and harmless.
30. Be found in him (Christ).
31. Be diligent, that ye be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

AH me! Go on. Is he?
 Be by. It is. In it. On
 me. No, no. Am I. By
 me. Up on. Oh, my! Oh,
 no! At us. Go in. We
 go. Is it? Be in. I am.
 To be. Be up. We do. Go
 up. Of it.

MAY is but a wee bit of a
 pet, and she has a wee bit
 of a kit. She has put a bell
 on her. Puss put her paw
 up on it, and it said, "tin-
 tin," and how she did hop!
 She has a red bow on the
 tip of her ear, too, but it
 can not say, "tin-tin," and
 so kit has not put her paw
 on that. She can not see
 it, but May can, for she
 tied it on. Sue can see it
 too, and so can I. Sue has
 but one arm. May said to
 Sue one day, "How can you
 get on, and use but one
 arm?" "Oh," said she, "my
 God is my aid. He let me
 lose one arm, but he did it
 so as to show his love for
 me. He is my God, and his
 arm is my arm.



THE CROSS.

Jesus, around thy cross
 A wondrous light I see.
 And from a dark and lonely world
 I turn to gaze on thee.
 Drawn by thy mighty love,
 I have outrun the storm;
 With wonder at thy grace divine,
 I stand before thy form.
 Watching the gathering cloud,
 My heart grew faint with fear,
 When lo, a voice of love I heard,
 Dear Lord, it led me here.
 Ashamed, beneath this light,
 I lift my eyes to thee;
 It searches all my guilty heart,
 My nakedness I see.

Yet now with grateful tears
 I gaze upon thy face;
 My sinful hands thy gift receive;
 Lord, I accept thy grace.

SEEING GOD

"See what God did in the night," said little Mamie, running in with a beautiful rosebud. "If I'd only been awake, I'd have seen God do it, would n't I, mamma?"

"No, dear," said mamma, "we can't see God with our eyes. He doesn't want us to. But we can see the things he makes for us."

"Can't we ever see him? I want to see God."

"I hope you will see Him, my dear, in heaven. Christ said, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

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MORNING MIGHT.



VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

NO. 11.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

LEND A HAND.

EACH man our brother is,
 God's children all;
 And each for each must live,
 Both great and small.

If one lags wearily
 Upon the road,
 Cast down and fainting 'neath
 A heavy load,

Lend a strong, willing hand,
 Pass him not by,
 Lest you be sometime left
 In misery.

It is the joy of life
 To help and bless,
 And to relieve a friend
 In his distress.

We climb up nearer God,
 By this sweet love;
 Who raises others, lifts
 Himself above.

F. B. S.

WALTER'S SWEET THOUGHT.

WALTER was standing beside his sick mother, telling her of his pleasures and plans. Then he went on to talk of the things he meant to do when a man, and how happy he should be sharing every joy with her. Suddenly he became quiet, and the glad smile faded from his lips.

"Some painful thought has come into that busy little head," thought mamma, as she watched her boy, but she did not speak, for she knew he would tell her all.

"But I'll let God manage all that," he at last exclaimed, throwing his arms about his mother's neck, and kissing her pale face. Then he went on to tell her what he had been thinking.

"I thought, mamma, how ill you are, and that you might die; and long before I get to be a man you may be in the cold ground, and I all alone in the world, with no one to care for what I do and to share my happiness. But then I remembered what you have often told me, that God is my father, and will do

all things well; and I thought I had best leave it all to him. So I'll let God manage all that; wont that be the best way?"

E. F. S.

LITTLE DOCTORS.

THREE children were once playing together, when the youngest, a dear little girl of two years old, opened a box of matches and caught her dress on fire. Down stairs rushed her sister, as fast as she could run, screaming, "Mamma, O mamma, Lillie is all on fire."

Up stairs rushed mamma, trembling with fright, but as she put her head in at the door, Phil looked up with a bright smile:

"It's all out, mamma; she's safe."

That little boy, only nine years old, knew enough to strip off his woollen jacket, and wrap it close about his baby sister; and he did it bravely, although his own hand got burned. But that saved his sister's life.

Another boy, just a little older, was with a lady when she dropped a kettle of boiling water, and scalded her foot badly. She screamed with terror and pain.

"Hold still, and I'll help you," said the child. Quick as thought he took off her slipper and stocking, and then running for the flour-box, he dusted flour thickly over the burned part. He had, only a few days before, been reading in a book this simple remedy for burns, and remembered it. The flour excludes the air, and so allows the flesh to heal. The lady kept flour thickly dusted over the scald for a few days, and it healed nicely. But for Willie's thought, she might have had a very lame foot.

It is a grand thing for children to know what to do in case of sickness or accident. I must tell you another time of some other little doctors, and what they did.

A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

WHAT sort of a home drunkenness makes: "Houses without windows; gardens without fences; fields without tillage; barns without roofs; children without clothing, principles, morals, or manners."

MORNING LIGHT.



THE PROUD BIRD.

THAT is what they call the peacock, because he spreads his beautiful tail like a fan, and struts about in the sun as if he expected you to look at and admire him.

He is a wonderful creature, with his rich, changeable feathers sparkling like jewels in the light. Every year he sheds his plumes, and keeps in obscure places till the pretty feathers grow again. He has a harsh, ugly cry, and such awkward feet! But then one must not expect to have every perfect gift. The hen is not half as fine in her dress as the cock, but she does her appointed duty, laying twenty-five or thirty whitish, dusky-speckled eggs, and bringing off a brood once a year.

The native country of the peacock is India; but the bird has been carried to many lands because of its beautiful plumage.

It is right to be glad when God makes us attractive in mind or body, but we must not be foolishly proud. Of course we should have more sense than to suppose that gay dress is of consequence.

F. B. S.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

WE asked a very old lady once, if she was not glad she was so old, and must soon die and go home to heaven. But she said she was not very glad, because she felt acquainted here, and when she died she would have to go among strangers.

A great many people have the same feeling, but all do not.

A good man was dying, and some one asked him if he was glad to go.

"Oh, yes," he said, "for I shall see Jesus when I die; and I feel better acquainted with him than with any one else."

"And how did you become so well acquainted with the Lord?" he was asked.

"By reading the Bible, and by prayer," he answered. "I have spent hours every day in his society, and it seems to me I know him better than anybody here on earth; and I love him a great deal more."

It is beautiful to die if we are acquainted with Jesus. Then dying will be but going home.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

AROUND the holy city,
 Beyond the starry sky,
 To guard its heavenly mansions
 A wall is builded high;
 Its marvellous foundations
 Are set with jewels bright,
 And pearly gates resplendent
 Are open day and night.

Within this holy city
 The Lord of glory dwells,
 And ever up before him
 A hymn of worship swells;
 And round the streets all golden
 The saints and angels go,
 White-robed, and pure in spirit
 His loving will to do.

Without, in utter darkness
 And never-ceasing pains,
 With Satan and his angels
 Bound in eternal chains,
 The drunkard and the liar,
 The wrathful and impure,
 And every careless sinner
 Must dwell for evermore.

Around the shining entrance
 Crowd myriads to-day;
 And some will gain admittance,
 And some be answered, Nay;
 And you and I, dear children,
 Will soon our sentence wait;
 Say, where shall be our portion?
 Within, without the gate?

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

THOU shalt have no gods but me;
 Before no idol bow thy knee;
 Take not the name of God in vain;
 Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane;
 Give both thy parents honor due;
 Take heed that thou no murder do;
 Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
 Nor steal, though thou be poor and mean;
 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it;
 What is thy neighbor's, dare not covet.



THE SNOW-PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh new snow, and when she came in she said:

‘Mamma, I couldn’t help praying when I was out at play.’

“What did you pray, my dear?”

“I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday school: ‘Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.’”

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a sweet promise to go with it. “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.”

And what can wash them white—clean from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: “They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

A LITTLE boy for a trick pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the boy was killed by a lie, which another boy told with his finger.

TRUE AND UNTRUE.

"MOTHER," said Harry Leeds, as he whittled away at the mast of his boat, "can a thing be true and not true too? for I heard Mr. Jones this morning tell another man that something was true, but as somebody they were talking about had put the matter, it was only a lie. I don't see how it can be, mother."

"I am sorry to say, my son, that very mean lies are often told in that manner. For instance, some years ago a young man hired a horse at a stable, expecting to return him at the close of the evening. But as he made a longer journey than he at first intended, he did not bring the horse back until morning. He was a respectable young man, and had always been considered trustworthy, so the owner of the horse did not care particularly because he did not return at the expected time. He trusted the young man to use the beast well, and provide for his comfort as long as he was in his hands. But when the horse came home looking hungry and worn, the stable-keeper was angry, and demanded the reason why he had not been properly cared for.

"He has been tied to a haymow all the night long," was the reply; but he did not reveal the fact that a board wall had been between the horse's head and the hay all the time. He thought he had done a

very smart thing in telling this story, which was, you see, true in one sense, but none the less a lie, and a very mean one too.

"I had always supposed this young man to be a very good person. But when I heard this incident I changed my mind. I set a secret mark upon him; for, Harry, no man is worthy of confidence and esteem who could stoop to such deception. Years have gone by, and I have reason to think, though he is far away, that he has not turned out well."

Harry whittled and whistled for a while, and then he spoke: "Mother, I guess I told a lie this morning. I didn't mean to, but I tried to make Jack think what wasn't true. He was running after me, as he always does, and I told him I was going to the garden. I did go through the garden, just to make it true; but I was going to the mill all the time. Was that telling a real lie, mother?"

"If you meant to deceive, Harry, it was a lie. Oh, my precious boy, God says a lying lip is his abomination; and little, fair-looking untruths are as hateful as any in his sight. Here is a text for you to keep ever in mind: 'Set a watch at the door of my lips, that I sin not with my tongue.' A frank, ingenuous, truthful boy is beloved of God and men. Have no wrong thoughts or plans, and you will have no desire to lie."

AUNT EUNICE.



THE NAUGHTY MOTHER.

WE hear a great deal said about naughty children, and every one is ready to chide and punish them. And yet there is some excuse for them, for they are young, and often do not mean to do wrong. "They don't know any better," we say in pity.

The other day I went into a school, and among the children there, I saw three or four who looked very wretched. They were ragged and dirty, and their faces were so sad it made my heart ache to look at them.

"Tell me about those poor little things," I said; "who are they?"

"Oh," said the teacher, "those children have a naughty mother."

So mothers are naughty too, sometimes. And shall we make excuse for them as we do for the little ones? Shall we say, "They don't know any better?"

There are more than ten thousand naughty mothers to-day in New York alone! Think of it! They get drunk, neglect their homes, scold and beat their children, and quarrel with their neighbors.

Can we do anything for them? Yes, if they will promise not to taste whiskey. That is what makes so many naughty mothers.

THE TEXT.

Two old women were walking along the street one day, when their attention was attracted by a Bible verse printed in large letters on a card in a shop window. They stopped, and studied it, and then passed on. But they had not gone far before one said to the other, "I have not quite got it yet; let us go back for another look."

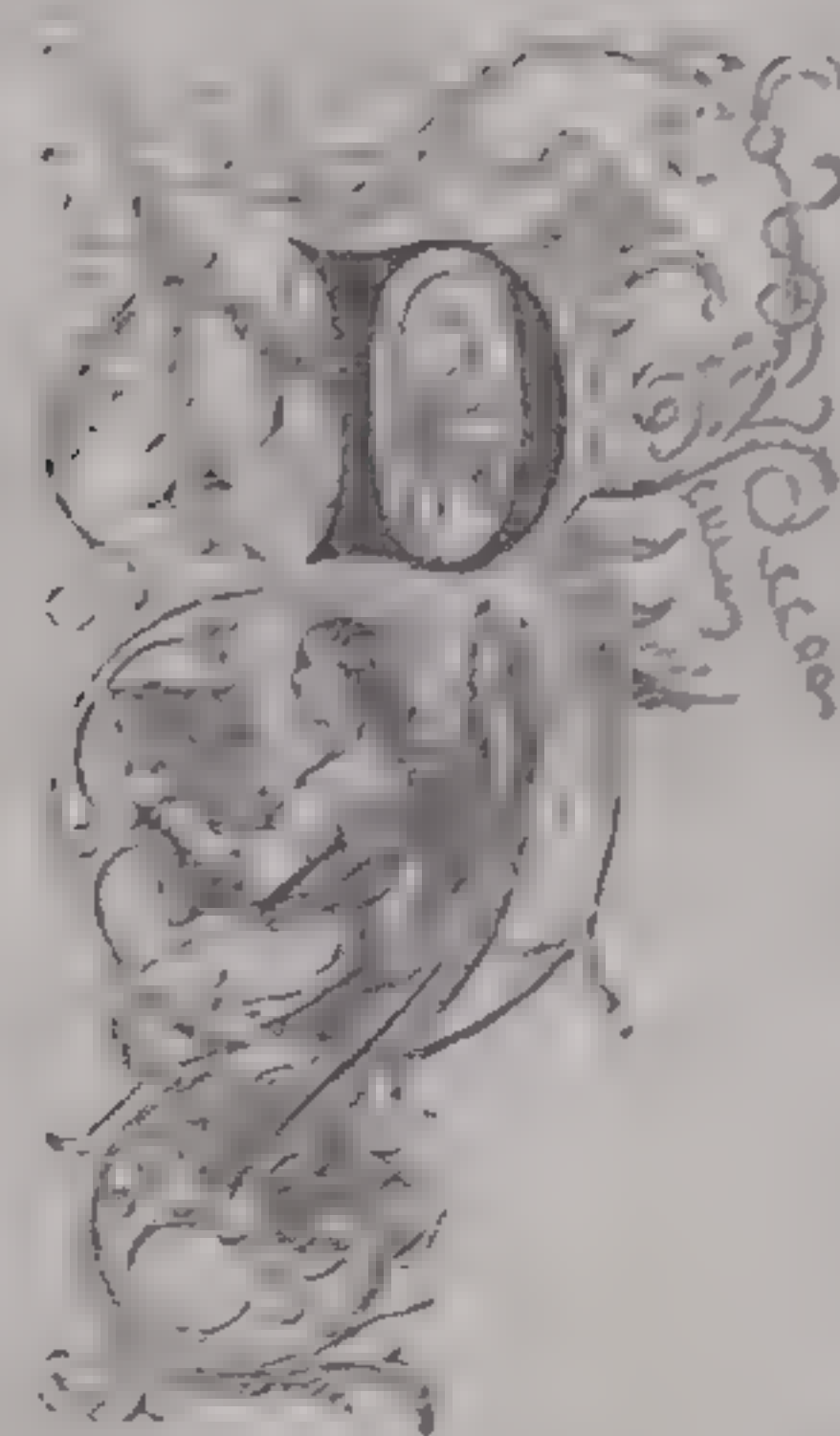
So they went back to the shop window to learn their lesson more perfectly. It was a precious verse, and well worth learning, and the old women were proud and pleased when they could say without missing a word, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh to the Father but by me."

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N		
	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p
		q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z				

I AM. He is. I do. We go. It is. Go ye. We do. Ah, me! To be. To do. To go. Do so. Go in. Go up. Go on. Ye do.

“MEG is ill to-day; she may die; go and ask Sue if she can run in to see her;” so Tim said one day to his son Bob.

Now, Bob is a sly lad, bad as bad can be. So he did not go. He was out in the lot, and he had a new top. “I’ll try my new top now,” he said, “and by-and-by I can go for Sue.” Tim ran off to the sea to get his net, and Meg, ill and sad, had to lie on her bed; and not a bit to eat, nor a sup of tea had she all the day. The bad boy Bob did sin. How did he sin? See if you can tell.



Do each
uty with
irectness,
iligence,
elight.

HYMN.

I LIFT my eyes to pray
O Lord, to thee to-day;
My sin I mourn with tears,
And tell thee all my fears.

I know thy word is sure,
Thy law is just and pure,
And thou hast said that sin,
Guilt, shame, and grief must win.

Yet I would not give heed,
But oft and oft a deed
Of wrong and shame I’ve done,
And my own way have gone.

But now I feel my sin,
And long thy smile to win;
Reach down and bless me now,
While at thy feet I bow.

O Christ, wipe out the stain
Of guilt, and make me clean;
From sin oh help me cease,
And bid me go in peace.



THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

WHEN the Israelites were journeying in the wilderness, they were at one time so rebellious that the Lord in his displeasure sent fiery serpents among them, which bit the people, and a great many died. Then they repented and prayed for forgiveness, and God told Moses to make a serpent of brass, and lift it up on a pole, and then to proclaim that whoever would raise his eyes and look upon that image, he should be healed.

God made FAITH and OBEDIENCE the condition of cure.

Many doubtless would not look. They could not understand how just looking

at a brazen serpent could heal them, and so they would not try. But every one that looked, lived; there was not a single failure.

I like to tell this story, it explains so clearly how we are to be saved. Jesus was lifted up on the cross, and died for our sins. He says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This is just as simple as looking at the brazen serpent. FAITH and OBEDIENCE are all that is required. Look to Jesus, and you shall be saved.

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MORNING



NIGHT.

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NO. 12.



PRETTY little snow-flake,
Floating softly by,
Bringest thou a message
From the fleecy sky?

Yes, ah, yes, a lesson
Beautiful as true:
Silent be, yet busy,
When you've work to do;

Avalanche and snow-drift
 Grow from single flakes,
 Every crystal helping,
 Yet no harm it makes.
 Chattering little snow-flake,
 White as white can be,
 How can I be spotless,
 Chaste, and pure, like thee?
 All that comes from heaven
 Perfect is, like God;
 But, alas, the sinner
 Many ways has trod;
 Yet, if he is sorry,
 And snow would grow,
 Sins, though they be scarlet,
 Shall be white as snow.
 Loving little snow-flake,
 Why so softly tread,
 Weaving o'er the flowers
 A dainty coverlet?
 Loving work is ever
 Best, when gently done;
 All that's hard and selfish,
 Rough and cruel, shun.
 Do each little duty
 With a smiling face,
 Gathering all around you
 In love's warm embrace.

THE TWO BOYS.

JIMMY DORY was about ten years old when I first knew him. His mother was a miserable drunkard, and his father had run away to England; so the child had a very wretched home, and he and his little sisters had to manage as best they could to get a living.

Jimmy went every day to the house of a lady who gave him a good breakfast, and a basket of cold pieces to take home. He was a smart little fellow, and went on errands for the lady, and seemed a good boy. After a while he began to play with wicked boys, and then he grew careless and disobedient, and often lost, or pretended to lose, money which he took in change from the stores.

This made the lady feel very uncomfortable, and she began to feel anxious about Jim-

my. One day his little sister came with the story that Jimmy had been in the station-house all night, and was to be tried that morning at the court-house for stealing. A policeman had found him in a cellar asleep on a pile of mats, and all around him were cans of tomatoes, peaches, corn, and many other nice things which he and his playmates had stolen.

The lady went down to the court-house. Jimmy was tried, and sent to a Reform-school to stay many years. His mother and little sisters had to go to the poor-house, and it is very likely he will never see them again. The lady felt sorry, but could only say, "Poor Jimmy!"

Her thoughts turned to another little boy, John Tinney, who used to come to her house for cold pieces, and to do errands. A nice character was given him by the lady's minister, who knew him, and John got a good situation in a store. Now he is a smart young man, and respected by all who know him.

What made the difference between the lot of these two boys?

ELLERY.

THE FIRST GRANDCHILD.

A SWEET little head
 Held much on one side;
 Two bright azure eyes
 So laughing and wide;
 One bit of a nose
 Between two plump cheeks;
 A pouting, pink mouth
 That no word ever speaks;
 Ten busy fingers
 A-tingle with nerves;
 Ten tiny toes
 All rounded with curves;
 These has our baby,
 So winsome and human;
 A seven-weeks pet,
 The dear little woman!

Grandma.

A WARM COVERLID.—An invalid writes: "I want the poor to know the warmth I realize from thick paper laid over the blankets. My doctor told me of it, and I have not once since had cold feet."

MORNING LIGHT.



THE HAPPY HOME.

ONLY a little cabin! A table, two chairs, a three-legged stool, and a toy horse within. What scanty furniture! A cracked looking-glass on the shelf, two flat-irons, a bottle of oil, and a candlestick. Is this all?

No; Dinah is thinking of something else she counts as great riches. Four precious, God-given children make the simple cabin a palace of gold. No money can outweigh an immortal soul. Susie and Jack are making merry with little Joe, and the great boy, Peter, and his mother, are watching the pretty group before them. Peter can go back to his work with a good will after a frolic with the children, and the mother does not mind any toil that makes the household pleasant. There is love under this humble roof, and it is love that makes home happy. God's love, if it fills our

hearts, will make us kind and gentle to each other.

Sometimes Peter heaves a sigh, and wishes he was "white folks."

"Be content," says his mother, "you are just as the great God made you. If he had wanted you white, he'd have made you so. You please him better just as you are."

Dinah is wise. That is the right spirit. Be content to be just what God made you, and just where he has placed you.

"But black folks a' n't so respectable," says Peter.

Now, let me speak a word. You are mistaken, boy. Goodness makes a person respectable. And it depends very much upon where you live whether a black or white skin shall be the most esteemed. I had a letter from a colored missionary in Africa, who wrote me about a Sunday-school picnic they had just

had. "There was a ship in the harbor, that day," she wrote, "and the captain and his men, all white folks, came on shore. We invited them to go to the picnic with us. We hardly knew what to do about asking them to sit down to dinner with us, for it wasn't quite as pleasant, of course, as if they had been black. But then, we didn't want to hurt their feelings, so we asked them, and they ate with us just as if they had been black, and we had a nice time. Our folks didn't seem to mind it at all after the first. For my part I think white folks are just as good as black."

So, Peter, you needn't mind just because your complexion isn't the most fashionable just here. Do your duty like a man. When we get to heaven the color of our skin will make no difference at all.

ONLY JESUS.

A poor man who had been in a Mission-school was taken very ill, and his wife thought he was dying. She sent for the priest, who came soon. He told the dying man to say,

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, have mercy on me!"

"Jesus, have mercy on me," groaned the man.

"No," said the priest, "say 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph.'"

"Jesus, have mercy on me," repeated the man.

The priest was angry. "If you do not say Mary and Joseph," said he, "you cannot be saved."

"Jesus is enough," whispered the dying man, and with his last breath he prayed, "Jesus, have mercy on me!"

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Oh, Holy Spirit, change my unholy heart, that it may love that which is holy; that it may hate that which is evil; and may I flee from all sin, and seek in everything to please my heavenly Father, and Jesus my dear Saviour. Amen.

DAILY TEXTS.

1. I AM the good Shepherd.
2. Godliness is profitable unto all things.
3. He that despiseth his neighbor, sinneth.
4. Follow after righteousness.
5. Then opened he their understanding.
6. Walk in the Spirit.
7. I am the true vine.
8. Ye are the temple of God.
9. There is one God.
10. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth.
11. Ye are bought with a price.
12. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.
13. Christ died for us.
14. Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer.
15. Wrath is cruel.
16. Let love be without dissimulation.
17. I am the Lord, your Redeemer.
18. Ye shall be clean.
19. The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.
20. A conscience void of offence.
21. Grievous words stir up anger.
22. Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
23. The Lord our righteousness.
24. Not rendering evil for evil.
25. Ye shall not steal.
26. I am the door.
27. Knock, and it shall be opened.
28. Love is of God.
29. Provide things honest.
30. The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.
31. Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

GRAPES OF THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours:
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

Alice Cary.



THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

MORE than eighteen hundred years ago this babe was cradled in his mother's arms, and worshipped by the shepherds and wise men who visited the rude place of his birth to see the wonderful child. Angels sang his coming, and a star in the heavens pointed out the spot where he lay. Led by its light the wise men of the east came with their costly presents to lay at his feet.

A humble place in the little village of Bethlehem was the spot chosen by the Lord of glory for his earth-

ly home. We read in the Bible that his mother "wrapt him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn."

We cannot go to him with gifts as the wise men did, but there is a way in which we can go; and we must take with us the best treasure we have, which is a loving, obedient heart.



THE VILLAGE OF BETHLEHEM.

Christmas means, a festival for Christ. It brings to mind the birthday of our Lord. Let us receive him as God's best gift to us, and bring our hearts full of praise and love, to lay at his feet.



SAYS a lady: "I received the fifty copies of 'Morning Light,' and was delighted with them. I am an infant-class teacher, and have long felt the need of such a paper.

"The title, I think, is very appropriate, for when I hold up one of the papers before my class, fifty little faces grow bright as the morning light."

BEDTIME.

COME now, my little daughter, dear,
The sun has left the sky,
The bright and sparkling stars of night
Are peeping from on high.

'Tis time your busy little feet
And planning little head
And active hands and merry voice
Were quiet in your bed.

I heard the bird's last farewell song
As he dropped into his nest;
With weary wing and silent voice
He takes his pleasant rest.
The flowers have closed their pretty eyes,
And drooped their brilliant heads,
And butterfly and bee repose
Mid fragrant garden beds.

Now, carefully review the day
Before the all-seeing One,
Who, though he reigns in majesty
On his eternal throne,
Beholds my little daughter, too,
With kind and loving eye,
Will guard her steps and hear her prayer
And soothe her faintest sigh.

There is another night, dear child,
Closing a weary day—
The night of death, it comes to all,
To you it shortly may.
So let each day of life be spent,
That when the last shall come,
Safe in the gracious Saviour's arms
Thou 'lt reach th' eternal home.

A GOOD ANSWER.

ONE day, in Sunday-school, a teacher asked this question:

"What is it to be holy?"

"Please, may I tell?" said a poor, ragged-looking woman; "it's to be *clane inside*."

By the street of "By-and-by," one
arrives at the house of "Never."

READING LESSONS.

To be. To do. To go.
 I am. I do. I go. He is.
 It is. Do we. Do ye. Go
 in. Go at. By it. At it.
 In it. Of it. To it. On it.
 Do so. Go so. Be so. We
 do. We go. If so.

Tom, do go to bed. See the cow is red. The hen is in the sea. Get the big dog for me. The dog is our wee pet. Say, did her hat get wet? The cat bit me, and I did cry. In the war he was a spy. You are too bad to hit the man. We put the rye in a tin pan. Now I can see out of my eye. A big rat ate up all the pie. Joe, can you put on his new cap? Now set the boy up on my lap. We are out for all the day. The men go now to get the hay. We two eat on an old wet log. Sue, did you go up by the bog? Jim, do you see how I can hoe all the way up the big row? Now you may try to do it so.

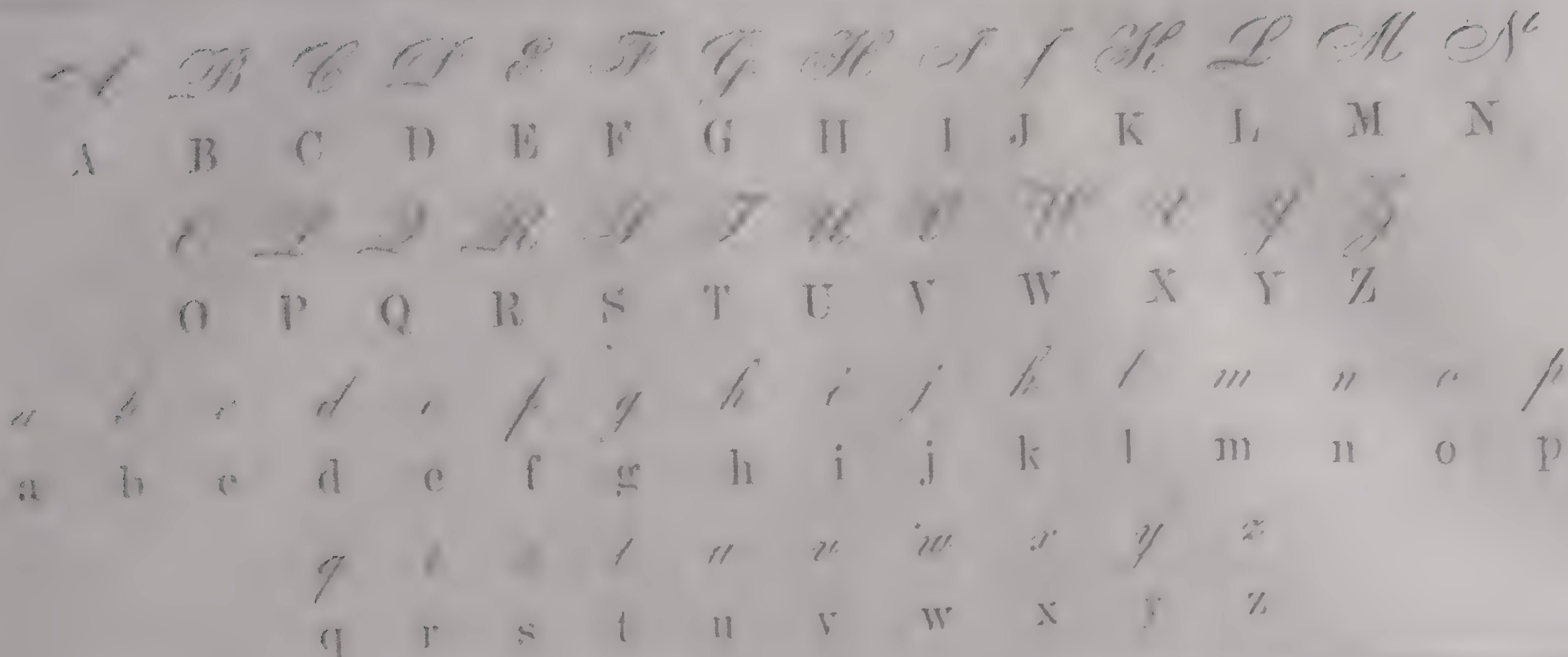
Tom Blake threw stones at John Green's cows for fun. But it is not kind to treat dumb beasts so. John was a stern, cross man, and when he caught Tom he whipped him. Tom was vexed, and thought, "I will do him some harm the first chance I get."

One day he heard a loud noise in John's barnyard, and saw a hawk up in the air. Tom said, "I am glad of it; John will lose his chicks, for the hawk will take them all day by day if I don't tell."

But a still small voice in Tom's breast said, "You are wrong." So he ran to John, and screamed, "Make haste, come quick, else the hawk will eat up all your chicks."

John seized his gun, and shot the hawk at once. Then he shook hands with Tom, and said, "You are a good boy."

Tom had a light heart that night.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME 1.
1-21.

[illegible]

If I love Jesus	31	Who Saved Him?	57
It's the Room	32	Why Alice Stayed	28
Joseph and Kate	14	Why may I not	28
Kate's Pleasant Home	4	Word, The Little	14
Katie	12	Workingman's Home, The	11
Learned Handwriting	19	Writing Lesson	7
Little Paper, Our	37		
Little Room made Larger, The	22		
Lord's Errands, The	61		
Mary, Little	45		
Month of May	33		
Morning Light, The	46		
Mother's Lessons	66		
New Day Mother, The	86		
No Use for It	64		
Obedience	19		
One Hand or Two?	53		
One Tongue and Two Ears	32		
Only Jesus	92		
On the Right Road	38		
Open Mouth	60		
Our Mary	15		
Praising God	5		
Poor Slave, The	59		
Prayer, The Power	84		
Preserving One Another	56		
Prison Bird, The	83		
Rain from Heaven	68		
Reader, The Little	17		
Reading Lessons	3, 12, 23, 31, 30, 47, 55, 71, 79, 87, 95		
Right Spirit, The	46		
Seeing God	80		
Sheep of the Pasture, The	67		
Shoo, Fly	62		
Sparrows, The	24		
Steeple Bells, The	27		
Sunday	36		
Talking Power, The	74		
Temperance Letter, The	28		
Text, The	86		
Think of Others	43		
Time and Unwaste	5		
Two Miles, Two	10		
Walk in the Grove, A	46		
Washed	78		
Way of Employment, The	63		
What is in the Cup?	15		
What Ruth Said	76		
What will You do with Her?	2		
Where is Ellen?	30		
Which is Worse?	38		
White Ant-hills of the East	29		

POWELL.

Bedtime	14
Bible, The	6
Child and the Leaf	72
Children's Praises, The	62
Christ and the Children	10
Crane	6
Commandments, The Ten	1
Cross, The	1
Do It with Your Might	1
Flower-girls, The	1
Fontain, The	1
Good Shepherd, The	1
Grandchild, The First	1
Gaps of Thomas	1
Home-work for All	1
"I'm Sorry"	1
I will Pray	1
Jesus	1
Knitting	1
Lend a Hand	1
Little by Little	1
Little Brother, The	1
Morning, Noon, and Night	1
My Rabbit	1
New-year's Hymn	1
Sleigh-ride, The	1
Sweater not at all	1
Sweater than Phewyong	1
Snow	1
Two Paths, The	1
Within and Without	1

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POINT.

Who Saved Him?	57
Why Alice Stayed	28
Why may I not	62
Wood, The Little	16
Workingman's Home, The	11
Writing, Lesson	7
P O E T I C A L	
Bedtime	74
Bible, The	68
Child and the Leaf	72
Children's Praises, The	62
Christ and the Children	15
Cross, The	61
Cummulments, The Tree	64
Do It with Your Might	44
Flower-girls, The	51
Fontain, The	51
Good Shepherd, The	13
Grandchild, The First	20
Grapes of Thorns	71
Home-work for All	36
"I'm Sorry"	21
I will Pray	27
Jesus	27
Knitting	64
Lend a Hand	40
Little by Little	68
Little Brother, The	26
Morning, Noon, and Night	32
My Riddle	5
New-year's Dream	4
Sleigh-ride, The	46
Sweater not at all	41
Sweater than Flannel	80
Snow	40
Two Paths, The	38
Within and Without	38

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MORNING

NIGHT.



VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1872.

NO. 1



THE RED-TOPPED BOOTS.

THE RED-TOPPED BOOTS.

Willie had a pair of boots sent him on his fourth birthday—a pair of little red-topped boots. They were received with shouts of intense delight, the strongest desire of the childish heart having been for just such a pair of boots.

But alas, small as were the feet, the boots were smaller. They would by no manner of tugging be made to go on. Again and again, till long past his bedtime, the child made the trial, when father, mother, and Bridget had failed; till at last, utterly wearied, he was undressed, still hugging the boots.

Then a thought seemed to strike him. Dropping on his knees he repeated his evening prayer, and the "Now I lay me," and then adding very earnestly, "And please, God, make my boots go on easy in the morning," he went cheerfully to bed, boots and all.

The trusting faith of the child touched the father's heart, and though very tired, he sallied out, going from one store to another, till he found another pair of little red-topped boots that went on "easy in the morning."

Look at little Willie's happy face when he found his prayer answered. E.

PURE IN HEART.

LITTLE Nannie lives in the country, and is six years old. One morning she was at play in the yard, where Phil the black pony that Nannie liked to ride after so well, was getting a lunch of nice green grass. Nannie wasn't afraid of him so long as he kept eating; but when he lay down to roll she ran into the nearest corner, and stood there trembling. He was so near that she couldn't get by him to fly into the house, and he was licking frightfully. The next minute he might roll over and hit her little self.

But Phil knew better. Very soon he was on his feet again, quietly finishing his lunch. Nannie ran out of her corner into the house.

"Mamma," she cried, "am I 'pure in heart'?"

"What makes you ask, Nannie?"

"Why, Phil lay down and licked dreadfully out in the yard, and I guessed he was going to hit me. Then I thought, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;' so if Phil had killed me, would I see God? Am I 'pure in heart'?"

Since then, every night and morning Nannie prays, "Please, dear Jesus, make me 'pure in heart,' and then if I die I 'shall see God.'"

S. D. L. R.



WORK FOR JESUS.

IDLE, little children?
Loitering on the ground,
Naught to do for Jesus?
Look around.

All his creatures busy;
Birds that fly in air,
Beasts, and fish, and insects,
Everywhere.

Not a thing that creepeth
But has work to do
For itself or others.
Have not you?

Help for weary fingers,
Steps for tired feet,
Words of love and kindness,
Ah, how sweet!

All is done for Jesus,
If the heart that moves,
Thinks, "The Lord in heaven
My work approves." F. B. S.

MORNING LIGHT.



SEE our famous little woman,
Only nine years old!
Father says, "Our Hattie's splendid,
Worth her weight in gold."

In the hospital lies mother,
Lonely, ill, and weak;
There she lies and thinks of Hattie
When she cannot speak.

She would never, never worry,
If she could but see
How the little housewife drudges,
Busy as a bee.

Now she's rocking baby's cradle,
Knitting-work in hand;
Ready for her sister's waking,
Let the playthings stand.

By-and-by will come two brothers
Hungry from their school:
They will help her get the dinner,
That's the daily rule.

They know how to cook potatoes;
Hattie, soup can make;
In the morning tea or coffee,
Even bread can bake.

Bound for Mission-school each Sunday
Hattie may be seen,
With her brothers and the baby
Washed and dressed so clean.

Smiling, happy group, and loving,
Hasting on their way;
Glad to hear and learn of Jesus,
Glad to sing and pray.

Thus for weeks, in place of mother
Toils our nine-year-old;
Is it strange her father calls her
"Worth her weight in gold"?



LOST LIVES.

Not long since, a young man only twenty-eight years old dropped down dead in the street. He died from intemperance, and a policeman who knew him well, remarked,

"The poor creature has been drunk every day for the last ten years; no wonder he did not live longer." He must have begun to drink when a little boy, and so his whole life has been good for nothing to himself or any one else.

A week or two ago two little boys belonging to one of the New York public-schools played truant to follow a target company. In the course of the day both of them were shot dead. The next morning the teacher had to tell the sad story to the school. He said, "Had those boys been in school attending to their duty, they would probably have been alive and well to-day. They have lost their lives by disobedience and deception."

A little girl last week asked her mother for some money to buy something she wanted. Her mother told her she could not spare it then. The child by-and-by went to the drawer and stole the money. Her mother found it out, and when at last the girl confessed it, talked to her seriously about the wickedness of her conduct. The child was sullen and angry, and presently went out, took poison, and in half an hour was dead. She lost her life by her wicked temper. But this is not the end:

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!"

MONEY.

WE hear a great deal said every day about money. In the present state of the world, money has a very important place; and to learn how to get it, how to use it, or how to get along without it, becomes a serious matter. If you learn how to do honestly all these while you are young, it will help you very much in your whole after-life, for your usefulness and happiness will both greatly depend on these points. Sometimes a very little money, obtained in an improper manner, by stealing or unjust trading, or sinful kinds of business, costs a great deal more than any of us can afford to pay for it; but when acquired honestly, by self-denial or industry, and used rightly, it may do us and others a great amount of good.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

MARY BROWN was standing by the old stove, dishing some corn-meal mush for dinner. Her mother had gone out washing, and she had been obliged to stay from school to keep house and take care of her little sisters. She often had to stay at home, and it made her feel sad and discouraged.

Ellen Finch had just come in to tell her about the lessons, and as they talked together of the school, Mary's tears began to fall, and she gave way to the little impatient cry, "It's too bad, I do n't know nothin'."

Ellen laughed. "That just means you do know something," said she gayly, "for Miss Lunt told us this very morning that two *noes* are equal to a *yes*. When you say, 'I *do n't* know *nothing*,' it is the same as saying you do know something."

"It is n't much I know, any way," said Mary brightening a little. "I'm crazy to learn faster. Stay and have some dinner, Ellen, do."

Ellen looked rather doubtfully at the little table, and the one dish of mush in the middle. She didn't like mush at all, but she couldn't bear to hurt Mary's feelings, so she threw off her hat and sat down.

She had eaten but a few mouthfuls however, when she exclaimed,

"I declare, Mary Brown, you know more than I do. How do you ever make such splendid mush?"

"Why, I only mix the meal and water and let it boil. Anybody can do that."

"We never use corn-meal at our house," said Ellen. "Last winter, when we were all sick, mother had some given to her, and she boiled some one day, but we couldn't eat it. Such horrid stuff! Just like chicken-feed!"

"You did n't cook it enough; that is what's the matter. My mother has learned how to make corn-meal into ever so many nice things—bread, and gruel, and pudding. We all love it dearly. We have mush and molasses twice a week for dinner, or sometimes mush and milk. It's real cheap living. She says the reason folks do n't like it is, because they do n't cook it long enough. When you make mush you must mix it very thin, stirring it often, and boil it every bit of two hours."

"Well, it's just splendid. I mean to try and make some."

Try it, little housekeepers. Wet up the meal in cold water till there are no lumps—you will need about half a pint of meal to a quart of water. Do this over-night, if you can. Then stir it gradually into boiling water a little salted. Boil slowly, stirring it often. Three hours' boiling is better than two. Eat it with sugar, molasses, or milk. Or cut it in slices, when it is cold, and fry it. I am sure you will like it.



AT PEACE WITH GOD.

JANE SOMERS and Mary Ward went to the same school, and had been for years warm friends. But one day they "got provoked," as the children say, and after that they would not speak to each other. They would not walk or sit together, or stand near one another by the stove. They tried to get as far apart as possible. What a pity that little friends should so turn into enemies.

Emma ~~Ward~~ saw how they were acting. She knew it was wrong, and felt very sorry about it, for she was a loving child herself. What do you think she did? When she knelt down at night she told Jesus about it, and asked him to make her school-mates friends again, and that she might help them "make up."

The next day she watched her chance to speak to Jane. She put her arm about her waist, and said softly, "I'm so sorry you and Mary are provoked. Do make up, wont you?"

"I a'n't going to do any such thing," said Jane, and ran away.

But Emma was not discouraged. She found Mary next, and said, "Now, do make up, Mary. I guess Jane will, if you ask her first. Do!"

Her kind, gentle words touched Mary's heart, and she went to Jane, and in a little while they were friends again, and very happy.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," Jesus said, and dear little Emma was a peacemaker. But when I saw what she had done, I was reminded of something else.

We are all, dear children, enemies to God. We must make up with him, or in the language of the Bible, "be reconciled," or we can never be happy. We have offended and wronged him, until we are unhappy in his presence, and wish to get as far away from him as possible.

And do you know what Jesus has done that we might be reconciled to God his Father? Dear, loving, suffering Jesus! He left his home in heaven and came to earth, and died on the cross that he might bring us to God. And now he is pleading with us all to be no longer the enemies but the friends of God.

Can you hold on to your enmity? I can't, I don't want to. I want God for my friend. Come, let us make our peace with him, now, through Jesus. Then our hearts will be filled with joy and praise.

READING LESSON.

I KNEW a boy whose name was Fred, his pa had been but one year dead, when his ma fell and hurt her head, and so she has to stay in bed. Why, Tom, what makes you act so bad? It seems as if you were too glad, to see your pa and ma feel sad. Now try to be a dear, good lad. You must not try to kill the bee. Come here and read your book to me, then you shall have a cup of tea.

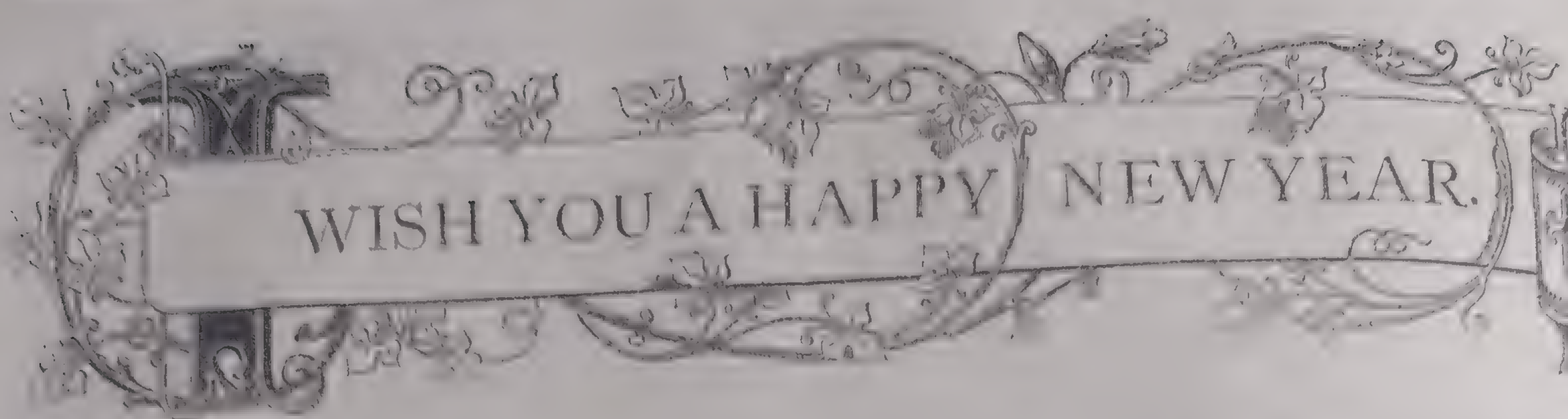
There are two girls in a large town, of whom I wish to tell you. Their names are May and Ruth. May has all the dolls and toys she wants, for her papa is rich, and he makes a great pet of the one child he has. May is a name that a sweet girl ought to have; but this one frets a good deal, and soon tires of the toys and books that are brought to her. One day she was out on a walk with her mamma, and had bought a nice bunch

of rose-buds, when she passed a lame girl, who looked as if she wished for one. This was Ruth, who though poor, was neat and good. May's heart was touched, and she gave some of the buds to Ruth, and asked her mamma if she might give her some warm clothes too; for those Ruth had on were too thin for a cold day. Ruth said she could sew well if they would give her work, and May's mamma hired her. So Ruth felt glad. May grew by-and-by to be a sweet girl, for Ruth taught her by words and acts that we must not live for self, but for all who are round us.

 TIME FLIES!

Sixty seconds make a minute;
 Time for ever flies away.
 Sixty minutes make an hour,
 Four and twenty hours a day.

Seven days make up a week,
 Two and fifty weeks a year.
 Let us then not waste the time
 God has granted to us here.



WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE NEW YEAR.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Old Year!" I said;
The Old Year said, "Good-night!"
He bowed his solemn, hoary head,
And vanished from my sight.

I slept, and woke again,
And lo! the Year was New.
"O fresh, brave Time," I queried then,
"What wilt thou be or do?"

The New Year smiled, and spake
With earnest, tender tone:
"I shall be what thyself may make,
And not myself alone.

"I bring thee love to keep,
And duty to be done;
And faith to guard, and fruit to reap,
Till sets my closing sun."

"O Time," I answered back,
Thou hast been like a dream;
Yet would I on thy future track
The passing hours redeem."

I took the hand he gave.

Now, like true friends, and bold,
We journey on for duty brave,
Till the New Year is Old.

E. A. E.

"GOD'S HERE."

JIMMY ROAN was taking
his mother's sugar out of

the pretty bowl which she
had forbidden him to touch.

"Why, Jimmy," said his
sister, "I 'most know you
don't want mamma to come
in."

"Well, she can't come in,"
answered Jimmy crossly.
"She's gone across the road
to see Mrs. Long's sick
baby, and I saw her go; so
now."

"But, Jimmy," said dear
little Kitty, "I wouldn't eat
any more. God's here all
the time."

E. E. N.

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MORNING



NIGHT.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

NO. 2.



THE LITTLE HINDERING THING.

THE WEE HINDERING THING.

"TAKE care, take care!" exclaims mamma; "iron hot, burn baby," and the little creature quickly understands.

"How he does hinder me," says the mother to herself as she puts baby down on the floor, and goes to her ironing again.

Yes, the little ones do hinder. They are always in the way, always in some mischief, always getting into danger. The mother's watchful eyes have to be everywhere, watching her little one, while she is busy with her work. And this goes on for years, until the child is old enough to take care of itself.

Ah, the babies little know what a care they are to their parents. And they never will find out until they are grown up and have babies of their own. Then they will know all about it.

"Troublesome comforts," parents call their children. So they are, for while they give a great deal of trouble, they bring joy and comfort. Parents love their children, and that makes all the care and trouble easy. I knew one mother who called her children "sweet-briers." I always thought that a pretty name; it told the whole story of her love and work.

Now, what return is to be made for all this care? The Bible says to you, children, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

What does this mean? It means that you *love* them, *obey* them, *please* them, *help* them, and when they are sick, or poor, or old, that you in your turn, *take care* of them.

THE INFANT-CLASS LESSON.

"SEEK, and ye shall find," was the verse given out in Sunday-school. It was an easy one to learn, and the little ones soon had it by heart.

"First," said Miss Blake, "what is it to seek? It is to try hard to find something we haven't got, isn't it? And the more the thing is worth, the more earnest we are in seeking it. Whom must we seek? Jesus. What must we seek? A new heart. Oh, dear children, these are worth more than all the world besides."

"How can we seek them?" asked a bright-

eyed little boy. "And how shall we know when we find them? We can't see Jesus, and we can't see the new heart."

"You must seek them by prayer, and you will be sure to know when you find them, for they will make you very, very happy. Here is a little prayer for you to say every day until next Sunday:

"Heavenly Father, I am seeking for Jesus. Please let me find him as my Saviour and my Friend. And please give me a new heart. Take my wicked heart away, and give me the loving, obedient heart thou wilt approve."

"I WILL BLESS THEE."

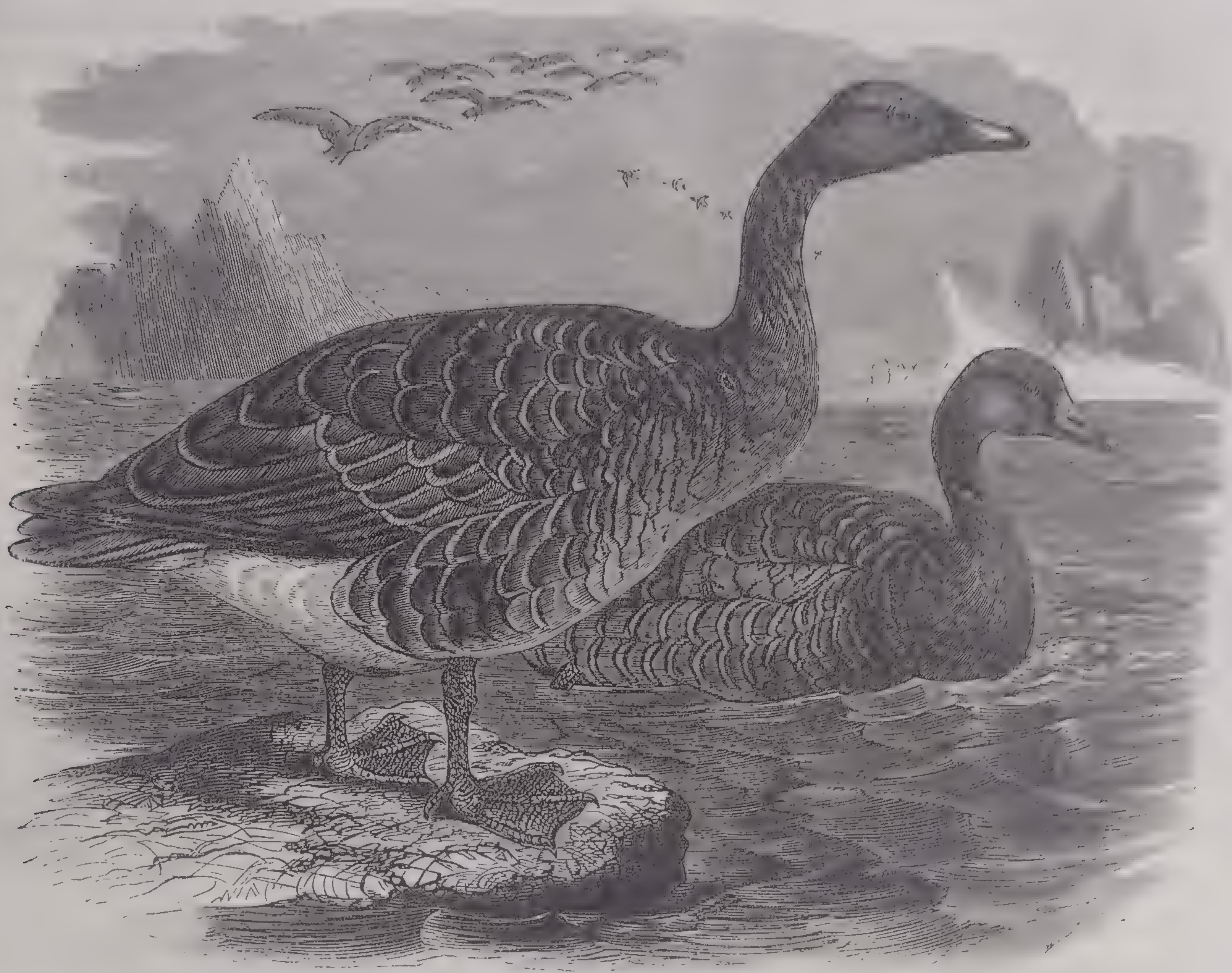
I WILL bless thee, O my Father,
I will bless thee while I live,
For the tender care thou showest,
For the mercies thou dost give.
Favors morn and eve are scattered
Thickly in my pilgrim way;
Never hast thou been unmindful
Of my need from day to day.

I will bless thee, O my Father,
I will bless thee while I live;
Weak and sinful, thou dost love me,
Love, and pity, and forgive.
Though thy holy law I've broken,
And no human arm can save,
Jesus, thy dear Son, thou sendest,
To redeem me from the grave.

I will bless thee, O my Father,
I will bless thee while I live,
For thy holy word, the Bible,
Which the news of Christ does give;
For the promised Holy Spirit,
Who alone can make it plain,
For that sinless, blissful heaven
Even I may hope to gain.

I will bless thee, O my Father,
I will bless thee while I live;
Every day my lips shall utter,
And my life shall praises give.
In the sunshine and the shadow,
In my work and in my play,
In my health and in my sickness,
I will bless thee every day.

MORNING LIGHT.



LITTLE GOOSE.

How many times in your life have people called you "little goose." It is always when you have done some foolish thing.

I do not see anything silly about a goose. It has a waddling gait, that is all. But its legs are placed wide apart in order that it may swim well. It is very graceful on the water.

I must tell you of a good deed that some geese once did. The Gauls had taken possession of the greater part of Rome; it was long, long ago, before the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Some brave Roman soldiers held the capitol, and would not give it up to the enemy.

Still the Gauls kept them besieged, and hearing of a secret path, thought to reach the capitol, and surprise the garrison. They had nearly accomplished their purpose, when some geese that were kept in the temple of Juno, their heathen goddess, hearing them, set up a

great cackling, and the soldiers flew to arms, and the capitol was saved.

I was visiting at a pleasant farm, not long ago, and among the poultry I noticed a strange creature. It was a South American gander. His mate had flown away during the voyage from his native country, and so he seemed alone in his exile. Michael was feeding the crowds of beautiful white hens, and the turkeys and ducks were taking their share of the breakfast, and the doves flew down from their cote to feed; but the gander stood aloof with a proud look. He had one foot under his wing, and nearly all the time his head also, and seemed indifferent to everything. Maybe he was homesick. But presently two turkeys began to fight over a tidbit that each craved, and then the gander gravely stepped between them, and pecking them sharply, drove them apart, and calmly resumed his lordly position.

What a wise old gander he seemed to me.

F. B. S.



THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

I WAS riding in the cars one day through a long avenue in a large city, and as I rode on I looked at the signs on the stores. I saw a great many liquor stores, and every one sent a pang to my heart as I thought of all the sorrow and shame and suffering it caused.

At last we came to a certain corner, where I noticed a large, fine-looking store with several signs, advertising all sorts of liquors. Among these was a small swinging-board, on which were these words, "Don't look on the Opposite Side."

"Ah," said I to myself, "this man wants to attract men's notice." But I thought I would look as I rode along, and see what there was on the opposite side, not of the sign, but of the street. But when I looked eagerly to see what was on the corner which we had to pass, what do you think I saw? It was a police station-house.

Was there ever anything more fitting for the opposite side from a liquor-store? And

what a lesson that swinging-sign taught! "The rum-seller has made a mistake," I thought, "for if the men and boys who go there to get their jugs filled only take a look at the other side, at the grim-looking building where drink will most likely bring them, they will surely go away, and not buy."

There are two sides, children, to be looked at, when you come to a liquor-store. There is the inside and the outside, the right side and the wrong side, the safe side and the dangerous side, the pleasant side and the painful side. Whenever you come near one, be sure to look always on the opposite side.



THE EMPTY CHAIR.

WHERE is the little one who used to sit in it? Ask the mother and she cannot answer you, for tears and sobs.

But where is the little one? Has he gone on a visit? No; he has gone to another home, and will never come back again. He was sick a few days, then he grew very pale and still, and at last he died.

Died? What does that mean? It means that the little spirit left the body and went back to God who gave it. The body now is of no more use, and is put away in the grave. But that little spirit, gone back to God, lives still, and will live for ever and ever. It is with God in heaven, with Jesus, and the angels.

We too must die, each one of us. Our place will by-and-by be empty. When we are dead and gone, will they say of us, "He is gone to heaven to be with Jesus and the angels?" If we love God, if we trust in Jesus, if we have a new heart, heaven will be our home, our blessed home for evermore.

THE GOOD SON.

I HAVE heard about a young man who lived in one of our large towns, with his wife and little children. He was a poor man, and had to work very hard to feed and clothe his family. But this Christian man took care of his aged parents too. They lived in a little cottage, three or four miles out of town. He used to go and see them once in every two weeks, walking all the way, with his basket of little stores, and staying long enough to make everything in and about the little cottage snug and nice till he went again.

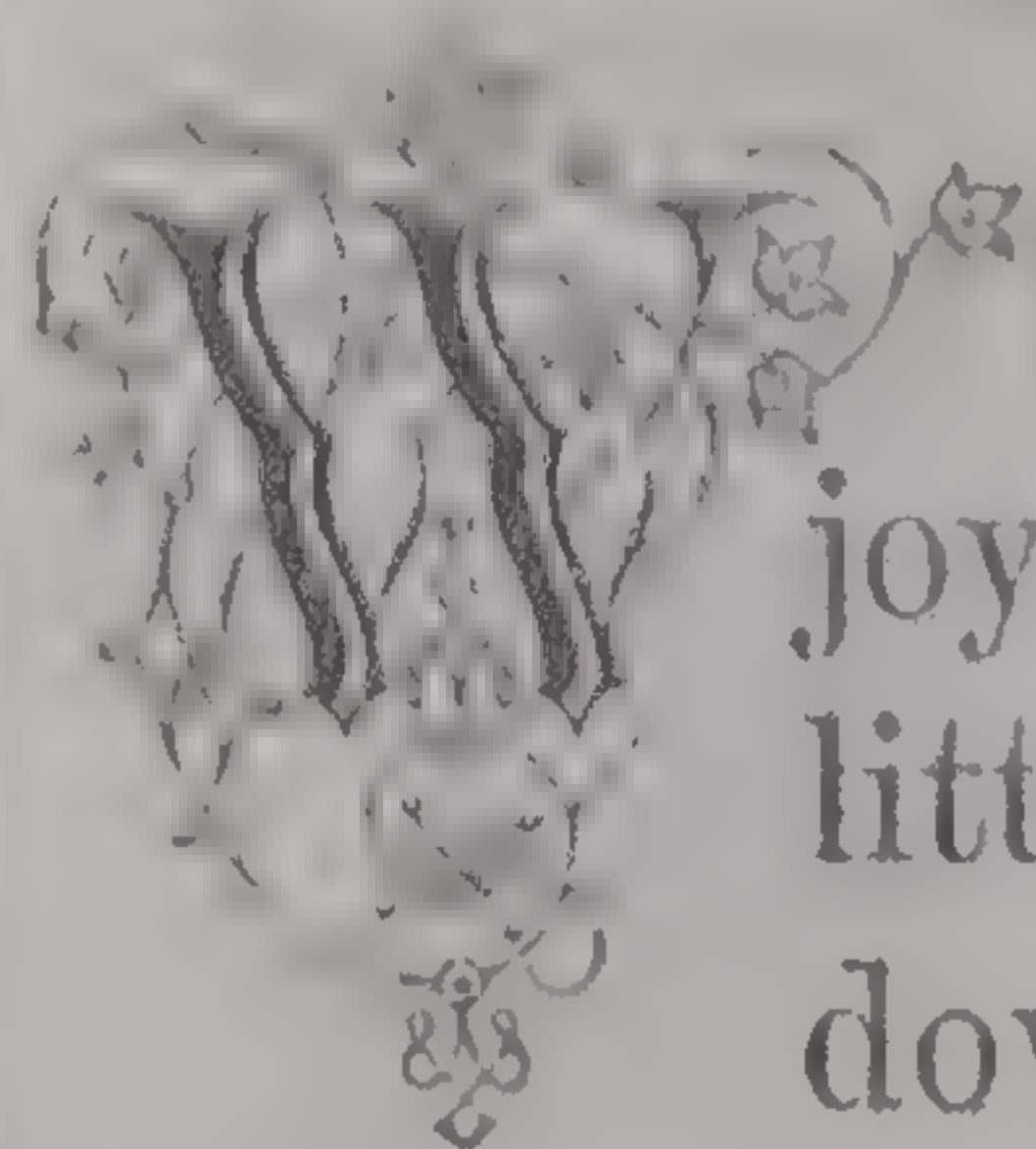
It was a little place—only two rooms down stairs, and a garret under the roof; but the old people loved it, for they had always lived there, all their children were born there, and all but this one son had died there. He knew it would break their hearts to leave the old place, so he kept it for them, though he had to work extra hours every day to earn the money to do it, and get the time to see them. But he thought it all a pleasure; he loved to do it.

One day he found them very sad and silent, and when he asked them what made them so, they told him they had been thinking how long he had taken care of them, and what a burden they were to him, and they had made up their minds to go to the poorhouse. It would be very hard for them to leave the dear lit-

tle home, but it was right, and they would do so.

When they told their son this, the tears rolled down their poor old faces, and he could n't speak at first, such a great lump came into his throat. Then he told them to see what warm clothes he had on, and what stout boots; but that he would go half-clothed and barefoot before he would let them go to the poorhouse. "Do you want to rob me," he said, "of God's blessing? for I never could expect him to bless me if I did not do my duty to my parents." Then he spoke of their care for him when he was a child; and now that they were old and feeble, he was only paying back the debt. So he reasoned them into quiet and content again, and to the last moment of their lives he kept his watchful care over them.

Now, I don't know that this man became rich or great because he was so good a son. But I do know that when he leaves his home here and goes to his other home where he will live for ever, he will find that he has laid up treasures where God himself will take care of him for ever.



WINE brings you drunken joy and sober sorrow; sends little troubles out of the window, but leads the very greatest in at the door; makes the head heavy and the purse light.



THE BABY.

WHAT is home without a baby,
 With each gentle, winning way;
 Sweet uplifted smiles inviting
 Fond caresses all the day.

Darling baby,
 Precious baby,
 Give her kisses all the day.

Life is dull and duty pressing,
 Care brings pain and weariness;
 But the baby's soft embracing
 Changes all our toil to bliss.

Darling baby,
 Precious baby,
 Like a ray of sunshine is.

How we watch each fond endeavor
 After language, in her face;
 Oh, what wealth of love we give her
 As her tiny steps we trace.

Darling baby,
 Precious baby,
 Adds to home a sweeter grace.

MADDIE'S LAST GIFT.

SWEET little Maddie was too young to go to Sabbath-school, too young to read the papers sister brought home every Sabbath, although she loved to look at the pretty pictures, and hear mamma read the stories.

But Maddie was not too young to die, and God has taken her from her pleasant home on earth to a brighter one in heaven. She heard sister tell of some dear little girls, once in our Infant Class, who had lost all by the great fire in Chicago. Dear little Maddie was very sick, and suffering great pain, but her tender, baby heart felt sorry for those little ones who were suffering with cold and hunger. She had some money that was all her own, so she asked her sister to take it to school the next Sabbath, and say Maddie sent it for the poor little girls. Only a few days after, Jesus took his dear little lamb in his arms, and carried her home.

Dear children, Maddie's sweet life was very short; and yet she did some work for Jesus. Don't you think he was pleased with his little one? Don't you think she is now very happy hearing him say, "I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat"?

AUNT FAITH.

—♦♦—
 LET love through all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Mary's Son,
 That meek and holy Child.

TEXTS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Christ died for all.
2. Now is Christ risen.
3. Christ Jesus our Lord.
4. The judgment-seat of Christ.
5. The love of Christ constraineth us.
6. We are ambassadors for Christ.
7. The grace of Christ.
8. The glory of Christ.
9. The obedience of Christ.
10. The simplicity that is in Christ.
11. The truth of Christ.
12. The power of Christ.
13. Jesus Christ is in you.
14. Justified by Christ.
15. Christ hath made us free.
16. Created in Christ Jesus unto good works.
17. Made nigh by the blood of Christ.
18. Unsearchable riches of Christ.
19. The servants of Christ.
20. To me to live is Christ.
21. The cross of Christ.
22. That I may win Christ.
23. Your life is hid with Christ in God.
24. Ye serve the Lord Christ.
25. The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.
26. The dead in Christ shall rise first.
27. The Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour.
28. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.
29. Joint-heirs with Christ.

FRANK WOOD.

FRANK WOOD was a bad boy. One cold day his ma told him he must stay at home to do his tasks. He did not like that, so he thought he would get off some way. When all the folks had gone to their work he took his skates and ran off fast to the pond.

When he got down there he saw the boys on the ice; so he put on his skates and went too. It had not been so cold as to freeze the ice hard, and it was not safe for the boys to be there. And that was why Frank's ma told him he must stay at home.

When Frank got at play, he went near a thin place, and fell in. He cried for help, and they all cried, and at last some men came and got him out and took him home. He was sick for some time, and found out that it was best for a boy to mind, even when he does not know why.

MORNING & NIGHT.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1872.

SOL. 2.



THE SICK MOTHER

THE SICK MOTHER.

DEAR, sick mother! And yet so much better than Fannie thought she ever could be when she used to lie day after day, so weak that she could hardly move a hand or open her eyes. Now she can sit by the table and take her tea without any help. How very glad tired lonely Fannie is!

These dear, precious mothers are the lights of our homes. When sickness lays them aside, how dull it is in every room! Fannie hasn't forgotten how her heart sank when she heard the doctor tell her father that mother might have to lie in bed for a whole month.

She was out in the kitchen trying to do the usual morning work. When she heard that, Fannie dropped by a chair, and cried as hard as she could. She was only fifteen, and not much used to keeping house, and still less used to nursing sick people. It looked like a great burden, and she felt as if she hadn't a bit of strength to bear it. It just weighed her down to the floor. What should she do?

A sweet answer came: "*Pray.*" She could not say many words, only "Dear Lord, help me," over and over. That was enough. Christ knew why she wanted help, and was ready to give it. Fannie stopped crying, and her heart grew lighter. She went about her work again more cheerfully, and tried to trust God patiently.

God did good things for them all; sent a strong, kind woman to help Fannie, comforted father and daughter as they watched anxiously by the sick-bed, and spared the dear mother; bringing back health slowly, until *to-day* she has her dress on, and takes her tea with the rest. Fannie's heart sings and leaps for joy as she thanks God for his tender-mercies and loving-kindness.

A LITTLE boy lay dying. "Are you afraid?" asked his mother.

"Afraid!" said he; "why should I be afraid to go home and see my Father?"

KEEP good men company, and you shall be of the number.



THE POMEGRANATE.

Is a native of Asia, but grows in parts of Europe and Africa, and in our Southern states. It has bright dark green leaves, and beautiful crimson blossoms. The fruit is red, and full of seeds surrounded by a rich pulp. In India there is a kind that has no seeds. It is very delicious to the taste. People eat it with sugar, or they press out the juice for drink.

The flower is so ornamental that it was imitated in carved work in Solomon's temple, and wrought upon the priestly robes. You will read about it in the Bible, in the books of Exodus, and Kings, and Chronicles.

See in the picture how pretty is the whole apple, and how wonderful are the divisions in the half, and how beautiful are leaf, and bud, and flower! God's work is perfect. F. B. S.

HONOR God's holy name;
 Speak it with thought and care;
 Sing it in holy hymns;
 Breathe it in earnest prayer.
 But not with sudden cry,
 In thy light joy or pain;
 God will hold guilty all
 Who take his name in vain.

MORNING LIGHT.



MY POOR BABY.

"BORN to trouble!" Dinah sighed, and pressed her baby closer to her breast. "Yes, that is what the minister read last night: 'Man is born to trouble.' Well, I've had a sight of trouble in my time, mercy knows; and 't an't pleasant, that I know. But I've got through it, one way or another, so far, and I s'pose I shall get through to the end. But, seems to me, I can't bear to have my baby here, blessed little honey, go over such a rough road. (O God! can't you spare the chile?)" cried the fond mother, as she lifted her eyes up through

the window where the golden sunlight was streaming in, as if she thought she could look straight up through the brightness into the face of her heavenly Friend. "O God, you've sent lots of trouble to me, and I know I've deserved every mite of it; but oh, don't let it fall so hard on the poor baby, please, dear Lord." And the tears streamed down the mother's cheeks.

Doesn't every mother feel just as Dinah did? We can endure trouble ourselves, but we would fain shield our children from the rude blasts of sorrow.

Mother, here is where we need faith. God

sends trouble to us for our good, doesn't he? And if he sees that our children also need trials he will send them. Can we not trust our kind heavenly Father? We know he will not hurt us, neither will he hurt them. He will not send them a single pain more than they can bear; he is too kind for that. He never afflicts willingly. Then let us give our little ones to him as soon as they are born, and ask him to shape their lives just as he sees best, in order to bring them safe home to heaven. That is the blessed end, to enjoy God, and to glorify him for ever in heaven.



THE ERRING PROPHET.

CHILDREN, what do you think the fish said to Jonah, when he had him safely swallowed?

"Did the fish talk to him?" said Henry.

Yes, by his actions, not by words; and you know people say that actions speak louder than words. The fish's actions spoke very loud to Jonah, and this is what passed between them:

FISH. "You have acted very foolishly, Jonah, in attempting to flee from the Lord."

JONAH. "I confess I have not only acted foolishly, but I have done wickedly."

FISH. "As you are a prophet, did you not know that God ruled on the sea as well as on the land—that the winds and the waves obey him?"

JONAH. "I knew it, but in my pride and anger I did not stop to consider."

FISH. "Don't you think it is best for men to obey God at once, as the fishes do?"

JONAH. "I am fully convinced of it."

FISH. "If the Lord should deliver you, would you go to Nineveh and preach, as he bade you?"

JONAH. "Most gladly would I go, if the Lord would permit me."

FISH. "Well, go, and be sure you tell all the children to be careful how they disobey God; for though it is easy to sin, it is hard to escape the punishment." Whereupon the fish threw Jonah out on the dry land.

WHO KNOWS?

If I did right to-day,
Sending wrong thoughts away,
Who knows?

If I did wrong to-day,
Wasting my time in play,
Who knows?

No one can see my mind,
Wrong thoughts in it to find;
Who knows?

No one can see my way,
However long I stay;
Who knows?

One sees my life to-day,
He sees whate'er my way;
God knows.

If I did right to-day,
Sending wrong thoughts away,
God knows.

If I did wrong to-day,
Wasting my time in play,
God knows. E. E. N.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes: God is as a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No: for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

LITTLE DOCTORS.

I TOLD you that I would write to you about some other little doctors. I hope you will all remember, from the stories I tell, what to do in such cases of accident or sickness, that you too may become useful to somebody.

Mary Beal went to carry home a dress her mother had made for a lady; and while waiting, was asked into the kitchen. The cook was busy near the stove, and began talking with Mary.

"Do you see what I'm doing?" said she. "I am making some flax-seed tea for our Susie; she's got a dreadful cough, and this is first-rate for it. Do you see how I make it? I just boil the seeds in this saucepan a little while—it don't take long; then I turn off the water, which is thick and sticky, you see, and sweeten it, and squeeze in a little lemon-juice to make it taste good. Then I put the seeds over with some more water and boil them again, 'cause you can't get all the good out of 'em the first time. It's a real easy kind of medicine for a cold, and nice too. All the children like it."

Mary remembered what she had seen and heard, and when she went home she told her mother about it, for their little baby Norah had had a very hard cough for a good while. With a few pennies she bought some flax-seed and made the tea. Baby liked it, and in a few days she was

quite well. Mary was delighted with her success, and after this she often tried her new medicine on the children in the neighborhood.

Daniel and Johnny Smith, two little brothers, lived near a mill-pond, and often used to go down by the water's edge to play. One day Johnny fell in, and for a moment went quite out of sight. Daniel was a tiny little fellow, not old enough to speak plain; but though he was very much frightened, he knew that he mustn't leave his little brother, even to bring help. So he scrambled over the logs on which they had been playing, and reaching out, caught Johnny by his clothes, and pulled and pulled till he got his head out of the water. There he held him, while he screamed at the top of his voice, "Mamma, mamma! tum twit, tum twit! I can't hold him!"

His mother happened to be in the yard, and heard the child's screams. She ran, and got there just in time to save the poor little Johnny from falling again into the pond, for Daniel's strength would not have held out another moment.

She hardly knew which of her boys to hug and kiss the most. She was so thankful Johnny was saved from drowning, and so pleased that Daniel saved him.

If you had been there would you have been as brave and wise as this little seven-year-old fellow?



ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.

THERE was a famine in the land of Canaan, and Elijah, a prophet of God, was suffering with the rest of the people, for food and drink.

But God never forsakes his children. Though for wise purposes he sends them trials, he never forgets them, but with the tender care of a father looks out for them, and supplies their need. So he told Elijah to go and hide by a certain little brook which he named, where he would find water to drink, and where

the ravens should come and feed him.

Elijah obeyed, and "the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook." Where the ravens found this food we are not told, but God provided it in some way, for all power is his, and he can do what to us seems utterly impossible.

How pleasant it must have been for Elijah, even though he was all alone in that solitary place, to feel that he was in God's special care; and to receive from the birds of the air twice every day these tokens of God's constant remembrance.

We ought to receive all our blessings as a gift from God, but we are apt to forget his ever-mindful care until we are brought into great straits. Then our good things seem to come right from him. A poor woman once said: "Some one sends me a loaf of bread every morning. I don't know who it is, but it seems to come right from my heavenly Father's hand, and no bread ever tasted so sweet to me."

ALWAYS act as if you believed God was present—a Friend if you love and obey him, a Judge if you do not.

READING LESSON.

AN ax. An ox. It is an ax. No, it is an ox. I am by it. I am on it. He is at it. He is up to it. Do as I do. No, do as we do.

THE sky is red, for the sun has set. The day is at an end. It has been a bad day for me. I have not been a good boy. I did not do as I was bid. I hid my hoe and did not do my work; and I told a lie to hide my sin. It has made me sad. What can I do?

My boy, the way for you is to go to God, and tell him of your sin. Tell him you are sad; that you want to be good, and ask him for the sake of his dear Son to wipe out your sin, and to help you to do his will.

JAMES COLE was a bad boy, and gave his friends a great deal of pain. He had no father or mother, but lived with an aunt, who took the best of care of him, but still

he did not love her, and would not mind what she said.

Some one said to her one day, "Why do you keep James? Why do you not put him with some man who would make him mind? I would not give myself so much care for such a boy."

"I do not want to send him from me," said his aunt; "I love the child, and I live in the hope he will grow good. I know what James needs—a new heart. That will make a fine boy of him. And not a day or hour goes by but I send up the cry, 'O God, for Christ's sake, give my poor boy a new heart.'"

Yes, it is the new heart that all boys and girls need to set them right. A new heart will cause a new life. A new heart we must have, if we would go, when we die, to live with God in heaven.

Christ said, "Ye must be born again."

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

COME, Charlie, put aside your top;
 Susie, lay down your doll;
 Carrie, my love, put up your work;
 Frank, lay aside your ball.
 Come, baby dear, you've played
 enough;

Now lie down quietly,
 You must not laugh or crow at all,
 But listen silently.

Call Betty from the kitchen, Frank;
 After her work all day,
 'T will rest and cheer her, I am sure,
 To kneel with us and pray.
 Susie, my dear, go place the stand
 Close by your father's chair,
 And bring the Bible from the shelf,
 The hymn-book too is there.

And now, dear children, drive away
 Each vain and trifling thought,
 And strive most earnestly to hear
 And worship as you ought.
 Think over all the many sins
 You may have done to-day,
 And as you kneel confess them all,
 And for God's mercy pray.

Pray God to make our earthly home
 A home of peace and love,
 And fit us for the heavenly home
 In His bright heaven above.
 Pray we may meet with patience
 here

Life's varied good and ill,
 And, best of all, have humble hearts,
 And grace to do his will. S. R.

JOHNNY'S PRAYERS.

"MAMMA," said Johnnie
 Bourne one day, with a dis-
 couraged look, "I do n't
 think it's much use to pray,
 after all."

"Why do you feel so,
 Johnnie?"

"Because I pray to God
 three times every day to
 bless my food, and I do n't
 see that he does it."

"Why, Johnnie," exclaim-
 ed mamma, "of course God
 blesses your food. Do n't
 you see how fast you grow?
 how stout and well you are?
 It is your food which God
 blesses, that makes you
 grow."

"Is it?" asked the child
 with surprise. "I did n't
 think of that."

THE MORNING LIGHT

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THE LITTLE HELPERS.

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

NED and Joe are giving lame Arthur a ride. See what kind, pleasant faces the two older boys have, and how trustfully Arthur throws an arm around each! His face is thin and pale. The poor little boy has been shut up in the house all winter, and his father isn't rich enough to hire a horse, so Arthur has had hardly a ride since the day he was run over and his ankle so badly hurt.

But the "big boys" haven't forgotten him. They used to think he was a nice, bright little fellow when they all went to school together. This beautiful spring day Ned and Joe were going by, whistling a merry tune and keeping step, when they saw Arthur nodding and smiling at the window across the way. They went over to see him and ask after his lame foot.

Arthur told them, with tears in his eyes, that it was n't any better, and perhaps it would never get well. If it didn't, then he must go on crutches all his life. The boys thought of their own stout limbs, and how dreadful it would be if they couldn't run and jump as much as they wanted to.

Neddie wished to do something for the patient little boy, and show the sympathy he didn't know how to express in words; so he proposed to Joe that they make a hand-chair and carry Arthur down to see the game of ball.

Here they go, through a little lane where the grass springs fresh and green. Ned and Joe are happy in helping Arthur bear his cross of pain and trial, and giving a pleasure that shall brighten more than one lonely day. And Arthur forgets his troubles as the boys laugh and talk. Little things do such a world of good sometimes, and every child can be one of Christ's little helpers.

 BUTTONS.

A VERY rich man in New England gave last summer \$50,000 to a college. Fifty years ago this same man was very poor. One day he was sitting beside his wife, watching her as

she was mending his coat. She needed a button for it, and asked him to make one out of a bit of wood. He took out his knife and went to work, and soon had made a very good one. This little task put a new thought into his head. Why may not buttons be made by machinery? he asked himself. So he set his wits to work, invented machinery, built a factory, and commenced the manufacture of buttons on a large scale. And he made a fortune by it, and is now one of the richest men in New England. Better still, he is a generous man, and does great good with his money.

 NO DRUNKARDS THERE.

THERE is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold.
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
No drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hours are late;
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear.
All hearts are free from pain and care—
No drink is sold there.

All the long day in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand;
And down on the edge of the water's brink,
Those white-robed beings wander, nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare—
For no wine is there. Selected.

 HE WHO DRINKS

Daily lessens

A MOTHER'S LOVE,
A WIFE'S DEVOTION,
CHILDREN'S AFFECTIONS,
HOME HAPPINESS,
TIME ON EARTH.

Finally loses

SELF-CONTROL,
BUSINESS CREDIT,
WORLDLY POSSESSIONS,
HOPE OF SUCCESS,
BODY AND SOUL.

MORNING LIGHT.

FRANKLIN.

A MONUMENT to Benjamin Franklin, a picture of which we here see, has just been erected opposite the Tract House, New York; and it is well for you to know something about this great and good man.

He was once a poor boy, but poverty does not hinder people from being good, or from rising in the world; and Benjamin Franklin, by industry, temperance, and frugality, became a rich, learned, and very famous man.

He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, one hundred and sixty-six years ago. His father was a soap-boiler, and had a family of seventeen children to provide for. When Benjamin, who was almost the youngest of these, was a very small boy, he was apprenticed to his older brother to learn the printer's trade, and he worked at this trade a great many years.

He was at one time a journeyman in London, and one story he tells of himself while there, is well worth knowing. He says: "I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great



drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the *American Aquatic*, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This

custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work.

"I endeavored to convince him that bodily strength furnished by beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf; and that consequently

if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a week for this cursed beverage; an expense from which I was wholly exempt."

He proved that total abstinence was the road to health and to wealth. He saved and earned until at last he had so much money that he could retire from business, and devote himself to scientific pursuits, of which he was very fond. The wise men were then making a study of electricity. They had just got the idea that electricity and lightning were the same. Franklin resolved to test it, which he did by means of a silk kite. He fastened a key to the lower end of the string, and then raised the kite during a thunder-storm. True enough, he found that electricity could be drawn in this way from the clouds; and this led to the invention of lightning-rods, which are often attached to buildings for their protection.

Franklin made the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of his times, and was himself as distinguished as any. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was afterwards sent as ambassador from this country to France. He died at the age of eighty-five, universally respected. His is one of the names America will be proud to keep in remembrance.

JESUS THE CLEANSER.

COME to Jesus, little one;
He will make you clean;
Jesus, God's beloved Son,
Takes away our sin.
Washing in his blood alone
Purges out the stain.

Precious blood from that dear side
Flowed all warm and free;
While the sacred, living tide
Angels bent to see.
In that fountain let us hide;
'Tis for you and me.

From the heavenly fount we rise,
Rise all white and pure;
Singing songs of love and praise,
Singing evermore.
Jesus Christ, our sacrifice,
Little one, adore.



THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRETTY creature! No, not pretty, for it has rusty brown feathers on the upper part of the body, and pale ash-colored on the under part, with the throat and belly almost white. It is a solitary bird, not going in flocks like most birds. The nest is made in low bushes, or hedges near water, and the female lays five olive-green eggs.

The beauty and glory of the bird is, that it sings sweetly in the evening and at night, when darkness comes to cover the earth.

Do you ever sing praises to God when there is gloom around you? He loves the cheerful heart that takes patiently the withdrawal of prosperity, and serves him with gladness and with holy songs in the night-time, as though it were noonday still.

GOD SEES ME.

THROUGH all the busy daylight,
Through all the quiet night,
Whether the stars are in the sky,
Or the sun is shining bright;
In the cottage, in the school-room,
In the street or on the stair,
Though I may seem to be alone,
Yet God is always there.

WILLIE'S ACCIDENT.

I was sickened and terrified, one morning, by the news that my dear little friend had lost his thumb. "Oh," thought I, "must the little fellow go all through life bearing such a loss?" and the thought of his poor mother's sorrow almost overwhelmed me.

I hastened to learn the particulars: and found that the day before, he was standing by a derrick which his father had expressly forbidden him to touch. Forgetful of the command, he was resting his hand upon some part of the machine, when the man who was operating it pulled a rope, and his thumb was caught and frightfully mangled. His father soon reached him, and exclaimed, "You've lost your thumb!" It was a long hour before a surgeon could be brought, and poor Willie had not only the dreadful pain and thought of his loss to bear, but the anger of his father, who was a hot-tempered man, and inclined to reproach him even in his great suffering.

The thumb had not been quite separated from the hand: it was carefully dressed, and after days and nights of pain has almost healed, but with a stiff joint which can never be restored, and which must always remind Willie of his disobedience. "I deserved it," said he, "for I ought to have minded my father."

O children, "Obey your parents!" You do not know how much wisdom

there may be in their commands, even when they seem to you the most unreasonable and severe.

NELLIE'S SELF-DENIAL.

"MAMMA," said Nellie, as she entered her mother's room leading by the hand her baby sister, "Grandma gave Mamma some of her apple, and then she asked me if I would have a piece, and I said No. Wasn't that right, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, if you did not want the apple."

"I did want it, mamma, but grandma is old and I did not like to take it. You know she was sick last night, and it might taste good to her by-and-by, and if I had eaten it she would not have any. Wasn't that right? I ought not to take grandma's apple, ought I, mamma?" again questioned the child.

Nellie is thus early learning to deny herself, and to think of others more than of her own wishes and pleasure.

There is One "who pleased not himself"—Jesus, our blessed Saviour. He spent his life in doing good, in healing the sick, making happy the hearts of those who were sad, and at last died upon the cross to save us from hell and give us a home in heaven. Little children, let us love him with all our hearts, and try to be like him.

Cousin Emma.



THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

ONE night a good mother knelt down by her little girl's bed, and prayed God to send a holy angel to take care of Mary all the night. The mother went away and Mary was alone. And then she began to think how, if God should send the angel, the great, white, beautiful creature would stand all night at the head of the bed. Mary thought she didn't want an angel there, she should be afraid of him.

"Oh, dear," said the child in her thoughts, "he'd know all about me, and I should be ashamed. I don't love Lottie Downer, and he'd know how I like to make up faces at her. Mother says I'm selfish, and don't care if I do take the biggest piece of candy; the angel would know all about that. I aint quite sorry for being so bad, and so I shouldn't want his beautiful eyes looking down into my face. I feel real cross some-

times; and I didn't want to say my prayers to-night; and I shall be cross in the morning, and sha'n't want to get right up; the angel would make me feel so mean I could n't have him here. I don't always think good thoughts when I shut my eyes; I'm thinking how I can plague Lottie, or contriving to make Willie give me his toys. And the angel could see in the dark."

It was thus Mary's thoughts ran, and she covered her face with the bed-clothes, as if she were hiding from a pure, bright presence.

Sin in the heart makes the soul afraid, and nothing is so dreadful to the sinner as to know that the holy God looks upon him in his sin. But the true heart that wants to be pure and clean, is always glad to have God's angel standing near. It can never be afraid.

When you lie down at night, or when you walk about in the day, do you wish to have the angel of His presence looking into your heart, gazing upon your face, taking notice of whatever you may do?

—♦♦♦—

I may have tender parents,

I may have loving friends;

But none can love as God loves me,

And all that's good he sends.

I'll walk as God shall lead me,

While the sun is in the sky;

And lay me down and sleep in peace

Beneath his watchful eye.

TEXTS FOR APRIL.

1. HELP us, O Lord our God.
2. Hope in the Lord.
3. Beware of covetousness.
4. The wicked are like the troubled sea.
5. Let the wicked forsake his way.
6. Thy sins are forgiven.
7. Prepare to meet thy God.
8. Serve the Lord with gladness.
9. The Lord is merciful and gracious.
10. He knoweth our frame.
11. We are all the work of thy hand.
12. Great is thy faithfulness.
13. The Lord is my defence.
14. Fear not, for I have redeemed thee.
15. Lord, save me.
16. Lo, I am with you always.
17. The Lord is my strength.
18. Continue ye in my love.
19. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked.
20. Be not faithless, but believing.
21. Be not weary in well-doing.
22. Seek those things which are above.
23. Walk in love.
24. God resisteth the proud.
25. Do good to all men.
26. Behold, I come as a thief.
27. By grace are ye saved.
28. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.
29. Be not slothful.
30. So run that ye may obtain.

WILL THIS PLEASE GOD?

“WILL this please God?” asked John, as he took a piece of cloth from the chair to throw it in the fire.

“No,” I said, “I think not.”

“Why not?” asked John, as he held the piece still in his hand.

“You have been told, my dear, not to throw things in the fire; and if you want to please God you must mind what you are told.”

“I want to please him, so I wont burn it,” said he, and he put it back on the chair.

I think John asked the same thing a score of times that day.

Once he did not mind me, and I told him that was a sin, and God was not pleased.

“What is a sin?” he asked.

“When you know what is right and do not do it; when you know what is wrong and do it, you sin.”

John looked grave. I hope the next time he wants to sin, he will not yield.



THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

"PAPA," asked Willie one day, "do you think I am wicked enough for God to send to hell?"

"All who do not love God must go there, my dear. Heaven is only for those whose sins are washed away and who are made pure and clean by Jesus."

"But, papa, if I am not very bad, wont God let me come in? if I'm pretty good?"

"God does not take us to heaven because we are good, Willie, for then no one would go there. Only those who believe in Jesus his dear Son, who died on the cross for us, are received to his happy home. Jesus says, 'I am the way,' 'I am the

door,' and there is no other way of entrance for us."

"Then it doesn't matter how many naughty things I do."

"Ah, yes, it does, my child. If we love Jesus we shall not want to displease him in any way, but shall ever choose to do as he wishes. If at any time we make mistakes and do wrong our love to him will cause us to feel very sorry, and we shall have no peace until we have asked his forgiveness. If you love Jesus, Willie, you will be a good boy, I am sure. You will mind papa and mamma, and be kind to sister, and always speak the truth."

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THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

GIVE me a penny, ma'am?
 I've been at work all day,
 While your dear children, glad and warm,
 Have only been at play.
 But we are very poor,
 And I must toil for bread,
 There's mother and five children more,
 Who must be warmed and fed.

A penny, please, kind sir?
 I've made the crossing clean,
 So you may walk from side to side
 And find no snow between.
 'Tis cold, cold work to do,
 With nothing warm to wear;
 I have no bonnet for my head,
 And see, my arms are bare.

A penny, please, sweet child?
 Your dainty little feet
 Are falling where my tears have dropped
 Upon the rough, cold street.
 You seem so beautiful,
 I'm very, very sure
 You have a tender heart, to give
 Something to one so poor.

A penny is n't much
 For each to give, you see;
 But if you all will give me one,
 How rich and glad I'll be.
 I shall go home at night
 As happy as a bird,
 And while we eat and talk and sing,
 We'll ask the blessed Lord

To keep you from distress
 And sorrow all your days;
 To give you every happiness,
 And food and clothes always;
 And better far than this,
 We'll ask him, in his love
 To give you each at last a place
 In his dear home above.

A SCHOLAR'S MOTTO.

RISE early, and thankfully put up your prayer;
 Be at school in good time, and be diligent there.



"FAST."

"AUNT DOLLY," shouted George Hall, as he passed the window of a low cottage in the village, "you know Tim Shute, don't you? Well, yesterday he was driving down to Spring Hill, and the horse ran away, and fell down, and the wagon was upset, and Tim was killed! Frank Ford was with him, but he wasn't killed, only hurt. He was drunk, Tim was, so drunk he couldn't drive straight, they say."

"Oh, oh," groaned Aunt Dolly, looking up from her sewing with a very serious face, "I am so sorry. But Tim was always a fast young man."

"Fast? What's that?"

"It means fast to destruction, child. He disobeyed his parents first, went with bad boys, then he tossed pennies, swore, stole nuts and apples from the shop-doors, then he learned to smoke and drink. He has been going on the fast road to death and hell ever since he was a lad. I knew it wouldn't take him long to finish. Poor soul! poor soul! His sorrows now will never, never end. My heart aches to think of him. O George, child, take warning. The worst thing about these fast boys is, they can't stop. When they get going, they go and go on, almost sure, till they come to a bad end."

MORNING LIGHT.



CHILD'S PRAYER ON SUNDAY MORNING.

FATHER, I ask thy blessing now
On this thy holy day.
Help me to think of thee and heaven,
And not of school and play.
Go with me, heavenly Father,
Up to thy house of prayer,
And let no vain or foolish thought
Disturb my worship there.

And when I read thy sacred word
Fill me with holy light,
That I may understand thy will,
And live as in thy sight.
May I learn something good to-day,
To guide me through the week;
Dear Saviour, thou hast kindly said
That they shall find who seek.

Go with me to the Sabbath-school,
Bless my kind teacher's care;
Make me attentive, gentle, meek,
To the instruction there.

And Father, when thou call'st thy child
From this dear home of love,
Oh, take me to thy glorious home
Of joy and peace above. S. R.

TRUE OBEDIENCE.

EDDIE is a bright, active boy, who thinks he loves the Saviour, and tries to please him.

He had just gone to a new home, and the kind lady with whom he lived told him she wished him to come in from play at a certain hour every afternoon. When the great town bell rung he must come in at once.

Right in front of the house is a large, beautiful common, and there in summer the boys meet to play base-ball. Eddie had never played the game until he came here, and he enjoyed it very much.

The next day after the lady made the rule he came promptly in while the bell was still ringing, and throwing himself upon the sofa cried bitterly. She asked him what was the

matter, and he said they were right in the midst of a game, and he "did want to stay so until it was finished."

That is true obedience which costs something. A. A.

LOVE.

ONCE there was a poor woman who had a little baby which she loved with all her heart; but she was so very, very poor that she could not even buy clothes to keep the little one warm. She lived in a village at the foot of a mountain, and on the other side of the mountain was another village, where she heard that she could find work in a factory, and so earn her living. But to reach it she must cross the mountain, and it was cold, winter weather. She started with her baby in her arms, and toiled slowly up the steep, snowy pathway. A storm began, and she lost her way. The piercing wind blew her miserable garments about, and the child cried piteously. The mother, though freezing herself, took off what clothing she had that possessed any warmth, and wrapping it round the child she put the little one in the cleft of a rock, while she hastened on to try and find the path which she had lost. Soon after, some men travelling over the mountain found a poor woman frozen to death in the snow, and hearing the cry of a child near by, they followed it, and there, in the cleft of a rock was the little baby safe and well! See how much this poor mother loved her child! She gave up her life to save it. And do you not know of One who gave his life for you? who loves you even more than a mother can? Yes; Jesus came to suffer and die that we might live for ever. A.

My little body's formed by God;
'Tis made of living flesh and blood;
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.

But God can keep me by his care;
To him I'll say this little prayer;
"O God, from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake, and when I sleep."



THE ANTELOPE.

It belongs to the deer family, but differs somewhat from that animal. The chamois and Saiga are found in Europe, the "Pronghorn" in America, and other species of antelope in the hottest parts of Asia and Africa. They are delicate and swift, and have large, beautiful, shining eyes. Their legs are slender and graceful, and longer before than behind, so that they can run well up hill. Some of these pretty creatures like the high mountains, others dwell in the deserts, and some prefer to be near rivers and marshy places. They live on vegetable food, and furnish delicious meat for men. The jackal, and tiger, and lion, and leopard, and other ravenous beasts are their enemies; but the antelope can outstrip these creatures by its swift legs, and they only overcome it by watching and pouncing upon it slyly.

The antelope is a great pet in our private and public parks. Perhaps you have seen it.

F. B. S.

"A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more:
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet,
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things."

GOD LOVES ME.

WHEN you were born, your mother loved you with her whole heart, didn't she? And when your little brother came, she loved him too, with her whole heart. But she did not love you any the less. She did not have to divide her heart, to give part of its affection to you and a part to your baby-brother. She kept on loving you just as she always had, and still had all the love she wanted for him. And so she would keep on if she had twelve children. She would love each one with her whole heart, as we say.

God's love is more perfect still; it is infinite love. He loves all his children as much as if each were the only one he had made. It often happens that little children, and indeed older people, feel, "God has so many to love and care for, so many that are better and lovelier than I, that he can't care very much for me. I am only a poor, little, weak, sinful child; nobody in this world seems to care much for me; and I don't see how God can, with all the beautiful angels and great and good people to love."

Dear child, remember now what I tell you: God's love, like the sunlight, shines upon all. This is such a precious, comforting thought, that I want you to enjoy it. God loves you as really as if you were the only child in the world. He has done

everything for you that he would have done if you alone had needed his care. You must never again feel that you are forgotten, that nobody cares for you. He knows your name, where you live, and all about you. He feels sorry for you when you are sad or suffering, and glad when you are happy. He wants you to love him and be good, and has prepared a delightful home for you when you die. It is wonderful, but true.

Before we are fairly started on our way to heaven, we must learn this one sweet lesson about love. For when we can say from the heart, "God loves me," how can we help loving him back again? Love wakens love. When a person truly loves us, and tells us so, and does everything possible to prove it, it wakes up the same feeling in our hearts in return. It is just as the warm spring sun draws the flowers up out of the ground. They can't help coming up to meet his warm rays, and blossom in his brightness. And then, when our hearts begin to give back love to God, how easy it is to please him, to obey his commands, to do as he wishes! We are glad and grateful; we joyfully serve him, delight to be near him, to read and hear and think about him, to pray to him, and be with him for ever.

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.



ALICE GREY'S KITTY.

I WENT to little Alice Grey's house the other day, and in a small light closet opening from the sitting-room was Ally's baby-house, and in it was a real set of doll's furniture. Beside the bed a very dignified doll sat in an easy chair; and I supposed she was left there to watch some sleeping doll in the bed.

But I was very much amused soon to notice the bed-clothes move, and a funny Maltese kitten turn round a little, and then settle herself down for another nap. Presently little Ally came in, and I said to her, "Your dolly seems to be taking care of the little kitten, Ally."

"Yes, aunty, I am kitty's mother now, and dolly's too; poor old pussy is dead, and Malta has no own mother; and mamma says I must be kind to kitty, and Bridget is to bring her some milk. I let little kitty sleep in my best doll's bed, and drink out of my goldest saucer, because she has no mother but me."

"By-and-by she'll be a cat, Ally, what then?"

"Oh, then she'll take care of herself. God has things all ready for big pussies—mice and rats and cold meat, and lots of things; and God lets little children take care of the very little pussies when they have no mother. So aunty, He thinks about the big ones and the little ones too."

"So he does, dear, and he is watching Ally as she kindly tends the motherless kitten. He has given Ally a kind and loving heart, and I trust she will never forget the great and good God who watches over her and little pussy."

C. E. R. P.

MADE CLEAN.

LITTLE Robert Cole used to stop on his way to school to chat with the cook in a gentleman's house, for whom he sometimes did errands.

"You keep 'em real bright," said he.

"Oh, yes, dear," said she; "I keep all my pans as bright as silver."

"Do you know who can make your soul as bright as silver?" asked the boy.

"Why, no; what do you mean, child?" answered the cook.

"It is God's Holy Spirit," said Robert. "The Bible says, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness'—that means sin—'and from all your idols will I cleanse you.' I learned that verse yesterday."

READING LESSONS.

I AM. We do. He is. Ye go. Do it. Be so. Do go. An ax. Go up. An ox. Go by. In it. Up on. At it. On us. Is it I? Do ye go? So be it. No, oh, no. I am by. We go up. He it is. Do it so.

ONE day I did buy a new hat for Sue. It had a red bow on it. I put it on the peg by the bed. Sue was out in the lot, she and her dog Boz. By-and-by she and Boz ran in, and lo, her eye lit on the hat. Up she got for the hat, but she hit her arm, and the hat fell. The dog got it in his paw, and bit the red bow.

“Go off, Boz! Let go, Boz,” Sue did cry, but Boz did not let go. She had to tug and tug to get it out of his paw, and oh, how it did try her. But she did not get mad, and cry, and hit the dog. No, oh, no; it is a sin to do so, and Sue did try not to sin.

PLANT A TREE

WHO will plant a tree this month? Let each boy and girl who can, do this. Choose some bare spot near your house, in the yard, or by the side of the road, and there plant one, or set one out.

Some live near the woods and can go there and find a young tree, pine, fir, spruce, oak, or elm; and this you can dig up and set out in the spot you choose. Mind and do not hurt the roots, or it will not live.

Some can plant a seed: a peach or plum-stone, or a nut, and it will grow to a tree.

It may be the house you live in is not yours, and you will say, “It is no use to plant a tree here, for I shall not be here to see it.” Oh, yes, do it. If you do not see the tree grow, some one else will, and it will do good, and give joy to them when you are far off or dead.



OPEN TO ME.

OPEN to me, little one,
Open wide the door;
I will come and dwell with you,
Never leave you more;
All the gifts you ask I'll bring
From my boundless store.

Open to me, little one,
It is dark within;
Dark and foul is every heart
Yet unwashed from sin;
I will bid the light to shine,
I will make you clean.

Open to me, little one,
No one loves like me;
I will call myself your Friend,
You my child shall be;
Hand in hand we'll daily go,
Oh, how happily.

Open to me, little one,
I will open to you;
In the unseen world above

I have mansions too;
And the gates, to others shut,
You shall enter through.

GOD GAVE.

ONE day last winter, a poor neighbor across the street came into our kitchen in great distress, because the hydrant was frozen.

We gave her a kettle of boiling water, and she soon came back with a brighter face.

"Sure, an' it did lots of good," said she. "I poured it in, and God gave me the water again, and I'm so thankful."

Do we always think of God as the giver of our common blessings? "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

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MORNING

NIGHT.



VOL. II.

JUNE, 1872.

NO. 6.



SUMMER DAYS.

ALL ARE WORKING.

The flowers are busy growing,
 These long, bright summer days;
 The sun is ever throwing
 Abroad his golden rays;
 To fruit the blossom changes,
 The blade sends forth the ear;
 And night with morning ranges
 Throughout the livelong year.

The little birds are tending
 Their helpless yearling brood;
 Now the dear nest defending,
 Now seeking pleasant food;
 The ant and bee are heaping
 Their winter's store to-day;
 Not one is idly sleeping
 The summer hours away.

Shall these in still enjoyment
 Their daily tasks pursue,
 And is there no employment,
 No work for me to do?
 A lesson let me borrow
 From insect, bird, and spray,
 And make each new to-morrow
 More busy than to-day.

With powers which God has given,
 A mind to think and plan,
 With promised joys in heaven;
 I'll work for God and man.
 No little one shall perish,
 No wanderer faint and fall;
 The aged I will cherish,
 And help and comfort all.

THE CROWNS OF GOLD.

"CHILDREN, if to each of you were given a gold crown, what would you do with it?" asked the superintendent of a Sunday-school.

"I would sell mine and buy me a soldier's coat, and a tall fur hat, like father's when he marches with his regiment," was Johnny's quick response.

"I would buy a big balloon," said Willie.

Robert said he would put his crown on his head and walk through the streets, that people might know how great and rich he was.

"I would rather have a box of carpenter's tools," said Claude.

Henry, who had just been reading about the poor Indians, thought he would like to purchase Bibles and comfortable clothes, and carry to them.

"Now, I would like to know what the little girls would do," said the superintendent.

"I would keep my crown, and wear it when I have my next birthday party," replied Dora, smoothing back her long brown curls.

"I think I'd rather have a big wax doll, and a doll's house full of all sorts of nice furniture," eagerly spoke up little Bessie.

"I would give mine to Mrs. Gray, to get some medicine for sick little Jenny," timidly replied Katy Brown. "They are so poor; yes, a great deal poorer than we are."

Mary had tried to speak, but there was something in her throat that almost choked her.

Presently the superintendent noticed her, and his kind, "Come, Mary, it is your turn now," encouraged her to reply.

"Oh, sir," said she, "I would lay my crown at Jesus' feet."

Dear readers of our little paper, what would you do had you a crown of gold?

Cousin Emma.

LITTLE FISHES.

I STOOD on a bridge by a beautiful waterfall and looked over to see the river full of little fishes, trying to go up. The water came down over the steep rocks very easily and prettily, but the way up was hard to find. Again and again the poor little fishes were washed down into the foam below, after they had almost worked themselves up over the jagged rocks. But they never seemed discouraged, though it must have hurt them to be dashed about so rudely. They kept on trying till they found their way up into the quiet water above the falls.

I wonder how many little boys and girls would take as much trouble to do a thing because it was right, as those little fishes took to get up the river, because they had an instinct to go.

Do you know what we have that is better than instinct? We have reason and conscience.

MORNING LIGHT.



WALTER'S PONY.

When Walter Simms was ten years old, his uncle gave him a pony, and many a nice ride he had over the pleasant hills with the beautiful creature.

There were some boys down in the next village who had a little wagon, but no pony. They asked Walter, one day, to come down with Brownie, and give them and their sisters a drive, and promised to lend him the wagon, to give his own sisters a drive.

This was grand fun, and Walter rode off as happy as a prince. He was to come home by eight o'clock.

But eight o'clock came, and no Walter. He was a prompt, obedient boy, and his mother felt no anxiety. "Something has detained him a few minutes," she thought; "he will soon be here." But when a half hour passed and it grew dark, she began to feel troubled.

"He surely would not stay beyond the time I named," she said, "for he is always so par-

ticular to mind me. I can trust Walter. Something must have happened;" and then she began to imagine all sorts of accidents. But what could she do? She was not well, and could not walk far. Walter's father was in the city, and she had no one to call upon. At last she thought of Ben the errand-boy, and ran to see if she could find him. Ben was very willing to start off in search of Walter.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and we can scarcely imagine how anxious the mother felt.

By-and-by she heard the tread of Brownie's feet, and then Walter's voice talking with Ben. She ran down the lane to meet them; and in a moment Walter sprang from Brownie's back, and threw himself into his mother's arms. She could feel him tremble all over, and the hot tears fell on her neck. She held him fast while Ben told how old Butterworth, a drunken, ill-natured man, had run into the little wagon, had upset it and broken the wheel, and then refused to give the boy any help. Walter hardly dared to leave the wagon behind, as it was not his own, and he could not drag it along though he tried very hard. It was growing dark and late, and he didn't know what to do till Ben came to his relief.

"Were you afraid?" whispered mother.

"Yes, indeed, mamma; wouldn't you have been?"

"And what did you do, dear? Did you cry?"

"No, I prayed with all my might," said Walter, "and God heard me, and sent Ben right along. I remembered what you told me, that God was a very present help in trouble; and now, mamma, I shall always know what to do when I get into a bad fix."

FRANKINCENSE.

THIS is the branch of a tree that grows in Syria and Arabia. A precious gum comes from it, which is brought to us in the form of yellowish tears, and of reddish small lumps, for there are two kinds. It has an odor like balsam, and a bitter, spicy taste. When burned it is fragrant and pleasant.

You read in the Old Testament that they burned incense in the temple at Jerusalem,



upon the golden altar, both morning and evening, when the lamb was being sacrificed upon the brazen altar. This incense represented the merits and intercession of our gracious Redeemer, which will make our prayers acceptable to our heavenly Father. It was a costly offering. God himself told Moses how to make it—of this gum, pure frankincense, with balm of Gilead, the purest of myrrh, onycha, which is a powdered shell, and galbanum, another strong gum. These precious things were to be beaten together, and made into a perfume that should be holy unto the Lord for His service. We should give all our most precious things to God. In the last book of the Bible we read:

"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer, and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints, upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand."

Do not forget that the merits of Jesus alone can make our prayers acceptable before God.



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Do you love the roses?
Do you think them sweet?
In the Rose of Sharon
All things lovely meet.

Jesus, Rose of Sharon,
Gives to human flowers
All their hues of beauty
In this world of ours.

Wish you his adorning?
Do you care to know
How to win and wear it?
Close to Jesus grow.

He is ever ready
Of his grace to give;
By the Rose of Sharon
We alone can live.

Fair, sweet Rose of Sharon,
Make us fair and sweet;
Give the shining graces
For thy flowers meet.

Over all our sin-stains
Cast thy righteousness;
In thy perfect image
We all charms possess.

THE RED HAND OF JESUS.

A NUMBER of years ago a Christian lady found a poor little deaf and dumb Irish boy, whom she pitied very much, and tried to teach. She succeeded in her efforts wonderfully;

Jack became a Christian, and died a very happy death. The lady tells this story of him:

"Some years before his death, Jack came to me one day full of excitement; and in answer to my questions said, that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud, 'Jack!' He would then start up and say, 'Yes, me Jack.' Then he would leave the ground and see multitudes gathered together, and God sitting on a cloud, with the 'Bible-book' in his hand.

"As he opened and examined it, he would come to the name of John Brit. He told me God had written on that page all his 'bads,' so that the page was full. God would look at the page, and hold it up to the light, but he could find nothing. It was all, 'No, no, nothing, none.' In some alarm I asked if he had done nothing bad. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'much bads;' but when he first prayed to Jesus Christ, Christ had taken the book from God's hand, found that page, and letting his hand bleed a little where the nail had been, had passed it down the page, so that 'God could see none of Jack's bads, nothing but Jesus Christ's blood.' Then God would shut the book, and Jack would stand there till Jesus came, and saying to God, 'My Jack,' would put his arm around him, and draw him aside to stand with the angels till the rest were judged."



WHO DID IT?

"MAMMA," cried little Harry Ray, running into the porch, "My seeds have all come up just where I planted them. Now, that's my garden; I made it all myself."

"Yes, dear," said his mother, "you worked well on that flower-bed, but *did* you make it all yourself? Did you plant pretty green leaves in your garden?"

"No, mamma, but I knew they'd come up green leaves."

"Then you didn't do quite all that was done in the flower-bed?"

"I did all I could," said the little boy; "I worked in it, and it wouldn't have been pretty if I had n't."

"You did all you could, my dear, but it would all have been of no

use if God had not done a great deal, too."

"I know," said Harry, "how it is that it's my garden, then. God must have made me a present of what he did on it. That's the way he does to everybody, is n't it?"

E. E. N.

WERTER.

I LOVED little Werter. He was a little, plump, black fellow, about a year old when his mother brought him into our house.

I soon began to show Werter the letters, and I taught him his prayers, and told him of the Father in heaven who made all things, and loves all that he has made. And when I asked Werter who made him, he would look at me with a glad smile, and say, "De good God made Erter." Sometimes he would sing with surprising sweetness, a verse about going home to glory, keeping time with his arms.

One day they told me my little pet was sick, and I hastened to the cabin to see him. As soon as he saw me he held out his hand, and said, "Erter's sick now; Erter's going away to de good place to hab wings like de angels." That night, about midnight, he opened his eyes, and looking up with a sweet smile, said distinctly, "De angel is come for Erter; Erter must go home." And without a struggle or a groan he closed his eyes and slept in the arms of Jesus.

M. C. E.

BIBLE PRAYERS FOR JUNE.

1. Give ear unto my prayer.
2. Hold up my goings.
3. Lord, remember me.
4. Save, Lord.
5. Teach me thy paths.
6. Have mercy upon me.
7. Attend unto my cry.
8. Create in me a clean heart.
9. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
10. Keep me.
11. Lead me in thy truth.
12. Let me not be ashamed.
13. Lord, be thou my helper.
14. Deliver me speedily.
15. Be not far from me.
16. Show me thy salvation.
17. Lead me in a plain path.
18. Renew a right spirit within me.
19. Give us help from trouble.
20. Pardon my transgressions.
21. Heal me, and I shall be healed.
22. Be merciful unto me, O Lord.
23. Hear me, O Lord.
24. Make haste to help me.
25. Be thou my strong habitation.
26. Abide with us.
27. O God, forsake me not.
28. Cause thine anger towards us to cease.
29. Rejoice the soul of thy servant.
30. Unite my heart to fear thy name.

A TREASURE in the head and heart is safer than gold stored in the chest.

WHO KNOWS BEST?

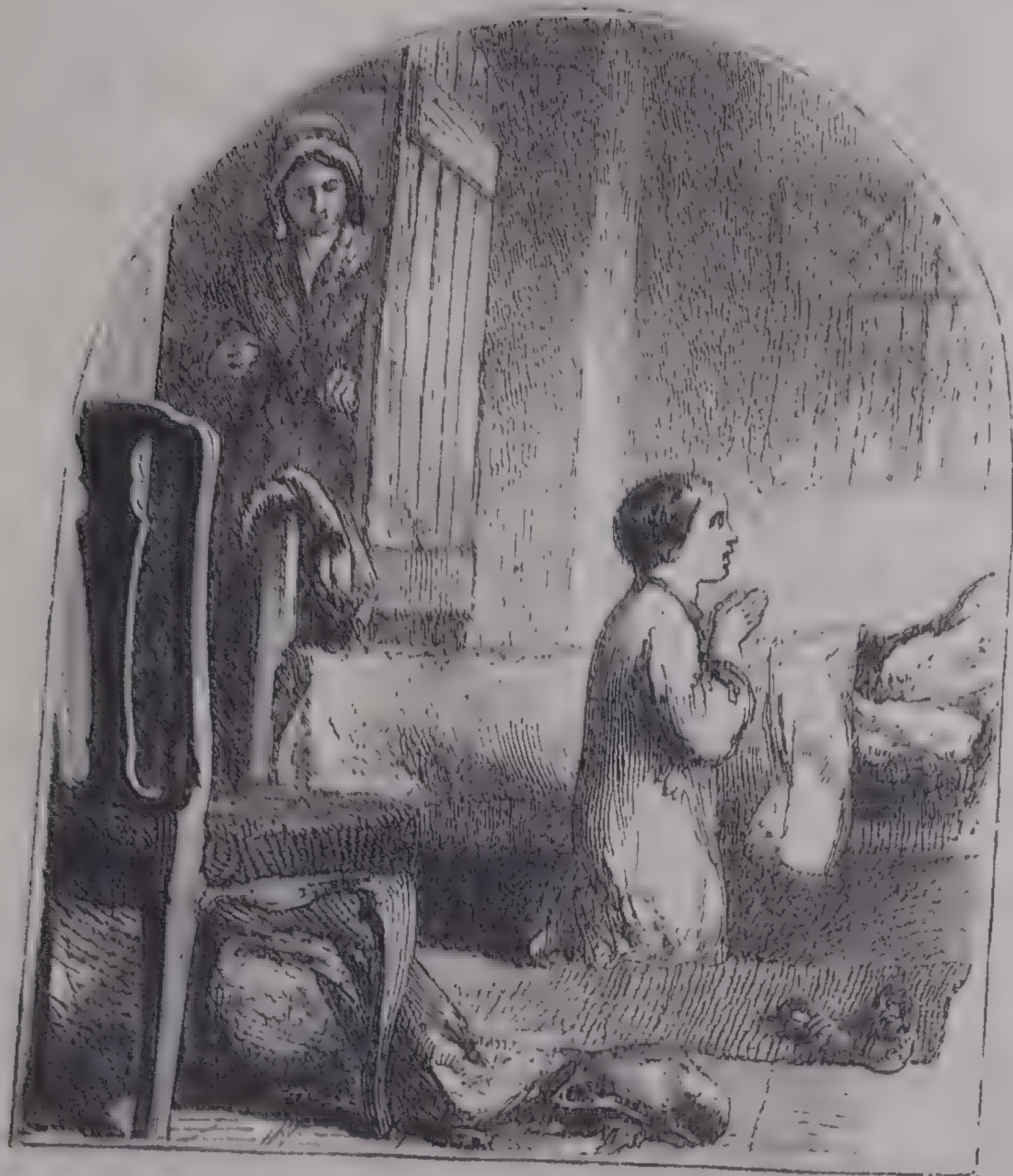
"I GUESS I'll go down to the pond and have a swim," said Ralph Jones one day.

"No, Ralph," said Aunt Jane, "not to-day. You have just come from a long walk, and are quite tired, and you have just dined. It will not do for you to swim now."

But Ralph chose to have his own way. "Pshaw," said he to his aunt, "it won't hurt me a bit, I know."

He went, but the pond was cold, and he was seized with a chill and a cramp, and would have sunk had not John Ball seen him just then. With a hard pull John got him to the shore, and some men took him home to his aunt. He found out, while he was sick on the bed, who knew best.

The best rule for boys, and girls too, is, "Do as you are bid, and not ask why." But if you do ask why, trust your friends to know more than you do, and mind what they say.



ALL READY FOR BED.

YES, Will Grant is ready for bed; and kneeling down he thanks our Father for his many mercies, asks forgiveness for his sins, through the dear Son, and then he adds,

“O Lord, bless and take care of my precious mother. Show me some way in which I can help her. I am young and can do but little: wilt thou lead me in the right way, and teach me how to be her comfort and support?”

Then with the ever new old verse, “Now I lay me

down to sleep,” he arose and jumped into bed.

So earnest was he that he did not hear his mother when she gently opened the door, to come in to say good-night to her dear son. She heard the voice of her child, and clasped her hands in humble thanksgiving when she heard him pray for his “precious mother.”

“I feel that this is holy ground,” she said to herself, as she quietly turned her steps to her own room.

So, dear reader, when night comes and you lay your garments by, will you not, like Will Grant, put up your earnest prayers before you say to yourself that you are all ready for bed?

C. P.

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MORNING & NIGHT.

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JULY, 1872.

NO. 1.



THE BROKEN ALE-JUG.

THE BROKEN ALE-JUG.

THE jug is broken; let it go;
 My son, you need not cry;
 An ale-jug is a man's worst foe,
 'Tis full of trouble, want, and woo;
 It's better broken, that I know;
 So cheer up, cheer up, boy.

Now a new life of strength and hope
 I can this day begin;
 I'm better off without the cup,
 It drinks my life and comfort up;
 So now farewell to jug and shop,
 To whiskey, ale, and gin.

Come, join with me, my little man,
 And here we will engage
 Henceforth from liquor to abstain;
 To help each other all we can,
 And save ourselves from sin and pain,
 We'll sign and keep the pledge.

JESUS CHRIST.

As I was studying the New Testament the other day, I came upon a very sweet thought about the name of our blessed Saviour.

Jesus was the name the angel gave to Mary his mother for him before he was born. It means SAVIOUR: "for he shall save his people from their sins." The name CHRIST means *anointed*, or chosen, and shows that he was chosen of God to be the Redeemer of a sinful world, ages and ages before he was born. Jesus is his name as the son of man, Christ as the Son of God. Jesus is the earthly name, Christ is the heavenly. Jesus Christ is God come down from heaven into a human form, to reveal the heavenly Father to us; the mediator between man and God to draw us up to the Father. The two names form a beautiful double link between God and us.

I had never thought of this before, and it came to me as a very beautiful idea. I felt that I should never want to speak to or of the dear Saviour again, but by both his names, Jesus Christ. The first name is very sweet, but not half so sweet and grand as when the second is added to it.



GOD'S SIGN.

"THAT is God's sign," said Mary Nea, as she stood one summer afternoon looking at a rainbow.

"What do you mean?" asked Nora Collins.

"It's a sign that there shall never be another deluge on the earth. Once there was a deluge, and the whole world was drowned."

"All the folks?"

"All but eight, who were saved in a big boat-house. Then when the rain was over God set this lovely rainbow in the sky, and said, 'That is a sign that I will never let it rain so hard and long again.'"

"Where did you learn that?" asked Nora wondering.

"I read it in the Bible. The Bible is full of just such nice stories."

"But I wonder how God makes a rainbow; do you know?"

"The light shines through the rain-drops, my teacher says," answered Mary.

That set Nora wondering again. "I mean to go to school and learn something," said she.

"Better go to Sunday-school too," said Mary. "Sunday is another of God's signs, our teacher says."

WATER.

To the days of the aged it addeth length;
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
 It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.

MORNING LIGHT.



THE VELVET PRINCIPLE.

DEAR children, the worst troubles in the world come from quarrelling, and quarrelling comes from ungoverned desires and tempers. The Bible tells us that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." See the boys in the picture. One has come to the other with a sharp look and word, the other will perhaps turn away the wrath by a meek spirit and a gentle answer.

Some boys had once been out in the woods for a ramble, and lost their way. By the edge of a field they saw a man coming along, and ran to him to ask where they were. He was very cross—perhaps he was in trouble—and gave them a surly answer. "Just then another man came along, with a merry smile on his face. "Jim," said he, "a man's tongue is like

a cat's, it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sandpaper, just as he likes to use it; and I declare, you always seem to use your tongue for sandpaper. Try the velvet, man, try the velvet principle."

Boys and girls, which do you like best used on you, the sandpaper or the velvet tongue? And which are you most in the habit of using? You will find the velvet the pleasanter, both ways, I am sure. The next time you are tempted to speak a cross, angry word, think and try the velvet principle. No matter if others are sharp and cross to you, be meek and gentle in return; and oh, how much mischief you will prevent, and how much unhappiness.

I have read somewhere that the soft answer is like a lightning-conductor, that turns away danger from the house over which it is placed.

PATIENCE.

My yellow-bird has four wee eggs,
Four wee eggs in her nest;
All the day long she patiently sits,
Covering them with her breast.

Maybe she's thinking that by-and-by
Four little birds will be there;
Four birdies bright whose love will repay
All her trouble and care.

Beautiful patience, that sitteth serene,
Waiting God's time to bless,
Never shall fail, when His time has come,
Beautiful things to possess. F. B. S.

PRAYING.

"It is a very solemn thing to pray," said Miss Wells. "It makes us feel very serious when we think that we are standing right before God, the great and holy God, who can look straight into our hearts and see all that is going on there. And at the same time it is very pleasant, for God is so kind and loving that he bids us draw near, and makes us welcome, and promises to give us what we ask. I hope all of you pray, my dear children."

They all said they did.

The teacher fixed her eyes on one little boy in the group, and said slowly, "No, Archie, not you; I fear you do not pray."

"I do, though," said the boy, turning very red in the face; "I pray every morning, and night, and other times too."

"Perhaps you say your prayers," said the teacher, "but you know

"God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too."

Miss Wells knew something about Archie.

It seems to me that the child who truly prays will not be cross and selfish, or disobedient, or passionate; he will not tell a lie, or take what is not his own, for he asks God to forgive his sin, and to keep him from all sin; and if he means what he says, God will answer his prayer, and will keep him from falling into naughty ways.



You see this great noble Newfoundland dog with the basket in his mouth. He can be trusted to go to the market and bring home the meat, though it is close under his nose and must strongly tempt him; for dogs are made that they crave and need flesh food. I have seen children take a cake or a bun from the parcel they were carrying to mother, and tip the milk-pail to their lips to get a drink. A boy or girl with an immortal soul less honest than a brute!

We ought to treat dogs well, for they feel a cruelty more keenly than most animals; and we can teach them many pretty and useful ways if we deal patiently and kindly with them. The Newfoundland is partly web-footed, which makes him a good water-dog. These creatures have saved many people from drowning. In the right-hand corner of the picture is a St. Bernard dog, with a flask of spirit tied around his neck. He is sent out from the hospice in the Swiss mountain, to search in the deep snow for freezing travellers. It is only to save life that we should dare to take strong drink. In the left-hand corner is a Spaniel, an affectionate, playful little fellow; but I love my great Newfoundland best. F. B. S.

FRANKIE'S PRAYER.

SITTING at the window one day, my attention was attracted by seeing the driver of a stage coming up the street suddenly check his horses, spring from his seat, and hurry up the steps of the house opposite. Looking up, I saw Frankie, our neighbor's youngest child, seated in the gutter that ran under the eaves of the house. He seemed very happy, and sat rocking his body with an easy swing, clasping the edge of the gutter, and gazing around as unconcerned as could be.

Breathless with fear, I stood still and looked. I soon saw his father and grandmother come to the window out of which the boy had climbed; then with a long reach and a strong arm, the father grasped the child and drew him in.

A while after I called at the house, and found the child had been severely punished and put to bed. The grandmother thought it was very cruel. But the mother said she must do something to save the child's life perhaps, and to keep her from a constant anxiety. "I think the punishment will do him good," she said, "for just now I heard his voice, and as I listened I found he was praying. Between his sobs I could hear the words, 'Please, God, don't let me do so no more; and please don't never let the horse kick me or the cow hook me, and don't let me go

into the street when my mother tells me not to.' I always think," continued the mother, "when a child prays after he has been punished, it will do him good."

E.

THE BIBLE.

Do you know, dear children, why the Bible is called by this name? I will tell you.

Before people knew anything of printing-paper, books were written on a preparation of the plant called *papyrus*, or *paper-reed*. The thin inside bark of this plant was cut in strips and prepared for this purpose. In the language in which the Bible was written this plant was called *biblos*, and a book made from it, *biblion*. From this we have the word Bible, which means *the book*; because this book is the most wonderful and the best that ever was written.

Sometimes you hear the Bible called the Holy Scriptures. Before the art of printing was known, books were written by hand, by men called *scribes*, or writers. The books they wrote were *scriptures* or writings, and the Bible books *the scriptures*, or the holy writings.

"Search the Scriptures," said Jesus to the Jews. It was as if he had told them, Read and study your Bible. It is "given by inspiration of God;" that is, it is God's own word to us, and therefore it is our solemn duty to read and obey it.

A STRANGE DOLL.

Would the tiny girls who watch for the "Morning Light," like to hear what a queer dolly was once found in Mary Hall's crib? Her crib was not much longer than your papa's boot, and she had made all the bedding that was in it. There were pillows, mattress, sheets, and a quilt. Dolly wore a blue dress, pink sash, white sack, and a ruffled night-cap. Do not laugh, for years ago all babies wore night-caps. But fine clothes do not make pretty faces, and this one that peeped above the white sheets, was brown and hairy. Dollie would not lie still, so Mary tied it fast, else she knew it would run away. Yes, run away, for it was not made by hands; it could eat, move, and feel; it was a fat roly-poly of a mouse. She had begged her papa to give it to her. She wasn't a bit afraid of it, for she saw in everything made by God something to pet and love.

Aunt D—.

OVER THE LEFT.

"Did you break that cup? Did you?" asked the mother of a careless little fellow whom I had just seen pounding the cup rudely with his hammer. She spoke sternly.

"No, I did not," he answered quickly and boldly; then turning aside I heard him mutter, "over the left."

"Why, Jim Hopkins," said I, "what do you mean by telling such a lie?"

"It wasn't a lie," he answered; "I said, 'Over the left.'"

I was perfectly astonished. "Do you suppose that saying those words changes a lie into the truth?" I asked.

"To be sure," said he. "Didn't my sister tell me one day that I needn't *always* speak the truth; I could say what I chose if I only contradicted it inside right off."

"But, O Jim Hopkins, what does God say, the great God of heaven and earth? He says, 'Thou shalt not lie.' He tells you to speak 'the truth *in your heart*.' He knows your very thoughts, and he says, 'Liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'"



A little while after I saw him sitting all alone, with his lesson-book in his hand. But he wasn't studying, he was thinking. What do you suppose he was thinking about?

A WISE man cares not for what he cannot have.

READING LESSONS.

I AM. He is. It is. We do. Go ye. I go. Do it. Be so. Go on. Of us. In it. Go up. Go by. Do so. Oh, fie! Ah, no. I do. We go. I am to go up on it or by it on my ox. We do go by it, at it, on it, if ye do so.

A GUN, my boy? Do you ask me, Joe, to let you buy a gun? I can not. A gun is not fit for a boy. A man can use a gun, but a boy can not. Ask Jim Ray if he has a gun. Jim had a gun one day. How did he pay for it? He had the gun and the fun, but had to pay for it by the loss of his eye and his arm. See him now with his one eye and one arm. He can not dig or hoe, he can not see to do a fine job, and he is sad, and ill, and poor. Ask Jim; go and ask him now, if I may let you buy a gun. He will say, "No, no, a gun is not fit for a boy; a boy can not use a gun."

ALL MUST PRAY.

Boys and girls, let us pray. We will look up to God on this bright day, as we rise from our beds and breathe the fresh, sweet air. Now let us thank God for all, and ask his care and help to-day. We need his care to keep us from all harm, we need his help to keep us from sin, and that we may please him; for to please God should be the great thought with us.

Now pray, and say,

O God, I thank thee for all thy love and care from the first day of my life till now. Help me to show my thanks and love to thee in my heart and in my life. Help me to do all thy will, to hate sin, to choose and try to please thee. Make my heart pure; fill it full of light, that I may see thy way, and full of love to Christ who died to save me. May I walk in the way that leads up to thee, and when I die take me to dwell with thee, in joys that have no end.



DOLLY AND I.

Out in the merry sunshine,
 Dear little Dolly and I,
 Off for a tramp through the meadow,
 With nobody very nigh.
 Over the fence in a twinkling,
 Dear little Dolly and I;
 Up to our knees in the grasses,
 Watching the birdies fly.
 Off to the leafy maple,
 Dear little Dolly and I;
 Under the pleasant shadow
 I'll sing a lullaby.
 Dolly gets very sleepy,
 Sitting so still on my lap;
 As I hush her very softly,
 She'll lie and take a nap.

Out in the merry sunshine
 Dear little Dolly and I,
 Sitting beneath the maple
 Where only God is nigh.

THE CROSS.

A LITTLE girl had a coral
 cross which she wore about
 her neck. One day she broke
 it by accident, and brought
 it to her father to be mend-
 ed. "Yes, my child," said
 he, "I will mend it, and at
 the same time teach you a
 lesson, how your life may
 be without a cross. See,
 the long piece represents
 God's will, the short one
 your will. Lay your will
 alongside of God's will, and
 you have no cross; but lay
 it athwart, and you have a
 cross at once."

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MORNING EIGHT.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1872.

NO. 8



THE FLOCK OF SHEEP.

THE FLOCK OF SHEEP.

I SAW at the Park a large flock of fine sheep. They were on a wide lawn, where the grass was fresh and sweet and green as could be; and they seemed to have a good time as they strayed from spot to spot, feeding. A good way off from the sheep, where a large tree cast a cool shade, stood a man with a crook in his hand. He had the care of the flock; and by his side stood a black dog. The dog was not large, nor had he the wise look some dogs have. He was quite plain, but yet I soon saw that he knew a great deal.

The sun had just sunk in the west, and night would soon come on. It was time for the flock to be shut up in the fold. But how were they to be brought in? "It will be a hard task," thought I, "to call these sheep from all sides of this wide lawn, and to drive them to the fold; for while this one comes, that one will stray off. I do not see how it is to be done."

But the man seemed to feel no care. I saw him call the dog to his side and say a few words to him—when lo! the dog starts and runs toward the flock. He aims at the far end of the lawn; and as soon as a sheep sees the dog she comes at once and joins the flock. They all seem to know when the dog goes on a quick run to this and that one, what he means, though he does not bark or howl or make the least noise; and in a short time, much less time than it takes me to tell it, all the stray sheep had come in, and the flock went on their way at a quick pace toward the fold.

Then I had some grave thoughts, and I spoke them in low words to my own self, for there was no one with me: "Some of us are Christ's sheep; and when he sends to us to tell us it is time to go home, do we mind in this way? Do we turn at once from all our work and joys, as these sheep did from the sweet, fresh grass, and with no word of grief, no sigh or tear, turn to our home? Christ's home is our home if we are his people. Death is the door by which we go out from our home on earth to that one. But we must not fear

to go through that door. It looks dark on our side, for it is in the shade; but when we get in all will be bright, and so full of joy and peace that we shall be glad to be there.



My children, did you ever see
A pretty chicken, bright and free,
Running about a farmer's yard,
While the hen-mother kept her guard?

The cunning little thing could stand
With both its feet inside your hand;
And then would look so very small,
You'd think it had no sense at all.

But chick could teach a wholesome rule
To boys and girls who go to school;
Some mind not what their mothers say,
But little chickens all obey.

And when a faint "Cluck, cluck" is heard,
The tiny feet are quickly spurred,
And off they run to mother's side,
As fast as little things can glide.

Now, little children, try and see
If you who talk and read can be
As quick as chickens to obey
Whatever your kind mothers say. E.

THERE was a farmer who never had good crops. At length some one came and said, "I will tell you why you never have good crops; it may be you do not steep your seed?" "No, indeed," answered the farmer; "and I don't know who does. Who ever heard of such a thing?" "Oh," said his neighbor, "that is the only right way; the seed must be steeped in prayer."

MORNING LIGHT.



“SUFFER little children, and forbid them not
to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom
of heaven.”

Little children, come to Jesus,
Hear him saying, “Come to me;”
Blessed Jesus! who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary.
Little souls were made to serve him,
And his holy law fulfil,
Little hearts were made to love him
Little hands to do his will.

Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heaven above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour’s wondrous love;

Little tongues to sing his praises,
Little feet to walk his ways,
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays.

A LITTLE newsboy, to sell his paper, told a
lie. The matter came up in Sunday-school.
“Would you tell a lie for three cents, Dick?”
asked the teacher. “No, ma’am.” “For a
dollar?” “No, ma’am.” “For a thousand
dollars?” A thousand dollars looked big.
While Dick was thinking, another boy cried
out, “No, ma’am; ’cause when it was all gone
the lie would be left there all the same.”

FEAR nothing but sin.

DOING GOOD.

"I wish I could find an agate," said Walter Beers, rummaging the drawer where he kept his marbles.

"What do you want of it just now?" asked mother; for Walter had his books in his hands for school.

"Oh, for something," said he, boy-like.

But on questioning a little, mother found out all she wished to do. Walter had a seat-mate at school who was a heedless fellow, always breaking rules and getting into disgrace.

"And I told him one day," said Walter, "that I'd give him my prettiest agate if he wouldn't get a demerit all that day."

"Well, didn't he?"

"No, he was real good; so I told him the next day the same, and I've kept on till I can't find another to give him. I thought I did have one more in here."

"Does he earn an agate every day?"

"Oh, no; sometimes he doesn't get one for two or three days, he is so careless."

This had then been going on for some time, and Walter pitying his schoolfellow, who he said was poor, and he guessed didn't have anybody to care much for him, was trying to help him. How pleased his mother was!

"What will you do when the agates fail?" she asked.

"Then I'll find a top, or picture, or something. I guess I'll keep it up," said he, "while he sits with me; that won't be long. Perhaps it will get him into the way of thinking about the rules, and minding them."

CHARLIE'S PLAN.

"CHARLIE, boy, with fleecy hair
Floating on the sunny air,
While the winds your ringlets shake,
Tell me what you mean to make."

And he said, in earnest tone,
Just as if he were full grown,
"Mother, dear, I have a plan,
For I mean to make a man."

This he said one summer's day,
As we spent an hour in play;
And the child, with loving grace,
Turning, looked into my face.

"Then, my boy," I quick replied,
As I clasped him to my side,
"*Always do the best you can,*
That's the way to make a man."



NICE work for a rainy day. Save your pennies and buy a book and pencil, and see what you can do. Perhaps you will one day become a great artist.

When Benjamin West was six years old, he drew his baby sister's face. When his mother saw it she kissed him. "That kiss," said he, "made me a painter."

THAT small things make the great things
Is true as true can be;
'Tis just an ocean of little drops
That makes the mighty sea.

The good things are the grand things;
And each some good may do,
And so the way to be grand folk
Is open to me and you.

"WITHIN thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God."

JESUS SAID SO.

"I do n't believe there is any hell, as the preachers tell us about," said Jack McFale, as he sat on his bench outside the door, talking with his neighbor one summer evening. "God is too kind to let the poor creatures he has made suffer for ever and for ever for doing bad things in this life, when half the time they don't know any better."

"Well, neighbor, I can't say from my own knowledge, for you see I've never been to that other world to find out. And I don't know as I should believe it just 'cause the preachers say so, for they've never been there either, and I might think they guessed at it. And it would n't make any difference with me that the poor creatures that do such bad things, as you say, don't know any better, because I know the great God is wise enough to arrange all that. But there's one thing I can't get over: the most that's been told us about that dreadful place has come from One who has been in both worlds, and knew all about it. That's the Lord Jesus Christ; and surely he knew more than any of us about the great love and mercy of God, too, and yet he talked in plain words about hell, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; about a worm that never dies, and a great gulf fixed between the good and bad; about the torments, and no water to cool

the parched tongue. What does such talk mean, neighbor? Don't you think Jesus Christ knew what he said?"

THE RAT'S HAND.

It is his long tail that acts as a hand. If you watch the creature, you will see how his tail helps him to crawl upon the tops of fences and the ledges of walls. Sometimes he balances himself with it, and sometimes he twines it around parts of the places where he crawls. Then he uses it when he wants to spring to any height, as we would put a hand upon a place to help us to leap up.

Curious animals these rats are, and as numerous as people, in our cities. They do much good in our sewers, by eating up the things that would putrefy and breed disease. I want you to remember that one rotten potato in a cellar would bring sickness to a house quicker than a dead cat would. Decaying vegetable matter is dreadful to have upon your premises. Be careful to keep free from it.

F. B. G.

RIGHT CRYING.

SOME little children were crying for food. "You don't cry right," said a little boy who happened to go by; "you must cry to the Lord. David said, 'In my distress I cried to the Lord;' and the Lord heard him."



IDLE ANNA.

"My little Anna doesn't like to sew at all; I don't know what I shall do about it," said a little girl's mamma to me one day.

I looked at the child. She was letting the kitty play with her ball of cotton, forgetting all about the stint her mother had given her.

I called her in and took her up in my lap, and asked her if I should tell her a story. She liked stories better than work, I could see in a moment.

"Anna, my little dear," I said, "there is a little bird down by the river that likes to sew, if you don't."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Shall the birds go ahead of you? She even spins her own thread. Think of that! They call her the tailor-bird. When she wants a nest, in the first place she flies off into the cotton field, and gets the cotton to

make her thread. Then she takes a large leaf and doubles it, and sews it up like a bag; and she fastens her ends strongly, too, so that they will not slip. When the bag is made she draws another leaf over the top, to keep out the sun and the rain, and then she flies away for some more cotton to line it with; and when it is all done she hangs it on the branch of a tree that droops over the water. And there the little ones, when they come, rock to and fro in the nicest, softest cradle that ever birdies had.

"Think of the smart little creature, and here is our Anna with two nice hands to sew with, and two nice eyes to see the stitches with, and thread already spun for her, does not want to learn how to make an apron for her dear baby sister. I would try, if I were you, to learn and do as well as the birds."

The little puss ran for her work, and for a few minutes the needle went in and out quite nimbly. I hope this industrious fit will last.

DELIGHTFUL PRAISE.

"My son is now twenty-five years old," said a mother to her friend, at the same time wiping tears of gratitude from her face, "and he has always remembered what I taught him in his childhood. He has been a good son. *He has never brought a tear to his mother's eye.*"

BIBLE TEXTS

FOR EACH SUNDAY IN AUGUST.

4. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Psa. 51:2.

11. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John 1:9.

18. Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. Rev. 3:20.

25. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. Psa. 1:1.

 POOR TOM.

Poor Tom! How can he be a good boy? I am sure I should not be good if I had to lead such a life as he does. He lives in an old house not fit for a pig, sleeps on a bunch of straw, and does not have half as much as he needs to eat. He has no one to wash him, to brush his hair, to mend his clothes, to speak a kind word to him. So he goes all the day half-starved, in dirt and rags.

He has no one to tell him right from wrong, or to help him to be good. It is not strange, I am sure, that he is such a boy. He is bad; he does not mind; he says vile words; he steals bird's nests; he fights the boys; he has many bad ways.

There is a cause for all this sad state of things. Can you guess what it is? It all comes from gin. His father and mother both drink gin. So the house goes to wreck—they have no food, they have no clothes, they take no care of Tom, but often scold and beat him.

I tell you I feel sad for the boy, do not you? Let us try to save him. God feels for him, I know, and He will help us care for him. We will make him clean, and feed him, and then we can teach him to be good.

Oh, what a curse is strong drink! Oh, what a sin and shame it is to drink it! You and I must not touch it; no, not one drop.



GOING TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I AM so happy all day long,
 I cannot keep from singing;
 Glad words are ever on my tongue,
 And merry thoughts are springing;
 My heart with praise and joy is full,
 For, oh, I love the Sunday-school.

Fly swiftly, week-days, come and go,
 And bring the holy morning;
 I rise, with pleasure all aglow,
 To greet its early dawning;
 And ready to obey each rule,
 I hasten to the Sunday-school.

Like music sound the sacred bells
 That call me to my teacher;
 Such kindness in her bosom dwells,
 It shines in every feature;

And never are the moments dull
 I spend within the Sunday-school.
 I think of children far and near,
 Who have no Sabbath teaching;
 Dear Jesus, unto them appear,
 Thine arms of love outreaching
 Of thee, so kind and merciful,
 Oh, let them learn in Sunday-school.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

WHEN "poor Betsy," first
 heard of Jesus, she gave him
 her whole heart; and the
 more she loved him the more
 she hated what was wrong.

"How I hates sin," she
 said one day. "'Pears 'tis
 just like a great black snake,
 so sly and ugly; I'm right
 scared at it."

"What do you do?" I asked.

"I runs and hides behind
 Jesus; and it can't come
 thar, no how."

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NO. 9.



IN PRISON.

IN PRISON.

"SUSAN, the next time you come, bring baby," called Jim Herriek out of the jail window.

He had been in prison three months, and had almost two years more to stay. It is hard for a man to go to prison; to have to leave his home and all its comforts, the fresh, pure air of heaven, and the liberty of going and coming at his own will; it is very hard. But then, Jim Herriek needn't have been there; he had that thought to dwell upon in his loneliness. If he had let whiskey alone, and had learned when he was young to govern his naughty temper, he might now have been a free and happy man. But he would drink, all we could do, and when he was drunk he would fight; and so he got into a quarrel with a neighbor just about an umbrella, and killed him. The judge made his sentence as light as he could, but he had to go to prison for two years.

His poor wife went often to see him; and one day he said to her, "Susie, why don't you bring baby to see me?"

So she did. The sight of the chubby, laughing face made the man feel very sad, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Susie," said he when he could speak, "don't let baby ever come to this; don't."

The wife didn't answer. The very same thought was passing through her own mind: "I must never let baby come to this."

"But how can I prevent it?" she kept saying to herself all the way home. "Oh, dear, we cannot see what is before us; we cannot tell what our dear children will come to."

She thought a good deal about it, and by-and-by it began to grow clearer to her how she could save her dear baby from ever going to prison.

"I'll keep him from the drink," said she. "But then, I must never taste it myself. Well, I never will."

Again she thought, "I must teach him to hold in his naughty temper. Then I must never get angry. This will be hard, but I will try."

"I think," she said another time, "I think if he is a Christian, that will keep him from going to prison; for Christians try to please the Lord, and hate all wicked ways; and they have God to help them do right too. Yes, my baby must be a Christian. But how can he be, unless I am one too? I will go to God and ask him to give me a new heart, and help me to bring up my boy aright."

Yes, mother, that is it. Fear God and keep his commandments, and bring your baby up to do the same, and you need not fear that he will ever be shut up in prison like his wretched father.

But if you are careless and wicked, your boy won't have to wait until he is old as his father to get there. Look at this picture.

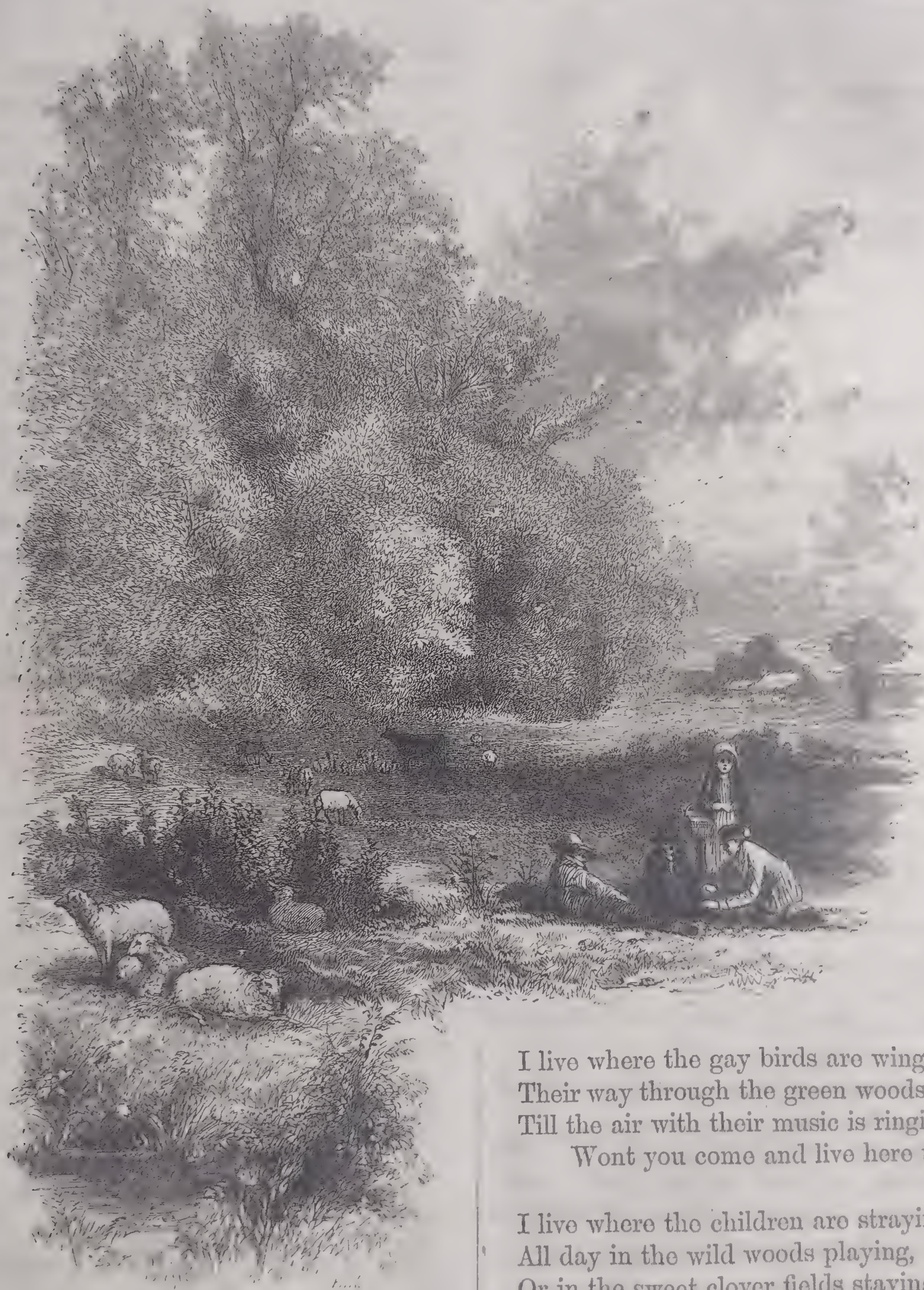


It is bad enough for a man to be chained and locked up away from his fellow creatures. But of all sad sights one of the very saddest is to see a boy in prison.

As we by water wash away
Uncleanness from our flesh,
And sometimes often in a day
Ourselves are fain to wash;
So every day, thoughts, words, and deeds
The soul do sully so,
That often every day she needs
Unto her cleanser go.

KEEP good men company, and you shall be of the number.

MORNING LIGHT.



THE COUNTRY BOY.

I LIVE where the fresh winds are blowing,
Where flowers and grasses are growing,
Where the tiny, bright rivers are flowing:
Wont you come and live here too?

I live where the gay birds are winging
Their way through the green woods singing,
Till the air with their music is ringing:
Wont you come and live here too?

I live where the children are straying
All day in the wild woods playing,
Or in the sweet clover fields staying:
Wont you come and live here too?

You hear about God from your teachers,
But flowers and birds are our preachers,
And God in his works seems to reach us:
Wont you come and live here too?



THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

LITTLE Bessie was very sick, not so ill that it was thought she would die, but she had a high fever and much pain, and might grow much worse. She thought so herself, and for fear she might, and then should not be able to talk to her dear father and mother, she made up her mind to say to them at the first all she should wish to if she had to die. So she called her mother to her bedside, and began:

"Mother, dear, I'm pretty sick, aint I?"

"Yes, dear; very."

"Very sick; perhaps I shall die, mamma."

"Oh, no, darling; I hope you're not so ill as that."

"But, mamma, maybe I shall be, and there is one thing I want to tell you, because it may comfort you to know it."

"What is it, darling?" asked mother almost trembling.

"Why, mamma, if I die I want you to know that I am a Christian."

The mother's heart bounded with joy. She kissed Bessie, and told her how glad it made her to know that her darling belonged to Christ, and so was safe whether she lived or died.

Bessie got well, but she said afterwards she was glad she had told her mother this, for now instead of praying that she might be converted, as her parents did every day, they would pray that Jesus would help her to live as a little Christian should.

THE SABBATH STONE.

IN one of the coal mines of England there is a stone which the miners call "The Sabbath Stone."

Some of these mines are deep down under the sea, and there are places where the coal has been dug out so near to the sea, that you can hear the wash and roar of the waves as they dash against the thin wall, which seems as if it might be broken through at any moment. The men are very careful, for this noise sounds frightful, and they feel very unsafe.

In one place the water trickles through the wall, drop by drop, all the time. There is a great deal of lime in this water, which is left on the surface of the rocks, and makes them pure and white as snow. At first it is soft, but soon grows hard as marble. Each night, when the miners are not at work, and no dust is rising, a white streak is thus formed, and when they do not work from Saturday to Monday, this becomes three times as broad.

But if they work on the Sabbath, they see it marked against them in the stone. So Sunday keeps its own record on those black walls.

Perhaps some of us who are now careless about God's holy day, would spend it better if there were a "Sunday stone" on which we could see our unkept Sabbaths marked.

GOD'S CARE.

I AM only two years old;

I am scarcely two feet tall;

Yet the Saviour cares for me,

As I know he cares for all.

He it is who gives me bread;

Gives me all the clothes I wear;

He it is who gives me friends,

And he's with me everywhere.

He can see me all day long,

And all through the long, dark night;

He can see when I do wrong,

And whenever I do right.

I will always strive to be

Loving, gentle, meek, and mild;

Follow in my Saviour's steps,

And for ever be his child. M. E. E.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

LILLIE H—— is a little girl only eight years old, but she loves Jesus, and is trying to work for him. A little while ago she sent this nice letter to New York, to the Tract-House.

“Enclosed I send one dollar for Foreign Missions. On February 18th I commenced doing just a little for Jesus every day. I lay by one penny a day, and I now have a dollar to send for children who do not know Jesus their Saviour. I hope to have some more some day.”

Jesus loves such offerings from his little friends. And if they begin while they are young to work for the dear Saviour, they will find it more and more pleasant the older they grow. Doing good will never be a task for them.

Mamie W—— is another little girl who is beginning to work for Jesus. She is eleven years old. She keeps a mite-box, into which she puts her savings and earnings. The other day she found her box quite full, and concluded to open it and take out the money for some poor children in whom she took a great interest. She had, besides, a few silver coins which had been given her at various times by friends, and which she prized very much. Jesus put it into her heart to add these silver pieces to the contents of her box. Her first thought was, “How

can I give them up?” but that only lasted a moment, and she was soon ready to give them too. She put them with the rest in a box, and wrote a little note to go with them to the friend who was to spend them for the poor children. Then turning to her mother, she said:

“Mamma, it took all the selfishness for the time out of my heart, when I felt willing to give up my silver pieces; and I could have gone then and taken every bit of my money out of the savings-bank, and given all that to Jesus.”

But giving money is not all the service little ones can offer to Jesus. Some cannot earn or save pennies, and have no silver coins to give. What shall they do?

Speak a good word for the temperance cause. Bring a companion to the Sunday or week-day school. Read a chapter in the Bible, or sing a sweet hymn to a sick neighbor. Lend your picture-paper to the little boy or girl who has none.

Anything which is right and helpful will please Jesus, dear children. A pleasant word, a cheery smile, a cup of cold water to the thirsty, a helping hand when mother is tired or busy, an errand for father—any useful and kind act will be your work for the dear Saviour whom you love and who loves you. Do what your hands find to do, and do it with all your might.

SELFISHNESS.

Two great dogs were having a fight
Over a greasy bone;
They began at each other to snarl
and bite,
Leaving their dinner alone.

A cunning cat came stealing along
Upon her velvety feet;
And while the dogs were quarrelling,
She carried off the meat.

It often happens when greedy folks
A selfish spirit betray,
The very things that they seem to
have
Are suddenly taken away.

To share our goods is to increase;
It is our Lord's great pleasure,
When what he gives is rightly used,
To overflow our measure. F. B. S.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

"Boys, what are you going to be when you are grown up?" I put the question to a class of bright boys in a country school.

Almost every one had a ready answer. Sailor, farmer, merchant, doc-

tor, tailor, watchmaker, sounded from all parts of the room.

"You mistake my question, boys. It is not what you are going to do, what business you are to follow, but what you are going to be. Perhaps I can tell you better than you can tell me.

"I think you all want to be good men; gentlemen; smart business men; kind neighbors; good husbands and fathers; respectable and respected citizens. Is that it?"

"Yes, yes," they all replied.

"Then let me tell you in a few words what you must not do, and again, what you must do, if you wish to be all this.

"You must never touch intoxicating drink, nor use tobacco, nor gamble, nor go to the theatre, nor use or listen to bad language, nor look at an immodest book or picture, nor go out for pleasure on Sunday.

"What must you do? Read your Bibles, speak the truth, be industrious, obey your parents, go to church and Sunday-school, be respectful to the aged, be kind to the young and poor, be honest as the daylight, control your temper, and walk in the fear of the Lord always.

"The Bible says, 'The Lord loveth the righteous;' that is, those who do right, and he will show favor to them. A righteous man I hope every one of you will be, and you will win love and respect from all."

READING LESSONS.

I AM. He is. We do. Ye go. He is in. I am up. We do so. I am by it. We go at it. It is on it. It is up by it. We do go up to it.

“He may die, he is so ill,” so Ann said, as she sat by the bed of Tom Ray, the boy we had got to cut the hay in the lot. He was in the lot one day, but the sun was too hot and he got ill. The men put him in on the bed, and we put ice on his head, but it did him no good. Ann sat by him all the day.

“Is he fit to die?” I did ask; “for, oh, it is so sad to die if we are not fit to go to God; if we die in sin. I will pray God to let Tom get well, and to wash him from his sin.” The Son of God can take our sin.

Tom got well; and when he saw how near he came to die, he was full of fear. “I will go to God now,” he said, “and ask him to fit me for his home in the sky.”



“I’VE TOLD A LIE.”

Ah, if Jane had but looked up with a clear face when her aunt asked if she broke the lamp, and said, “Yes, Aunt Ruth, I broke it,” all would have been well.

But she turned her head one side, and said, “I did not break it; why do you ask me?” By-and-by she had to own it, she felt so bad.

Then she went to her room, and sat down and cried for shame. “Oh, dear, dear,” she sighed, “what a fool I have been! If I had told the truth right off it would not have been bad at all. I will not tell a lie next time; no, that I will not.” Then she knelt, and prayed God to wipe out the foul stain from her heart.



THE busy bee, with rapid wing,
Doth often round me fly;
And though I run for fear 't will sting,
It seldom ventures nigh.

No little flower or weed that grows
Escapes its little eye;
It takes a sip, and on it goes,
To lay its treasures by.

This tiny insect, you might say,
Could have no work to do—
For honey-bees could stow away
By dozens in your shoe—

And yet it makes the yellow wax,
And fits the pretty cell;
And there the honey nicely packs,
Which we all like so well.

Now, if a little honey-bee
Finds so much work to do,
Wont every little boy and girl
Do something useful too?

ABOUT HATS.

Boys, never wear your hats or caps in the house, in the presence of old persons or of ladies, even your own mothers and sisters. Learn early in life to show respect for the aged and for women. The other day I saw a person sitting for an hour with his hat on, in the presence of a lady. He certainly was not a gentleman then, and if he had been properly trained in his boyhood, he would not now be so impolite.

Politeness is a Christian virtue. "Be courteous." C.

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MORNING EIGHT.



VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1872.

NO. 10.



REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE.

"O DEAR, O dear!" sobbed little Jemmy, as his teacher called him up to her desk. He had been breaking a rule of the school, and felt guilty and ashamed. It was a great disgrace to be called up before the whole school; and besides that, he was almost sure of some other punishment. He came up wiping his eyes with his sleeve, and looking very much as if he didn't know what to do with himself. "I've been a naughty boy, I know I have," he sobbed out.

"Well, what are we going to do about it, Jemmy?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I s'pose I'll have to be punished."

"Children," said Miss Bell, "what must we do when we have done wrong?"

"Own right up," shouted Joe Cook.

"That's right; that's the first thing, what next?"

"Be real sorry," whispered Alice Beal.

"Yes, that's right, too, Alice; what else?"

"Ask to be excused," said little Mary Salter.

"Anything else?"

"Never do so any more," answered Charlie Cummings.

"Jemmy, do you hear?" asked Miss Bell.

"Yes, 'm, and I am real sorry; please to 'scuse me. I'll try to be good next time," said Jemmy, while a tear or two fell from his blue eyes.

"I will excuse you this time, Jemmy, for I want to teach you and all the children an important lesson. You are all little sinners against God. You have broken his commandments. You must be sorry for your sin, confess it, ask forgiveness for Jesus' sake, and resolve to forsake it. These four things make true repentance. Then God will forgive and love you, just as I shall forgive and love Jemmy, because I think he is really sorry for what he has done, and means to try harder than ever after this to please me. 'Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out,' the Bible says. We must go to God and say, 'I have sinned, O God; I am sorry; forgive

me, for Jesus' sake, and give me a new heart, that I may hate sin, and never be willing to grieve thee any more.'"

Jemmy remembered this lesson, and years afterward, when he joined the church, he told his minister this little story, and added,

"I don't know as I should ever have understood how to repent of my sins towards God, but for my trouble that day. My teacher was so kind and gentle she made me ashamed and sorry. Sometimes when I was naughty at home, my father or mother would shut me up in the closet, and tell me I could not come out till I had said I was sorry. Well, after a while I would say so, but I never felt it. I never felt truly sorry for any fault till that day when I grieved my kind teacher, and she talked so pleasantly and seriously about it. And this winter when I felt that I ought to be a Christian, and came to ask you what I should do, and you said, 'Jemmy, you must repent of your sins,' I thought of that day, and knew at once just what you meant. I did repent, and God has forgiven me, and loves me; and I love him, and mean to serve him for ever."

BE GENTLE.

LIKE poisoned arrow from the bow
Relentless flung,
Is the sharp, hateful, angry word
From bitter tongue.

By answer soft the wrath of man
Is turned away,
And he, perchance, who came to curse,
To bless will stay.

Be gentle; tune your heart to love;
If at the source
Is sweetness, the outflowing rills
Are sweet of course.

F. B. S.

If some one great and good is near,
It makes us careful what we do;
And how much more ought we to fear
The Lord who sees us through and through

MORNING LIGHT.



THE RED-COVERED BIBLE.

"You are happy now, aint you, little chap?" said the good-natured shop-man, as he handed Johnnie a pretty red-covered Bible, and picked up the pennies and silver bits the boy had put down on the counter to pay for it.

"Better believe," answered Johnnie, too happy for many words.

"Where did you get all your money, my lad?"

"Earned it, overy red cent," said Johnnie.

"Good for you, my boy. You'll set a store by the book, then, never fear."

"That's so," said Johnnie.

"You see we always prize what costs us something; so you'll think a heap of your Bible."

"That aint all the reason, neither."

"What's the rest of it, little man?"

"'Cause my mother likes it so."

"Oh, ho, that's it, is it? We always like what mother does."

"That isn't all, either, sir. It's the very best book in the whole world, and God wrote it, and that's the most wonderful thing about it."

"God wrote it? How do you know?"

Johnnie was staggered for a moment. He had never had that question asked. At last he said, "Well, at any rate, Jesus read the Bible, and he told his disciples, 'Search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of me.' Now he was God's Son, and had always lived in heaven, and how could anybody except God have known anything about him? So you see."

"Good-by, little philosopher;" and the shopman, who was half inclined to doubt the truth of the Bible, turned away to think over the argument of Johnnie. Perhaps it will lead him to search the Scriptures, and if he does that he will surely come to believe in and love this blessed book.



THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

HARRY is studying about the world we live in. The globe which stands in a frame before him represents the earth, which is a large globe or ball, so large that if you should try to go in a straight line around it, and should travel at the rate of thirty miles a day, it would take you over two years to accomplish the journey.

Four hundred years ago the people who lived on the other side of the world from ours, did not know that there was any such land as this. They thought the earth was flat and

four-sided, and that they could travel all the way from east to west in about a year, and from north to south in half that time. They thought this flat earth was surrounded by high mountains, on which the sky rested, like the covering of a tent, or a great curtain.

At length a remarkable man, Christopher Columbus, got an idea in his head that the earth was round, and that if he could sail over the great sea, he would by-and-by come to new countries. But the people only laughed at him, and told him he would sail on until he came to the edge, and then he would go over, and no one could guess where he would go.

But this did not discourage him, and after a time God suffered him to make the trial which resulted in finding a new part of the world, and of teaching the wise men then living, a great deal which they did not know before.

JULIA'S FAITH.

JULIA was very fond of her papa, and was never afraid when he tossed her up in his strong arms. One day calling her to him and lifting her up to the top of a high wall, he bade her jump, saying he would catch her. Julia instantly obeyed, and was caught in the strong arms lovingly held out to receive her.

Why was not Julia afraid? She loved her father and trusted in his word. He had promised to catch her, and she knew he would—that he loved his little child too well to let her fall and be hurt.

The heavenly Father wants his children to love and trust him just in this way, and he has promised to take care of them if they love and obey him.

E. F. S.

I'm not too young for God to see,

He knows my name and nature too;

And all day long he looks at me,

And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,

He knows the thoughts I have within;

And whether I'm at work or play,

He's sure to see it if I sin.

SIX WEEKS IN A SHANTY.

LAST summer my uncle invited me to spend my vacation with his family by the seaside, where we were to live in a board-tent. I had often visited the poor living in shanties or single rooms, and would wonder, if I were forced to live in such close quarters, if I must live as untidily as they did. Mother always said, "No; folks can live neatly, and even prettily in a single room if they know how." Now I was to have a chance to try it.

One long room we had. At the front a partition was built around the door, and in this little enclosure was the cooking-stove. At the back, curtains were so arranged, that when dropped at night they made three little bed-rooms. In each of these were two berths like those in a ship, one above the other. Our trunks were placed beside our berths, and answered for bureaus and benches too, and by hanging or folding every garment not in use, we kept this part of our house in nice order.

The end of the room next the door we called our dining-room. There stood our dining-table, and at the side were shelves for our dishes. The back part, towards the berths, was the parlor, and had its centre-table, book-shelves, and work-stand. We had eight chairs, a rocker, and a lounge. This lounge was made of the two packing-boxes in which we

had brought our crockery and provisions, and with a frilled cushion and pillow was pretty and easy.

After the pleasant six weeks I spent in this cozy place, I know that people can live neatly, and even tastefully in a shanty. But in order to do it we had to observe a few rules with great care. These rules aunt Ida wrote in a large, fair hand, and hung up under the looking-glass, lest some of us might forget.

"1. A portion of the work must be assigned to each one, and each one must do it." We had no servant, and must do everything for ourselves, save washing and ironing, which we sent out. Uncle caught the fish and lobsters, and prepared them, split the wood, made the fire, and went to the post-office; Frank and Sydney helped him, and did the errands; aunt Ida did the cooking, and cousin Julia and I swept, dusted, made the beds, laid the table, washed dishes, and cleaned the knives, silver, and lamps. It took us about three hours a day, and was pleasant exercise.

"2. A place for everything, and everything in its place." Observing this, our room was always cleaned up, and each one knew where to find any needed article.

"3. All threads, papers, and litter must be put into the catch-all"—a red calico bag hung on the wall.

"4. Besides the house-work, each must write, read, or sew every day,

and have out-door exercise and fun." Sometimes we took our lunches or work out on the rocks, where we could enjoy the air and sun-light; or into the boat, while uncle rowed us over the smooth water. And he or the boys read to us while we sewed.

5. We were all to "do as we would be done by." When people are amiable and polite they can live together in pretty close quarters, aunt Ida said. But if they are selfish and quarrelsome they need elbow-room.

Now, I am convinced that these rules would make order and happiness in any shanty. Try them, and see if they don't work well.

WHAT I WANT.

I WANT a bright eye, and a smooth, healthy skin;

I want to grow robust and tall;

But whiskey, they say, makes us feeble and

So I'll not drink whiskey at all.

I want a pure blood, and a clear, sound head;

I want to grow useful and wise;

But strong drink, they say, makes us stupid and mad,

So strong drink I'll always despise.

I want a clean heart, and a conscience at rest;

I want peace by night and by day;

But liquors, they say, make us poor and dis-

So liquors I'll put far away.

I want a good home by-and-by, and a wife,

And a fireside happy and free;

But strong drink, they say, steals the comforts from life,

So strong drink will not do for me.

I want a good hope of the heavenly home;
I want Christ, my Saviour, to see;
But so drunkard, they say, into glory can come,
So a drunkard I never will be.



GEORGE and Walter are enjoying their rabbits—feeding them with cabbage-leaves, and petting them. They look like good boys, as if they would always be kind to the little dumb creatures, and as if they would be honest in getting food for them.

I have read of a boy who had a family of rabbits, who came in to his mamma one day, crying bitterly because they were all dead; and what do you think he said about it? "I do believe it is a judgment of God come upon me for stealing food for them." He was glad they were dead, for he wouldn't have the temptation to steal for them again. But I fear that will not cure him if he has begun to steal. The Spirit of God alone can cleanse the heart from this evil disposition. We must go to God and ask for a new heart.

TEXTS FOR OCTOBER.

1. I WILL be sorry for my sin.
2. Serve the Lord with fear.
3. O my God, be not far from me.
4. Good and upright is the Lord.
5. Pardon mine iniquity.
6. The Lord is my strength.
7. Put your trust in the Lord.
8. Have we not all one Father?
9. Holiness unto the Lord.
10. Consider your ways.
11. The Lord God is my strength.
12. The Lord is slow to anger.
13. My God will hear me.
14. Doest thou well to be angry?
15. Keep the door of my lips.
16. Show me thy glory.
17. I have done very foolishly.
18. I will sing unto the Lord.
19. The resurrection of life.
20. The resurrection of damnation.
21. Wise unto salvation.
22. Keep my commandments.
23. Their heart is far from me.
24. Let him that is athirst come.
25. Cleanse me from my sin.
26. Call the Sabbath a delight.
27. None shall make you afraid.
28. The sons of God.
29. God resisteth the proud.
30. I hate vain thoughts.
31. Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

LET them learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents: for that is good and acceptable before God.

THE WIND.

"Ma, what is wind?"

"Wind is air when it moves, George."

"And what is air?"

"Air? Let me see how I shall tell you what air is. You can't see it, nor feel it, nor smell it, nor taste it, and yet it is all round us. We breathe it, and that is what helps us live. When it moves, it goes by us like a breeze, and fans us, or when it goes fast and hard we call it wind. Sometimes it sweeps by with great force, and the trees and fences fall down in its way. It blows on the sea, and the waves rise and rock, and the ships are blown down on their sides, and the great waves wash over them, and the ships sink."

"Ma, what does God let the wind blow for, to do so much harm?"

"The wind blows for good, dear, and not for harm. It makes the air pure. God makes it blow now from the north, and it is cold; now from the south, and it is warm; now from the east, and the rain comes with it; now from the west to clear the clouds off. And as it moves it sweeps off the fine bad grains out of the air, and good, fresh, pure ones come in their place. God holds the winds in his hands. They cannot move but by his leave, and he is so good he will not let them blow but just where he thinks best."



ASLEEP.

"AUNTY, don't you think God took a great deal of pains with little May, to make her all so nice?"

"Yes, Charlie," I replied; "everything our heavenly Father makes is beautiful. Let us look at little May, and see what he has done for her."

"See her head so round and firm, lying upon the pillow; her pretty brown hair is long and silky, and curls a little on her plump neck. We know she has bright eyes, though we cannot see them now; but look how closely the delicate white eyelids keep out the light. Her mouth is like a rose-bud, and we know about the

pearly teeth that are hidden away in it. See the white arms and dimpled hands, and tiny fingers all so quiet now, resting so as to be ready for play by-and-by. Listen to the breathing low and soft and regular, lungs and heart all at work while she lies fast asleep.

"I think our May is dreaming; don't you see the smile about her mouth? We know that the good God watches over her sleeping as well as waking, and that the blessed Jesus loves his precious little lamb all the while. Charlie, don't you think we ought to love our heavenly Father who has given into our keeping such a treasure?" C. F.

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MORNING

NIGHT.



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NOVEMBER, 1872.

NO. 11.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I presume there is not a child who reads the Morning Light, who has not heard the story of George Washington and his hatchet; how, when he had hacked the cherry-tree, and his father inquired who did it, the little boy, then only six years old, looked up frankly, and said, "I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I cut it with my hatchet."

And our young readers know that this boy grew up to be a good man, a valiant soldier, a famous general, and before he died well earned the title of "the father of his country." He was the first President of the United States. His love of truth went far to make him the noble man he was, and his example will always be held up as one to be followed by every child.

George Washington, too, was a boy who loved and honored his mother, and preferred to give up his own will rather than hurt her feelings. Once he wanted to go to sea, and had got his trunk all packed and carried down to the vessel in which he was to embark. But when he came to say good-by to his mother, he found, though she had given her consent to his going, that she felt anxious and grieved about it. What do you think he did? He determined at once that he would not go. He sent for his trunk, and made up his mind to stay at home rather than cause his mother trouble. This was noble—but, oh, how unlike many boys, who think chiefly of themselves, and are unwilling to give up their own wishes, even if mother asks it.

THE NEW HEART.

NEVER was there a more careless child than Mary Sawyer, when one afternoon her friend Annie Roberts came running in to invite her to go to a quarterly prayer-meeting.

"Father and mother want me to go," said Annie, "and they said I might ask you."

Mary liked to go anywhere with Annie, so she said, "Yes."

While there the Spirit of God touched Annie's heart, and when the good minister, at

the close of the meeting asked any who desired to become Christians, and would like to have God's people pray for them, to come into the forward seats, Annie rose at once and went.

Then a serious thought fell upon Mary: "Shall Annie become a Christian, and I be left out? If she ought to, I ought also." And though Mary had not courage to go forward for prayers, she went home with a serious face. The feeling, "I ought to become a Christian, and now," pressed upon her. She went straight to her little room, and sat down to think. "How shall I give my heart to God?" she said to herself. "I want to, but I don't know how. But one thing I know: I ought to pray, so I will."

So she kneeled down to pray, and she was so much in earnest, that the hot tears ran down her cheeks. "Heavenly Father," she said, "I want to be a Christian, only I don't know how. But I will do anything, anything, O Lord, that you want me to, as soon as I know it. Please to teach me."

A sweet peace stole over the spirit of the little girl as she said this before the Lord with earnestness in her tones, and her whole soul in the words she uttered. From that moment Mary was no longer the careless child she had been. She came every day to this same spot, and kneeling down, asked the Lord what he would have her to do, and then she tried in all she did to please him. It is forty years since that happy hour, and Mary has grown in grace and the knowledge of God; but she looks back to that as the time when she gave herself to the Lord, and he accepted her, and gave her the new heart which she desired.

THE German emperor does not smoke. A tobacco manufacturer in this country sent him a fine sample of tobacco, but he gave it all away.

MOMENTS are useless,

Trifled away;

So work while you work,

And play while you play.

MORNING LIGHT.



THERE can be no prettier amusement for a child, or a family of children, than blowing bubbles. A clay pipe, two of which you can buy for a cent, and a bowl of strong soap-

suds, are all that are needed. It is good fun for a rainy day, but if the day is sunny all the better, for then the sun paints the bubbles with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow.

Do you know how the bubble is made? It is a little balloon. Now you know that a balloon is a round, thin bag, filled with gas, which is much lighter than the air around it, and this causes it to fly up in the air very fast and high. The little balloon from the soap-suds is made by the warm air from your lungs blown into a drop of the soapy water. The watery film is spread out very, very thin, and the air from your lungs being heated, is lighter than the outside air, and so the bubble rises. When you play with bubbles, if you will make your suds of warm water, the little balloons will rise better and higher.

When the sun shines through these little round bodies, the ray of light is refracted or separated into its different colors, and then your balloon glitters as if it were painted with the most beautiful tints. Oh, what ecstasies children go into sometimes, over their pretty bubbles.

But they are very frail. A touch will break them. And I have known children to cry with disappointment when the pretty things disappear. I never see a child playing with them but I am reminded of a verse of Miss Gould's I learned when I was a little girl and used to blow bubbles myself.

"Half our sorrows, half our troubles,
Making head and heart to ache,
Are the fruit of blowing bubbles,
Bright to view, but quick to break."

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

"Tick," the clock says, "tick, tick, tick;
What you have to do, do quick,
'Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.

"If your lesson you would get,
Do it now, and do not fret;
That alone is hearty fun,
Which comes after duty done.

"When your mother calls, obey;
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do, do quick."

WHICH?

"Yes, mother, I know; but then, you see, my good feelings only last half a jiffy."

So said my boy to me last evening, in answer to my appeal.

"I know it, Henry," said I; "but how long does it take to switch off a locomotive on to the wrong track? Once started on the *wrong track*, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment only, and the switch-tender will have put the locomotive on the right track, and the cars will go on safely.

"So with the heart. It takes only a moment to pray sincerely, 'Lord, save me.' It takes only a moment to say, 'Keep me from this sin, O Lord.' It takes only a moment to say from the heart, 'Lord, give me thy Holy Spirit; make me thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave thee.'

"On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, 'Pshaw, what's the use; I don't care.' It takes but a moment to say, 'I'm not going to be laughed at for being a Christian, I know.' It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways.

"And so the soul may be switched on to the right track, or on to the wrong track in a moment of time, and either run safely to the end of life by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction."

Is my soul on the right or wrong track?

ALL that you do,
Do with your might;
'Things done by halves
Are never done right.

"BE sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." BIBLE



YOUTHFUL BURGLARS.

THE other day I read in the newspaper of two boy thieves, who had been caught by a police officer, breaking into a house. They had broken into three different places in two days. They were but children in years, but were old in sin. Oh, how very early they must have begun their wicked ways.

At first I suppose they took little things at home without leave; a lump of sugar, a cake or an apple, and said to themselves, "Mother won't know it." Or in school they stole a slate-pencil, a sponge, or a pen, when they saw a chance. Then they took fruit from the grocery, or

a bun from the baker's, and laughed to think they were smart enough to do it without being caught. Every act made them bolder and bolder in sin, until at last they are caught and lodged in jail. Poor boys! poor boys! It is just as the Bible says, "The way of transgressors is hard."

CARELESSNESS

THERE is a habit, children dear,
Which, when you older grow, I fear
Will cause you trouble, unless now
You try to overcome it. How
Much better 'tis while you are small
To break your naughty habits all.
And this same one of carelessness
Annoys the most, you must confess.

Tell me how many times a day
Mamma says, "Put these things away."
And don't you oft, with anxious face
Hunt for some toy not in its place?
"Has anybody seen my kite?
I left it on the grass last night."
"Nothing of mine is to be found:
I am for ever hunting round
For this or that I want so much,
I'm sure there never could be such
Another little child, who lost
The very thing he wanted most."

These are complaints, my children,
dear,

Which you will often make, I fear,
Unless you try hard every day,
Both in your work and in your play,
To be both neat and careful, too,
So put things in their places, do. A.

IN ALL THEIR THOUGHTS.

ANNIE STONE was preparing for her summer vacation, which she was to spend with her aunt in Granville. She had been there before, and knew the place, and the companions and pleasures she would enjoy. For weeks she could think and talk of nothing but Granville. Before she went to school, and when she came home, it was "Granville" continually. Even Sabbath-day she could not put it out of her mind, but on her way to church talked about the good times she was expecting.

"Annie," said her mother, "Granville is in all your thoughts, is n't it?"

"Yes, 'm," answered Annie; "and I can't help it."

"Why not?"

"Because it's so splendid there, and I love aunt Mary dearly."

"Do you remember a verse which we were studying together one day? It was about the wicked, and this sin which was laid to their charge: 'God is not in all their thoughts.' If I recollect aright, you could not understand what that meant. You said you didn't see how God could be in *all* their thoughts. Do you see now, daughter?"

Annie's cheeks flushed, and her eyes fell as she answered her mother with a faint "Yes, 'm."

"You love Granville, the place, the friends, the pleasant employments that await you there. And

if we truly love God, we can no more keep him out of our thoughts than you can keep Granville out. We shall think of him all the time, and shall find it easy to speak of him, so that others will know which way our thoughts tend. My dear child, this is what I desire for you. I shall never be satisfied, neither will your heavenly Father, until he occupies the first chief place in your heart."



"ROBBIE, bring me that ball."

"I sha'n't; I do n't want to; I wont," says naughty Robbie.

"Bring me that ball," repeats mamma.

But the little boy will not yield. The consequence is he has to be punished. That is not pleasant, and Robbie cries. How much better it would be to mind mamma at once.

God says, "Children, obey your parents."

READING LESSONS.

I AM. He is. We do go.
 So do I. Do we? Oh, no!
 He is to go up. I am to go
 on. Ah, me, so I am. Is
 he to be on it? No, I am.
 Do we go in? We do. An
 ax is on it. An ox is by it.
 It is to be by us. Go up to it.

I HAD a box, and it had a
 lid on it. A key was in it,
 too, but the key is of no use.
 You can try it and see. I
 had in my box a gay, red
 pin. As I put it in the box
 Sue was by me. I saw her
 eye on the box and the pin.
 I went out, but she did not.
 So she went to my box to
 try the key. She saw the
 key was of no use, and she
 did try to get off the top.
 Lo! she has the pin. Oh,
 it was so gay. So she did
 get it, but by sin. Ah, Sue,
 the eye of God was on you.
 He saw you get my pin, if I
 did not. It was a sin. Did
 you not feel it was a sin in
 the eye of God? Try and
 do so no more.

LAZY AND SELFISH.

I KNOW a great boy who
 does not love to help him-
 self. He wants to have some
 one wait on him all the time.

One day when he was at
 play with his boat, I heard
 him call out to his aunt, in
 a rude way, to bring him
 a string. But she loved
 him so much, that she put
 down her work and looked
 round for his twine. She
 could not find it, and brought
 him some sort of a cord that
 did not suit him. So he had
 to get up then himself, and
 have a hunt for it.

If we want to get what
 we wish, we must wait on
 our-selves; and more than
 that, we ought to have a
 PLACE for our things, so that
 we could lay our hands on
 them in the dark.

This boy does not like to
 wait on his aunt. I have
 seen him pout and sulk when
 she asked him to go to the
 store for her. "It is a poor
 rule that will not work both
 ways," I think.



"WRITE me some verses," Nellie said.

"And what about?" said I,
Stroking the little flaxen head;

"Tell me, and I will try."

"A snake," replied the little maid,
And archly raised her eye.

My heart recoiled from such a theme;
I thought of sorrowing Eve,
And him who, clothed in beauty, came
To lure her, and deceive,
Till, bowed beneath her sin and shame,
Her Eden she must leave;

Of scorpions of fiery sting,
And fatal poison too,
Which, by command of Israel's King
Among the people flew.
Rebellion, sad and cruel thing,
Slays sinners not a few.

Then visions sweet of mercy rose
Before my wondering eyes:
Moses the brazen serpent shows,
"Now look and live," he cries;
So Jesus hung upon the cross,
Our healing sacrifice.

The serpent, still, my little maid,
Is ready to deceive;
But of his arts be not afraid,
Nor his fair words believe;
Christ stands upon the serpent's head,
That you and I may live.

His fangs may penetrate the soul,
And make it sick and sore;
But Jesus' blood can make you whole.
Can renovate and cure;
To Jesus look, then, little one,
Nor fear the serpent's power.

MANY a man is rich with-
out money. A man born
with a good constitution, a
good stomach, strong limbs,
a sound heart, and a good
head-piece, is rich. Good
bones are better than gold.

THE MORNING LIGHT

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MABEL'S WONDER.

MABEL'S WONDER.

"THERE must be flowers in heaven,"
Little Mabel wondering cried,
As she gazed through the frosted window.

"Ah, yes, ah, yes," I replied.

"And every single blossom
Is white as white can be."

"Perhaps," I carelessly answered,
"When we get there we shall see."

"And oh, they have so many,
Why, every tree must be full;"

"Of course; spring lasts for ever
In heaven," I said, so dull.

"Do the angels get tired of flowers?"
She asked with a gentle sigh;
"For see, oh see, they are throwing
Whole handfuls down from the sky!"

I sprang to the frosted window,
To see what the child could mean:
The ground was covered with snowflakes,
And the air was full between.

I kissed my innocent darling,
And speedily set her right;
While I prayed that her heart might ever
Be pure as the snow, and as light.

WANT OF THOUGHT.

ONE summer evening a little boy was standing at the front gate of his home in New York, amusing himself with a toy balloon. Suddenly the string slipped from his hand, and the pretty thing sailed away far out of his reach. Some large, rude boys were going by at the moment, and saw the balloon sail off. One of them, taller than the rest, sprang up and caught the string, and then shouting to his companions, ran off with the prize.

A young lady who was passing saw the transaction. She walked up to the big boys who had mounted a pile of boards near by, and said quietly,

"Give me the balloon, boys, and I will take it back to the child who lost it. You know it is not yours."

"No, you don't," answered one rude fellow.

"Better believe," laughed another
"Give me ten cents," said the boy who held it.

"I have no ten cents," said the lady, "nor would it be right for me to buy it of you if I had. The balloon belongs to that child over there, and you have no right to it."

"You don't get it so easy as that," answered the boy.

"Well," said the lady, "I am sorry for you, very sorry. If you had lost the balloon, and I had caught it, I would give it right back to you in a minute."

"Would you though?" asked the boy in a surprised tone.

"To be sure, for it would be yours and not mine; and then I should feel so sorry for you."

"Well, here, I guess I'll try it," said the boy; "take it back to the little covey."

Now this boy was going to do a wrong act just for want of thought. The young lady set him thinking, and when he saw the right and wrong of the matter he changed his mind and did right.

But, boys, you can't have a prompter at your side all the time; you must learn to think for yourselves. Try to bear in mind always the golden rule, which is to do to others as you would have others do to you. This will save you from doing many a rude and wrong act.



"Don't be afraid, Mattie, I'll keep him off."

MORNING LIGHT.



THE TIGER.

THE home of this animal is in the countries of Southeastern Asia. Its skin is smooth and glossy, yellow, striped or spotted with black, while the tail is marked with alternate rings of a black and yellow color. The skins are often used as rugs in the houses of the East Indies.

The royal tiger of Bengal, so called because it is the largest kind, often measures fourteen feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and is four feet high at the shoulders. It loves to hide in the jungles—which are low, swampy woods, full of thick, high grass, and

watches until people or animals pass on the road, then springs out upon them, and carries them back into the jungle, and quickly devours them. When hungry, the tiger is very fierce, and will attack travellers or animals on the road, or will go into a native village in broad daylight.

At one time a tiger jumped from a thicket into the midst of a group of Chinese workmen, who were sitting eating their dinner at noon, very near my father's house in Malacca, seized one of them by the throat, and carried him off so quickly that his frightened companions could make no resistance.

We were careful not to be out after dark; and though a long time has passed since, I can recollect our anxiety for my father when he was out at night on missionary duty in the native villages.

On the bank of the Hoogly river in India, is a monument erected to the memory of a young lady who was killed by a tiger. She, with some friends, was a passenger on an outward bound vessel, becalmed at that point. They went on shore to walk, when a tiger sprang from a thicket and carried her off.

There was, at one time, a tiger hunt, in which four were killed, and then drawn out of the jungle to be skinned. Among the crowd that gathered around was an old woman, who stooped down and examined the teeth and claws of the animals, weeping bitterly, and speaking wildly to them. We learned that her husband and two grown sons had been lately carried off by tigers. She was now suffering for food, and felt that her sorrow was probably caused by these very beasts, as they had been caught in the same jungle, and in her despair she was entreating them to be merciful, and return her loved ones to her.



Once a tiger ran into a house; but seeing himself in the looking-glass, flew at it, broke the glass into atoms, and then ran frightened away. The terrified parents were full of thankfulness to God, that they and their children had been saved from a dreadful death.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

LAUGH and sing,
Laugh and sing,
'Tis the birthday of our King;
Great and small,
One and all,
Keep the merry festival.

Christ the child,
Meek and mild,
Mary's babe, the undefiled,
Is our King;
Children sing,
Gifts and honors to him bring.

Rich and poor,
Evermore
Tell his story o'er and o'er;
How he came,
Bore our shame,
Sinful creatures to reclaim.

Laugh and sing,
Laugh and sing,
Loving hearts your tribute bring;
Chant a lay,
Bright and gay,
To our King this Christmas-day.

Prince of peace
Jesus is,
So let all our hatreds cease;
Let his love
From above
Brood above us like a dove.

Loving King,
Thee we sing,
And to serve thee gladly spring;
Thy pure sway
We obey,
From this blessed Christmas day.

Laugh and sing,
Laugh and sing,
While the silvery chimes do ring;
Bright and gay,
Let us pay
Homage to our King to-day.

BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

THE KING AND THE CAKES.

A THOUSAND years ago, Alfred the Great was king of England. He was wise and good. Under his rule the kingdom grew and flourished. Beyond the North sea lived the Danes, men of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. They coveted the little kingdom of Alfred, and raised a great army to take it from him. At first the Danes had things quite their own way. The English soldiers fled before them, and the king hid in a poor little hut belonging to one of his cow-herds. The family did not know their guest, but he was in trouble, and wanted shelter and food, and they were kind to him.

One day the woman was baking cakes of coarse, black flour. King Alfred sat before the fire, thinking and planning. She asked him to watch the cakes while she was busy about something else. I dare say he meant to be faithful to his trust, but his thoughts were full of anxiety and perplexity, and he was trying hard to see some way to save his throne. While he was thinking, the cakes burned; he forgot to turn them. Then the poor woman scolded him sharply for his carelessness.

Not long afterwards, king Alfred's men gathered in large force. He left his hiding-place and put himself at their head. Then they marched against the enemy, defeated them, and drove them from the island.

When the poor woman knew whom she had entertained in her little hut, and to whom she had spoken so sharply about the cakes, how do you suppose she felt? She must have been very much frightened. But no doubt king Alfred remembered her kindly, and paid her liberally for all the trouble he had made. And I think it may have been a good lesson to the king. We mustn't let even great sorrows and troubles put out of our minds altogether the little every-day things that need doing.

S. D. L. H.



"HARRY, what would you choose to have of all things in the world?"

"Father, there is one thing I want very much, but it isn't among the things in the world, and I don't know how to get it. It is a new heart."

"My son, do you not know how you can obtain this blessing? 'Ask, and you shall receive,' the Bible says. And again, 'A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.'"

Oh, why do we not all have what God is so ready to give us?



HOME TO SUPPER.

THE day's work is over, and Moses is coming home. The little ones run to meet him, Dinah stands waiting and watching at the door, the old grandfather holds the baby. The shovel, the implement of labor, is upon Moses' shoulder, but the fruit of toil is there also, and he does not remember the sweat of the brow as he tastes the good things of God.

Shall we mind the weary work of this life when we think of the dear home above, and the night that shall bring us rest, and the dear ones that await us there, and the great supper of the Lamb?

Oh, let us be sure that our work

is such as God approves; such as he will reward with his rich love and favor.

F. B. S.

PUT UP THE BARS.

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

"I NEVER knew until to-day," said farmer Jones, "what that verse means. I understand it now.

"Last night at sundown I had a fine field of corn. It is enclosed on all sides by a high fence which no animal could leap or break. The only entrance to the field is by a tier of bars. This morning I went to look at my field, and lo, a whole herd of cattle were rioting there, eating and trampling and spoiling the whole harvest. One of my workmen had carelessly left the bars down behind him, and the harvest was as surely ruined as though the whole fence lay flat on the ground."

The heart is like that field of corn, secure so long as all the guards are in order. But it takes only the letting down the bars to give the enemy of souls open chance to come in. There's many a harmless looking thing, that like the careless workman leaves the bars down behind it. A cigar—such a little thing as it is—may be a bar loosened. The first glass, that is a bar let down.

There is but one way to make the field secure, and that is to keep every bar in its place, so that no lurking foe can hope to enter.

E. L. E.

TEXTS FOR DECEMBER.

1. SEEK the Lord.
2. God is not mocked.
3. Be diligent.
4. I will fear no evil.
5. Christ suffered for us.
6. Let us watch and be sober.
7. Examine me, O Lord.
8. Thou God seest me.
9. His name shall endure for ever.
10. Lead me in thy truth.
11. Rejoice in the Lord.
12. God is love.
13. Be ye doers of the word.
14. Hide thy face from my sins.
15. Watch ye, therefore.
16. Thou canst make me clean.
17. He hath borne our griefs.
18. Have mercy on me.
19. I will not forget thy word.
20. Thy word have I hid in my heart.
21. Stand fast in the faith.
22. Resist the devil.
23. Open thou mine eyes.
24. The tree is known by his fruit.
25. Consider your ways.
26. I will not fail thee.
27. Try me, and know my thoughts.
28. The Lord is good.
29. The word of the Lord is tried.
30. Show me thy ways.
31. My Beloved is mine, and I am his.

BAD WORDS.

Boys, do not scold and say hard words. How do you feel when a boy says to

you, "Get out of my way, or I'll kick you;" "Shut up;" "You great fool;" "Hold your tongue;" "I'm mad with you," or any of that sort of words? I am sure you do not like it. You feel as if you must throw the same hard words, or worse, back to him. But do not; run right off. Don't strike him; that will do no good. Don't kick, or throw stones at him. Just go off, and don't wait for the hard words to get a chance to come out of your mouth.

I once knew a boy who had got so used to these bad words, that they did not seem at all strong, and so he learned to swear. He broke God's law, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Shun all such boys. Here is a good verse from God's word for you to lay up in your heart:

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."



THIS picture makes us think of God's eye that is

"in every place, beholding the evil and the good." If we love God, and daily try to please him, this ever-present eye is a comfort. It sees our feeblest attempts to do right. But if we are planning evil, God's eye is a terror to us.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II. 1872.

About Hats.....	PAGE 72	Little Doctors.....	21	Wind, The.....	79
Alice Gray's Kitten.....	38	Little Fishes.....	42	Working for Jesus.....	69
All Must Pray.....	55	Little Goose.....	11	World We Live In, The.....	76
All Ready for Bed.....	48	Little Helpers, The.....	26	Youthful Burglars.....	85
Angel of His Presence, The.....	30	Lost Lives.....	4		
Antelope, The.....	36	Love.....	36	POETRY.	
Asleep.....	80	Maddie's Last Gift.....	14	All are Working.....	42
At Peace with God.....	6	Made Clean.....	38	Baby, The.....	14
Bad Words.....	95	Money.....	4	Be Gentle.....	74
Bible Prayers for June.....	47	My Poor Baby.....	19	Broken Ale-Jug, The.....	50
Bible Texts.....	63	Nellie's Self-Denial.....	29	Busy Bee, The.....	72
Bible, The.....	53	New Heart, The.....	82	Carelessness.....	85
Blowing Bubbles.....	83	Nightingale, The.....	28	Charlie's Plan.....	60
Buttons.....	26	Opposite Side.....	12	Chickens, The.....	58
Cross, The.....	56	Over the Left.....	54	Child's Prayer on Sunday Morning.....	35
Crowns of Gold, The.....	42	Plant a Tree.....	39	Christmas Song.....	92
Delightful Praise.....	62	Pomegranate, The.....	18	Come to Jesus.....	59
Doing Good.....	60	Poor Tom.....	63	Country Boy, The.....	67
Elijah Fed by the Ravens.....	22	Praying.....	52	Crossing-Sweeper, The.....	34
Empty Chair, The.....	12	Pure in Heart.....	2	Dolly and I.....	56
Erring Prophet, The.....	20	Put up the Bars.....	94	God's Care.....	68
"Fast".....	34	Rat's Hand, The.....	61	God Sees Me.....	28
Flock of Sheep, The.....	58	Reading Lessons--7, 23, 39, 55, 71.....	87	Going to Sunday-School.....	64
Frankincense.....	44	Red-Covered Bible, The.....	75	Harry's Wish.....	93
Franklin.....	27	Red Hand of Jesus, The.....	45	Hour of Prayer, The.....	24
Frankie's Prayer.....	53	Red-Topped Boots, The.....	2	"I Will Bless Thee".....	10
Frank Wood.....	15	Repentance.....	74	Jesus the Cleanser.....	28
George Washington.....	82	Right Crying.....	61	Mabel's Wonder.....	90
God's Eye.....	96	Sabbath Stone, The.....	68	New Year, The.....	8
God Gave.....	40	Scholar's Motto, A.....	34	No Drunkards There.....	26
"God's Here".....	8	Selfishness.....	70	Open to Me.....	40
God Loves Me.....	37	Sick Mother, The.....	18	Our Hattie.....	3
God's Sign.....	50	Six Weeks in a Shanty.....	77	Patience.....	52
Good Son, The.....	13	Something Worth Knowing.....	5	Rose of Sharon.....	45
He Who Drinks.....	26	Strange Doll, A.....	54	Tempest, The.....	88
Hiding-Place, The.....	64	Texts for April.....	31	Time Flies.....	7
Home Shadows.....	16	Texts for December.....	95	Water.....	50
Home to Supper.....	94	Texts for February.....	15	What I want.....	78
Idle Anna.....	62	Texts for October.....	79	What the Clock Said.....	84
In All Their Thoughts.....	86	Tiger, The.....	91	Who Knows?.....	20
Infant Class Lesson, The.....	10	True Obedience.....	35	Work for Jesus.....	2
In Prison.....	66	Velvet Principle, The.....	51		
"I've Told a Lie".....	71	Walter's Pony.....	43		
Jesus Christ.....	50	Want of Thought.....	90		
Jesus Said So.....	61	Way to Heaven, The.....	32		
Johnny's Prayers.....	24	Wee Hindering Things, The.....	10		
Julia's Faith.....	76	Werter.....	46		
King and the Cakes, The.....	93	What are You Going to Be?.....	70		
Little Christian, The.....	68	Which?.....	84		
		Who Did It?.....	46		
		Who Knows Best?.....	47		
		Willie's Accident.....	29		
		Will This Please God?.....	31		

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